Ashland Daily Independent

Sunday, July 4, 1976

200 YEARS

A Bicentennial Tribute To Northeastern Kentucky

John Adams wrote the following to his wife following the signing of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776: "I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

Shining through the history of these 200 years are the stories of real human beings. Their day-to-day toil and sacrifice, hopes and dreams, failures and triumphs all went into the making of the abundant blessings we enjoy today. We dedicate this issue of The Independent to them. May it help remind us of the debt we owe the future.

-- The Editor

Ashland's First Depot Serving Lexington and Big Sandy Railway

Ashland Steel Co. Viewed From Norton Works

Streams Best For Freight In Early Days

Old Economic Patterns Still Seen

By WALLACE J. WILLIAMSON III

The economy of what is now Boyd County, and the society supported by it, has fundamentally depended since the earliest European settlement of its river system. At the end of the 18th Century, when the first settlers from the Eastern seaboard began to move in, streams provided by far the easiest routes and modes of travel, and, as the area developed, the only cheap and convenient means of transporting freight. The economic patterns established then are still evident today.

When Kentucky was separated from Virginia in 1792, the Central area of the Commonwealth was a long-settled, flourishing region, while Eastern Kentucky was largely an unpopulated wilderness. In numbers second only to those who followed the Wilderness Road route through Cumberland Gap, Central Kentuckians had arrived by way of the Ohio River, floating past the future Catlettsburg and Ashland concerned only with the danger of Indian attacks. The first business here, so far as we know now, was the tavern established around 1795 by Alexander (Sawney) and Horatio Catlett at the mouth of the Big Sandy River, and the travelers it entertained at first were mainly flatboat passengers headed for Limestone, now Maysville, and other river ports from which roads led to the Bluegrass.

Probably the first industrial operation within the present Boyd County was the water-powered sawmill on Hoods Creek built by members of the Poage family, perhaps as early as 1799; much of the lumber it produced went to market down the Ohio. The output of the grist mill later established in conjunction with it was probably consumed locally, but the first hamlets here were Pollard's Mills, around the primitive industrial complex, and Catlettsburg, as other families settled in the shadow of Catlett's Tavern, which was beginning to have an occasional guest traveling on foot or horseback to and from the homesteads up the Big Sandy. The rapid development of stream navigation, in the second decade of the 1800s, firmly and finally fixed the commercial orientation of Boyd County toward Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, and southward along the Big Sandy and Guyandotte Valleys, as the case still is in 1976.

Timber in commercial quantities began to be rafted down the Big Sandy in the 1840s, and by the 1880s Catlettsburg was among the world's largest round hardwood timber markets, with several firms of brokers and dealers doing an annual business in excess of a million dollars, an incredibly vast sum for the day and place. This timber trade, which began to decline only after 1900, as the forests were depleted, and a large business in the transshipment of goods among Ohio and Big Sandy steamboats, made Catlettsburg a prosperous and flourishing city, boasting some almost too well known saloons and hotels, like the Alger House and the Mansard House, famous through a wide region, and the scene of an active, even glamorous, social life of balls and banquets. Even for those of less exalted means and stations, work was plentiful and well paid, at sawmills, grist mills, potteries and wholesale houses, and on river boats.

Coal, too, began around 1850 to appear at the mouth of the Big Sandy, from mines near Prestonsburg and at Peach Orchard, in wooden barges intended to be broken up and sold as timber when their contents had unloaded, although the coal trade reached major proportions only with the completion of the Chatteroi Railway to Peach Orchard in 1882.

Catlettsburg had meanwhile begun to feel, though to a lesser degree than Greenup, the quickening effects of the growing iron industry. Starting from crude experiments, and then in 1818 a very primitive blast furnace, at Argillite on the Little Sandy River, the smelting of iron with increasingly sophisticated techniques spread rapidly through what are now Boyd, Carter and Greenup Counties, and into an even larger adjacent section of Ohio. While the iron furnaces most accessible to Catlettsburg, like Oakland, operated from 1834 until about 1849, Sandy, in blast only during 1853 and 1854, and Clinton, which made iron from 1832 until just before the Civil War, were not among the most successful producers in what came to be called the Hanging Rock Iron Region, some of the most prominent early ironmasters, including John Culver, William Patton and R.W. Lampton, made their homes there, and at least indirect benefits from more distant and more profitable furnaces naturally flowed to a commercial and financial center.

The iron industry came late to this area. Following the establishment of the Bourbon Iron Works, near Owingsville, in 1791, other smelters were built in Bath County, and southward, and the quality of their iron and the cost of producing it were entirely comparable to the Hanging Rock Iron Region, but moving pig iron to market, usually in Cincinnati, by ox cart was slow and costly business, and prompt, inexpensive river shipment gave ironmasters here a great competitive advantage. As furnaces elsewhere were forced out of business, the Hanging Rock Iron Region became, in the mid-1800s, one of the world's chief sources of the metal, rooting the industry so deeply that iron and steel provide Boyd County with its largest employer, even though neither local ores nor coal is usable in modern securities of the new railroad, it secured a change in its plans; the line was to end at a new town, later named Ashland, to be laid out by the K.I.C. and M. Co. The railway was not completed, after many corporate changes, until 1881, but even the 10 miles from Ashland to Princess, opened in 1857, brought pig iron and cast ware to the three-year-old city, and it began to develop as an industrial community, as distinguished from the commercial center of Catlettsburg.

While both actual fighting and arbitrary actions by federal authorities disrupted much of Kentucky during the Civil War, Boyd County, newly formed in 1860, was spared most of these difficulties, again because of the importance of its rivers. Uninterrupted traffic on the Ohio, connecting the eastern and western theaters, was so vital to the Union that it had to be protected, at whatever cost, from Confederate incursions, and it was. This meant, among other things, guarding the Big Sandy Valley which offered the quickest and easiest route to the Ohio for an invading army from Virginia, and while battles and skirmishes ranged the Big Sandy's length, they never came closer to Boyd County than Louisa. Catlettsburg, the supply base for the federal army, bustled with quartermasters and commissaries, and the ironmasters in Ashland, despite occasional glutting of the market, watched the selling price of pig iron rise from $15 a ton to $60, and sometimes even $80.

Beyond some sentimental attachments by a few people of Virginian origins, Southern sentiment hardly existed in Boyd County, commercially connected to the North and where slaves were a rarity. The census of 1860 shows a white population of 5,871, with 17 "free colored" and 156 slaves, some of whom were probably laborers at iron furnaces, rented by the year from owners in the Bluegrass, a common practice. By contrast, Boyle County, with a slightly smaller white population, 5,590, counted 3,279 slaves in 1860; there were 309 in Carter County and 170 in Morgan, neither regarded as slave-owning places. Indeed, with the "free soil" of Ohio actually in sight, it seems a safe assumption that escape for any discontented slave would not have been difficult, and that the lot of those few here was not severe. Employment in comparatively prosperous Boyd County required skills and knowledge which slaves did not have.

As railroads supplanted the steamboats, and the timber runs grew ever smaller, the focus of business activity in Northeastern Kentucky began to shift from Catlettsburg to Ashland, where manufacturing continued to expand, and Boyd County, as a whole, by a happy accident of geography, remained the busy center of this region of the Commonwealth, and it is not surprising that much more recently, the availability of river transportation played an important part in the development and expansion of the oil industry here, while other manufacturers have been attracted by the nearly inexhaustible supply of water.

So long as the rivers run, in the American Indian phrase, they seem likely to ensure future prosperity for Boyd County, as they have produced it in the past.

Wallace J. Williamson III, prominent in political, civic and business activities in the Ashland area, is an Ashland native known also for his knowledge of this region's history. A philologist, Williamson holds degrees from both Princeton and Yale and has taught Germanic languages at both of those universities. He is active in the Democratic Party, is engaged as a business consultant with offices in the Kitchen Building, is president of the Boyd County Historical Society was the first president of the Big Sandy Valley Historical Society, and is a member of the Kentucky Historical Society and the Kentucky Advisory Commission on Public Documents.

A Bicentennial Essay

Eastern Kentucky True Bicentennial Area, Most Direct Line Of Colonial Heritage

By CRATIS WILLIAMS

Eastern Kentucky is Appalachia in a most comprehensive sense. As one travels southward only a few miles from the Ohio River, he begins to meet the people of Appalachia, people whose forebears came mostly from Appalachian Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and South Carolina in the decades following the American Revolution to claim their land bounties for service to the patriot cause during the War for Independence.

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Eastern Kentuckians, along with their distant kinsmen in the Appalachian portions of other southern states, are true bicentennial people, for 94 per cent of the 13 million Appalachian folk are descended from ancestors who were living along the western border of the colonies at the time of the revolution.

More than any other large identifiable group of Americans of European stock, Appalachian folk have the most direct lines of heritage from colonial times and stand closest to the birth of the nation in their traditions and customs.

The people of Eastern Kentucky, and most notably, of the Big Sandy Valley, the last part of Kentucky to be settled, represent more mixing of Appalachian stock than do mountain folk in most sections of the mountain range, but, except for a higher percentage of Welsh family names among them, they are hardly distinguishable from the natives of North Georgia, North Carolina and Tennessee in speech, manners, customs, attitudes, traditions and physical appearance.

Largely Anglo-Celtic in origin, they have retained much of the folklore and speech that flourished along the Scottish border in the 16th century, the emphasis upon the worth and integrity of the individual, the spirit of independence, the fierce pride and the life styles associated with their Scotch-Irish ancestors who dominated the pioneering westward movement under the leadership of such persons as Daniel Boone, Andrew Jackson, James Graham and Sam Houston.

Their hardihood, adaptability, skills in coping with a mountain environment, styles of relating themselves to the land in open settlement patterns rather than in villages and towns, egalitarian attitudes of emphasis upon character worth without regard for social or economic status of the individual, their family life and their tendencies to relate to one another on a personal basis have not changed much since their first ancestors arrived from the British Isles.

The economic changes that have occurred in Eastern Kentucky during the past 50 to 75 years brought along with them improved roads and schools which, in time, released the remote mountain communities from isolation. No longer cut off from the outside, people were able to turn from subsistence farming to other means of economic survival.

The coming of electricity to the region, the appearance of the radio and of television, the development of telephone systems brought with them changes in the quality of life in rural areas. People were able to have indoor plumbing, central heating, labor-saving equipment in their homes and on their little farms.

But to take advantage of what was available to them, mountain folk, no longer able to compete profitably with agribusiness elsewhere in the nation, began to seek employment in industry. At first, they went away from home to work in cities beyond the Ohio, but their love for the mountain communities in which they lived, their close ties to their kin, the person-orientation which brought warmth, friendship and the deep satisfaction of belonging, left many of them unhappy among people with different value systems.

Many crude jokes have been told in the cities of the North at the expense of the Big Sandians and West Virginians who depart for the hills every weekend. The insensitivity of this cruel humor obscures those laudable values of the mountain folk that impel them to hold to their sense of belonging, to renew their self-esteem, to retain their identity as persons of worth and individual integrity.

It is significant that, as roads were improved and industry moved into hitherto more remote places in the mountain country, migration patterns were reversed. Those who had moved away returned to the mountains. The population of Appalachia has increased in the face of a declining birthrate nearly three quarters of a million during the last five years, mostly because mountain migrants are returning as they find opportunities for employment near enough to the communities in which they grew up for them to live there, often in a trailer rather than a house, and commute to work.

Twenty-five years ago few people would have considered continuing to live in southern Lawrence County or Elliott County and commuting to work at Catlettsburg or Ashland. Now, one may live in a trailer on his ancestral land, commute to work in less than an hour and still have time during a week to grow a garden, the tobacco allotment, a field of corn, and caress the land that is the symbol of his belonging, the base of his sense of place, as it has been for his ancestors for up to a hundred and fifty or seventy-five years. On weekends he and his family attend the country church which his forefathers helped to establish and he accepts the religion that brings him most comfort and promise as he worships in close fellowship with his kin and their neighbors in the fullness of self-respect.

At work he finds people like himself, people who speak a familiar language, whose sense of humor and joy in living are much like his own, whose code of honor is his, whose traits of character he knows as essentially his own. His supervisors know how to elicit his best effort and solicit his cooperation without impinging upon his concept of himself as a free agent, an individual in his own right. He works for his boss because he feels personal loyalty to him, a person whose worth he recognizes and respects, rather than because the boss is the impersonal instrument of the establishment who details orders. When his boss says, "Joe, you might like to do this," he rises to the challenge in himself and keeps his self-respect. When the boss barks, "Boy, you do that," he is galled by insult and chafes with resentment.

The values of mountain people are durable, values that have developed in a volatile and essentially Celtic strain of people who have struggled with adversity since Caesar's armies pushed them into the hills along the Scottish Border before the birth of Christ. Caught in the crossfire for centuries between the Scottish Highlanders to the north and the English power lords to the south, they developed long ago values that exalt the individual. At the same time they learned not to trust constituted authority, that a Highland Scot is treacherous and an Englishman is filled with guile. This mistrust of authority is so deeply bred in their bones that they bristle at a display of rank and recoil from what they perceive as artificiality in formal social and personal relationships.

Mountain folk, then, remain essentially the classless borderers that their ancestors were when American democracy was hammered out by our founding fathers in the hot forges of revolution 200 years ago. As old fashioned Americans of indisputable pedigree, they constitute a reservoir of strength and promise as we move into the second biennium of our existence as the greatest democratic nation man has yet devised in his long history.

Eastern Kentucky, if it can be preserved from destruction for its natural wealth by interests capitalized from outside the region, is in transition to a new era, an era that all of Appalachia will share, in which its greatest resource, its people, will flower in a burst of economic and cultural progress that will raise the pride of Appalachian Americans and fire the envy of the nation. If Appalachia is truly a part of the South, the future history of the South will be written largely in the Appalachian idiom.

Cratis Williams, native of Caines Creek, Lawrence County, retired a few days ago as chancellor of Appalachian State University, Boone, N.C. He is known throughout the mountains as an expert on music, folklore, crafts, dialect and literature of the Appalachian chain. At Boone, he has served as an English teacher, dean and chancellor. Before going south for reasons including health, he taught in the Lawrence County system. He holds bachelor's and master's degrees from the University of Kentucky and a doctorate from New York University.

The timber industry played a major role in economic development in this part of the state and the mouth of the Big Sandy River was its focal point, as shown here in the spring of 1901.

Northwest Ordinance Of 1787 Guaranteed Freedom Of Rivers

Ohio, Tributaries Keys In U. S. Development

By BOB KENNEDY

The Ohio River and its tributaries in our region, namely the Big Sandy, Guyandotte, Twelvepole, Little Sandy and Tygart's Creek, have all had an important part in the development of our country during the past two hundred years.

Following the Revolution, England, Spain and later, France occupying the flanks of the old west and supporting Indian depredations on the frontiers, very early sought to encourage the forces of dis-union and to lop off the disaffected settlements from the original states.

Indifference, or positive opposition to western interest on the part of the northeastern states, particularly New England, came close to casting the west adrift in the mid-1780s.

A commercial treaty with Spain was urgently sought by northern merchants who were willing that the United States should, in return, not use the Mississippi River system for 25 years. Settlers of the south and west were violently opposed to the proposed treaty. It became such a hot issue it actually threatened to tear up the Union.

Out of this internal conflict came the famed Northwest Ordinance of 1787 which guaranteed the freedom of the rivers to those who might wish to use them. It reads: "The navigabale waters leading into the Mississippi and St. Lawrence and the carrying places between the same shall be common highways and forever free, as well to the inhabitants of said territory as to the citizens of the United States, and those of other states that may be admitted into the confederacy, without any tax, impost or duty therefor." (Article 4)

To further add to the importance the early settlers placed on the rivers of this area, in 1792 four spies were hired to range from Limestone (Maysville) to the mouth of the Big Sandy to locate roving bands of Indians, to warn the settlements and to keep watch over the canoes and keelboats of travelers coming into the country.

These four men were Samuel Davis, Duncan McArthur, who was later governor of Ohio, Nathaniel Beasley, later to be canal commissioner and major general of the militia of Ohio, and Samuel McDowell.

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Their method of operation was for two of them to leave Limestone on Monday morning and reach the mouth of Sandy by Wednesday. On Thursday morning the other two would leave Limestone for Sandy. They would meet or pass each other near the mouth of the Scioto river, thus four times a week the area was covered by these watchmen.

Only a short time before these patrols were begun, Indian depredations had become so bad that immigrants were afraid to come into the area. Now the river was being made safe by these intrepid pioneer scouts and Indian fighters.

When Nicholas Roosevelt began his first journey by flatboat down the Ohio about 1810 he met very little Indian opposition. And the following year when he brought down his steamboat, New Orleans, a new era was born.

Within a very short time two more steamboats were on their way down the Ohio and Mississippi, the Vesuvius and the Aetna, and within a year Capt. Henry M. Shreve had built the Washington.

The Washington was considered the first boat built of western rivers style. All the earlier built boats were designed like deep water boats with engines, boilers, fuel bunkers and cargo space beneath the decks. Shreve spaded his machinery differently so that his boats could run in shallow water. Their boilers and engines were placed above deck.

By the mid-1820s steamboats were coming on the scene rapidly. With the

(Continued on Following Page)

Bob Kennedy is one of this area's most respected authorities on river history. A native of Catlettsburg and resident of Kenova since the 1950s, he has written a weekly river-oriented column for The Independent since 1953 and is the upper Ohio River correspondent for the national publication, Waterways Journal. He is president of the Big Sandy Valley Historical Society, past president of the Boyd County Historical Society and member of the Kentucky Historical Society. He is also a member of the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen and is first vice president of the Propeller Club, Port of Huntington.

Spies Hired To Help Locate Roving Indians

Intrepid Scouts, Indian Fighters Made River Safe

(Continued from Last Page)

steamboats came immigrants leaving the East Coast towns and making their way to the Ohio River at Pittsburgh and from there spreading out on farms and small communities along the river.

As the settlements grew the need for materials from the outside world grew. Soon the steamboats were running on schedules and they were carrying such items as lead, powder, iron for the blacksmiths and salt and lime.

From this area, even at that early date, roots, herbs and hides were shipped to Pittsburgh and to Cincinnati. Occasionally on old fright bills there would be found bear skins and buffalo hides which were being shipped to the outside world. Fruits and other items such as honey and sorghum were large items of freight for the steamboats.

A short time after the steamboats became active in this region much of their freight was pig iron from the furnaces of the area. Although most of the furnaces were located several miles back in the country, their only way to sell pig iron was to get it to Cincinnati or Pittsburgh or other manufacturing centers. Long lines of wagons loaded with pig iron crawled along the roads leading to the river.

One of the most interesting of the old furnaces, from a transportation standpoint was Mt. Savage, located in Carter County. This furnace was built in 1848, and even as the crow flies, was probably 20 miles or more from the river, while the slow tortuous way the oxen had to drag the heavy wagons was probably 30 miles.

Mt. Savage Furnace had its own wharfboat and landing at Catlettsburg. That landing, as near as can be determined now, was located about where the Merdie Boggs and Sons landing is in Catlettsburg. This was at one time known as the Pig Iron Landing.

Pig iron was not only shipped out by boat from this landing, but all the groceries, supplies, household goods and small luxury items for the furnace hands were brought in by boat and transported across the county to the furnace site. Tools and steel items needed for the furnace were also hauled by ox cart back to the furnace.

This was only one of the furnace landings. There were others at scattered locations throughout the Hanging Rock Iron Region, all of them busy with the constant flow of pig iron from the back country.

In the vicinity of Ashland, coal and iron were both important items of freight. Ashland was an important coaling center for steamboats and was probably one of the few places where mid-stream fueling was conducted in those early days. Packet boats needing fuel would stop long enough at the Ashland landing to pick up the fuel barge and take it in tow. When enough coal was unloaded from the barge it was cut adrift and picked up by one of the harbor boats.

Much coal was loaded in barges at the Ashland landing of the Kentucky Iron, Coal and Manufacturing Co. Coal, ore and timber were shipped by water from Keys Creek which had a small, narrow gauge railroad running several miles back into the hills to the river where a tipple and a landing had been built on the north side of Keys Creek.

Also, a few years later, on the north side of Keys Creek was one of the largest steam saw mills in Eastern Kentucky. This saw mill, owned by VanSant and Kitchen, received timber from the Big Sandy and Guyan Rivers in rafts towed by steamboats like the Sea Lion or the Geraldine or Enquirer.

There is not much told about the part the rivers played in the Civil War in this area, but there was a great deal of activity. In fact, almost every boat that came up the Ohio brought more troops to be transported up Sandy. There were steamboats and barges kept in the harbor at Catlettsburg for billets for the soldiers.

Many thousands of tons of war materials were moved up the Big Sandy to the scenes of early battles and skirmishes which, because of the rugged terrain and poor roads, had to be shipped by steamboat and flat boat. Not much of this information appears in the history books, but the official records tell some of it and personal letters and other information bear it out.

We like to think that movement of coal in this area by water is something that has been developed in our time, but even before the Civil War coal was being brought out by barge from the vicinity of Peach Orchard on the Big Sandy.

Coal was being brought down the Ohio from the Pomeroy area and from small mines near Bellaire, O., going all the way to the deep South to be used to fire the sugar furnaces. And all the while, in this area boats were being built, and at Catlettsburg and Ashland barges were being built to transport the coal and iron and to bring grain back from the West to the flouring mills in both Ashland and Catlettsburg.

Along the banks of the Ohio and the Big Sandy were saw mills to saw the fine virgin timber that was being cut and floated down the river to this general area. There were perhaps at one time some 20 saw mills lining the river bank between Catlettsburg and Ironton.

In addition to the saw mills there were timber merchants operating for large buyers all over the world. Catlettsburg at one time was the hardwood buying capital of the United States.

Large furniture manufacturers had their own mills that sawed "dimension" lumber. This was lumber that was cut especially for the furniture business and was cut almost to the size needed. It was cut in this fashion to eliminate the scrap loss; there were no long ends or slab sides when the pre-cut material arrived at the furniture factory. It was a savings in shipping weight.

Early Steamboating On Big Sandy Near Paintsville Shows Str. H. M. Stafford

By the same token, timber that was to be exported in the log was hewed square to get rid of the bark and other excess scrap from the logs.

With the coming of the railroads river traffic began to diminish and by the mid-30s most of the old packet boats were gone and the steam sternwheel towboats were in the doldrums. True enough, these towboats were moving mountains of coal and quite a bit of steel, but it was all downstream towing. As a rule, very little freight moved upriver, the boats brought back their empty barges.

About the time of World War II inland rivers transportation had slumped to a new low, although a new type boat was coming on the scene. This new boat, making use of screw type propulsion and Diesel engines, was beginning to liven up the industry somewhat. For the first time, loaded barges could be moved upstream economically.

One of the first companies to take advantage of this was Ashland Oil & Refining Co. which had built one new boat in 1936, the Senator Combs. Next it built the Jim Martin in 1940, a somewhat larger, more powerful boat than the Combs. Next came the Ashland in 1941, followed during the next two years by the Paul Blazer and the Tri-State.

Also during the early days of the World War the U.S. government, in an effort to get materials to the front as quickly as possible, had 21 super power steamboats built using screw propulsion. These 21 boats were built in various shipyards all over the inland waterways in order to speed up delivery. They were all made alike and were to have approximately 2,000 horsepower, although it was said they were much more powerful than their rated horsepower. The government allowed these boats to be leased to private firms.

By the time the World War had ended Diesel-powered boats were beginning to slowly crowd out the old steam sternwheel towboats and every year the horsepower ratings of new boats was going upward. In 1945, the large horsepower boats were 1,800 to 2,000 horsepower. By 1950, the large horsepower boats were coming up to 3,600 horsepower. Huge tows of coal were now moving upriver to Pittsburgh, where only a few short years before there was only downstream movement of coal and steel.

In 1929, the canalization of the Ohio River from Cairo, Ill., to Pittsburgh was completed. This meant there was now a nine-foot navigational channel the entire length of the Ohio River. The locks were 110 feet wide by 600 feet long and were thought to be large enough to handle any traffic the Ohio River could produce for many years to come. By the end of the World War they were already so obsolete they were beginning to create their own bottlenecks to river traffic.

In the mid-1950s work was begun on building new and larger dams and locks and eliminating as many of the old wicket style dams as possible. The lock chambers at the new dams (there are two locks for each dam) are 1,200 feet long by 110 feet wide and 600 feet long by 110 feet wide. The pools between dams averages about 70 miles in most cases which eliminated three or four of the old style dams. In our own area, the Greenup Dam eliminated Locks 30-29-28-27 and Lock 1 on the Big Sandy River. Now most of the second phase of canalization of the Ohio is drawing to a finish.

Within the past two years some of the most powerful towboats ever built have come off the ways at Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Jeffersonville and Nashville, Tenn. Many of these boats range in horsepower from 5,600 to 10,500. Their operating range reaches all the way from Pittsburgh to New Orleans or from New Orleans to Minneapolis and St. Paul on the upper Mississippi. They travel the Gulf Intra-Coastal Waterway to Texas. They move oil and coke from Houston to points on the upper Ohio. They move petroleum products and chemicals from our area to points on all the inland waterways.

One firm tows tallow southward from the upper Ohio and on the return trip brings salad oil and molasses to this area. Other companies handle ammonia, chlorine, styrene and many other chemicals, but in this area coal is still the boss. Thousands of tons of coal are loaded daily through the terminals located in the Tri-State. Our harbor area known as the Port of Huntington is the largest inland river port in the United States in tonnage.

As we enter into our bicentennial year the one bright spot in the future of this area is our river. The river is not merely canalized for the use of towboats and barges; the river is there for recreation, for sport, for relaxation.

With the help of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, which has been instrumental in seeing that the river is cleaned up, and the Coast Guard, which has policed the operation of the boats and barges and the pleasure boats, we can go forward toward another hundred years.

In the extreme northeastern corner of the state, religion, as in all areas, played an important part in the lives of the settlers of Ashland.

Daniel Boone's Brother First E-K Minister

By G. SAM PIATT
Regional News Staff

According to research conducted by Henry P. Scalf for his book, "Kentucky's Last Frontier," Squire Boone, brother of Daniel, was the first minister of the Gospel to set foot on Eastern Kentucky soil.

Squire joined Daniel Boone on a trip through Cumberland Gap in 1770, and is said to have performed the first marriage in the state when he united Elizabeth Callaway and Samuel Henderson on Aug. 7, 1776. Squire Boone was referred to as "an occasional preacher in the Calvinistic Baptist Church."

Today, 200 years later, the people of Eastern Kentucky remain a deeply religious people. They have retained the faith of their fathers, and of ther fathers' fathers before them. To find out from whence came the branches, one must go to the roots. Religion in Eastern Kentucky had its beginning 1,944 years ago.

It was in A.D. 32, in Jerusalem, that the apostles of Jesus Christ were brought before the high priest and the sect of the Sadducees, who sought to still this strange new doctrine they preached.

Then there stood up one named Gamaliel, a doctor of the Law who was held in great respect by the people, who said to the assembly: "Be very careful of what action you intend to take against these men. My advice to you is to let them alone; leave them to themselves. For if this teaching or movement is merely human it will collapse of its own accord. But if it should be from God, you cannot defeat them, and you might actually find yourselves fighting against God."

The assembly accepted his advice, gave the apostles a beating, commanded them not to speak again in the name of Jesus and set them free. And the Gospel rings on.

The Gospel of Christ was first brought to the Americas by those of the Catholic faith. On Aug. 3, 1492, with 90 men aboard, the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria set out to make the East Indies by sailing west. Seventy days later, Columbus and his men knelt on an island of the Bahamas. Columbus named it Holy Savior: San Salvador.

After Martin Luther nailed his 95 academic propositions to the door of Wittenberg's village church in 1517, tensions between Protestants and Catholics began.

In England, during the reign of King Henry VIII, Edward VI, Elizabeth I and James I, the tensions bounced and battered and grew worse. From 1603 to 1625, Puritans began withdrawing from the established church and forming their own. Some said elders, or presbyters, should control the government of the church, and so the Presbyterian faith was born.

In the 17th century all dissenters or non-conformists who refused to conform to the Church of England and its Book of Common Prayer came under increasingly heavy attack.

And those who wanted religious freedom began the journey to the New World.

Today in Eastern Kentucky the Gospel is preached in churches of many different denominations. Hundreds of rural and town churches dot the mountains from Pikeville to West Liberty to Morehead to the western end of Greenup County. However, it can probably be safely said that less than 50 per cent of the population is affiliated by membership in any of the major denominations. But, by the same token, probably at least 99 per cent will say they believe in the Diety as revealed by the Holy Scriptures, and consider themselves "God-fearing people."

In the early days, before meeting houses were available, the people often came together in log homes in the scattered settlements, holding prayer meetings and Bible study.

For the most part, religion in Eastern Kentucky seems first to have centered in the central part of the state, around Harrodsburg, then carried back into the hills and organized by Men of God who traveled on horseback, steamboat or foot.

Presbyterian laymen were said to be in Harrodsburg in 1776, and the Rev. David Rice is credited with organizing the first churches of that faith in Kentucky.

Francis Ashbury, of the Methodist faith, came to the state in 1790 and held the first annual conference at Masterson's Station five miles from Lexington.

Also, there were at least two Catholic families at Harrodsburg in 1775, and the first Catholic priest, Father Charles Whelan, arrived in Kentucky in 1787.

After Squire Boone, other ministers of the Baptist faith penetrated and preached in the little settlements scattered through the wilderness. John and Elijah Gano arrived in the state in the early 1780s.

The period from 1799 to 1803 is referred to as the period of The Great Revival in Kentucky. It had its beginning among the staid Presbyterians, but spread quickly to many other faiths. The climax came at Cane Ridge Church in Central Kentucky in 1801. Under the leadership of Barton W. Stone, later a Baptist apostate, and many ministers of other faiths, thousands of persons flocked to the meetings.

Hundreds were converted each night. It was reported that persons traveling by horse and wagon to the meeting grounds could feel the "presence of the Spirit" long before arriving on the grounds.

Hundreds of the new converts became affected by the "jerks" and fell prostrate on the ground. Others shouted and laughed and danced until exhaustion brought them down. Many men felt "the

(Continued on Following Page)

Woodi Ishmael Panel Depicts Greenup County's Plum Grove Church

Streams were commonly used for baptism in the early years of Ashland area history, and many congregations in the area continue the ceremony in similar settings today.

Eastern Kentucky People Still Deeply Religious

(Continued from Last Page)

call of God" on their lives to spread the gospel and went about it with renewed fervor, taking the message to the scattered settlements.

In the extreme northeastern corner of the state, religion, as in all areas, played an important part in the lives of the settlers of Ashland, or Poage Settlement, as it was first called.

The Bethesda Church, now the First Presbyterian, was the center of the Poage Settlement in the early 1800s. A simple log structure was built for worship services in 1819 and the present church, presently undergoing renovation, was built in 1858.

Father P. Oswald, Benedictine missionary, came to Ashland in 1858 when there was no Catholic organization from Harlan to Hazard. He traveled from Covington by steamboat and by horseback. Holy Family Catholic Church was built in Ashland in 1867. The South Ashland Methodist Church was organized in 1865. The Lutherans were given a tract of land for a church in 1854. The first Jewish congregation assembled in Ashland in 1869.

In Lawrence County, preachers "riding the circuit" planted Methodism in the log homes of the early settlers. These rugged men were described as "itinerant preachers with Bible and hymn book in hand, a flaming evangelist filled with Holy Ghost and with faith, who traversed not only the valleys, but swam the creeks and scaled the mountains."

When Benjamin Edge began to ride the circuit in Eastern Kentucky in 1810 he found a sparsley settled valley that held no Pikeville, and Prestonsburg was a place of a few rude cabins.

Early settlers from Virginia brought their religious beliefs with them to their new homes in Greenup County. These were for the most part embodied in Methodism and Presbyterianism.

Samuel Demint, said to be the first preacher in Greenup County, which was formed from Mason County in 1803, organized class meetings in homes in 1810. He organized several churches in the county, among them Mt. Zion and Oldtown in 1820. People have worshipped in the present Mt. Zion Church, near South Shore, for 103 years.

The county seat, Greenup, then called Greenupsburg, has the oldest church in the area in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Now the First United Methodist Church, the building was constructed in 1845 and still has the original foundation and walls. Another old church is the Christian Church, built in 1855. Services have also been conducted in the same building for more than 100 years at the Wurtland Union Church, built in 1860.

A Presbyterian Church was organized at Lloyd in 1829 and was known as the Greenup Union Presbyterian Church. The name was changed to Brick Union when the present building went up in 1881. It is now the Brick Union Christian Church, having been sold to that congregation in 1919.

Enterprise Association of Baptists, of which churches of the Big Sandy are members, was an offspring of the old Greenup Association, formed in 1841. The Rev. Wallis Bailey, the founder of the United Baptist faith, came to Magoffin County in 1810 and was ordained in 1826. The Paintsville church was constituted in 1903 and the next year the Inez and Pikeville churches were organized. Irene Cole Memorial Church was organized at Prestonsburg in 1907, Salyersville in 1909 and West Liberty in 1913.

The United Baptist Church was born of differences with the Regular Baptist Church. Entering the breech between the two was the Freewill Baptist Church, which came about partly due to a controversy over the issue of open communion.

George Owens Barnes, a man of staunch Presbyterian stock, had much to do with transferring churches of Eastern Kentucky — at least for a time — from denominational bickering to that of oneness. Called the Mountain Evangelist, he began his ministry in Eastern Kentucky in 1879 with great open air revivals at Salyersville and West Liberty. He then moved on to preach in the Methodist church and in the courthouse at Paintsville. So great was the number of the converts, and so nondenominational was his message, that dozens of ministers from different faiths gathered to help baptize the new believers. Hundreds came forward at meetings throughout Eastern Kentucky. Some were baptized by immersion, while others were sprinkled. Barnes authorized either method.

From Paintsville, Barnes caught the steamer Jerry Osborne and traveled up to Prestonsburg and Pikeville to preach revivals. Records show that 400 new converts were added to the Pikeville church as a result of Barnes' revival there.

From Pikeville, he traveled back down the Big Sandy to hold meetings in Catlettsburg, Ashland and Greenup.

In 1976, some of the larger denominations have expansion projects under way. On the other hand, however, some small rural churches have had to close their doors due to a drop in membership. And some, particularly the Methodists in the Ashland District, are experiencing difficulty in obtaining enough full-time ministers to fill the pulpits.

But, basically, the churches continue to enjoy good membership and provide leadership and stability for the communities of Eastern Kentucky. Leaders no longer travel by steamboat and horseback, but use television, radio and newspapers to get the message out. Bus ministries have helped to cement people of a larger area into one congregation.

Glenmary Missions, connected with Father Pat O'Donald's Holy Redeemer Catholic Church and Appalachian Industries in Vanceburg, the county seat of Lewis County, began volunteer missionary programs in the 1960s. Volunteer farms, where high school and college students from points all across the nation gather to help people unable to help themselves, are now in operation in Lewis, Rowan and Menifee counties.

At Webbville, in Carter County, Kentucky State Police officer and evangelist Jesse Fyffe has developed Boys' Land to minister to wayward youth. A $120,000 boys' home is nearly complete, and this spring Fyffe purchased the former Webbville Elementary School in which he plans to operate a Christian high school.

Although they may be changing their methods somewhat, it appears the churches of Eastern Kentucky will continue to flourish.

Geology Had Big Role In Early EK Living Pattern

The headwater region of Big Sandy was a part of broad lowland, backed by a sinking hill-and-mountain country to the southeast, known as Lost Appalachia.

Geology played a dominating role in determining early patterns of Eastern Kentucky living, and in great extent bears upon today's culture here. Because of the system of rivers and valleys, road and river routes for pioneers crossed here. Early formations left a base of usable limestone. Because ancient reptiles and trees fell to earth and were covered by the silt of time, fossil fuels, coal and oil, formed beneath the surface of rough hill country. Late depositions of iron ore clay brought industry. Because prehistoric erosion cut deep gorges and hollows, crop farming has been only marginally profitable and flat sites for locating industry or institutions have been available only at a premium. Systems of transportation and communication serving a network tied together along creekbeds have been restricted and more expensive than flat country. Dwellings scattered throughout hollows have been typically isolated, contributing to limited intermingling and interaction of our people.

Fossil Found Near Webbville In Elliott County In 1928

A Bicentennial Essay

(Editor's Note: The following simplifed description of geological of Eastern Kentucky is a condensation from Dr. Willard Rouse Jillson's book, "The Big Sandy Valley," which was originally published in this newspaper in 1922, a year before Jillson refined it into book form.)

Occurrence of numerous coal seams indicates that in prehistoric time called the Coal Measure (200 million years ago) this area lay in lagoon or delta area, fed by streams from the north. For eons, sedimentation continued to deposit, reaching a thickness of 5,000 feet in the southern sections of Kentucky. As the Pennsylvanian period ended, crustal movement began to shove the land above the waters. This uplift marked the birth struggle of a broad interior continental area which would later enclose all Kentucky.

Coincident with the uplift of the land now occupied by the Upper Big Sandy, erosion began, with water generally flowing to the north and northwest over a widening plain. The highest points or headwarter were in western Virginia, North Carolina and eastern Tennessee.

The headwater region of Big Sandy was a part of broad lowland, backed by a sinking hill-and-mountain country to the southeast known as Lost Appalachia, a large elongated continental body of Paleozoic times, the central axis of which coincided with the Piedmont belt and extended to some undefined boundary now in the Atlantic. The rising interior lowland faced a great shallow inland sea on the northwest. An arm of this sea occupied parts of Kentucky and covered the region now known as the western border of the Eastern Coal Field. Shore marshes, inland swamps and a few small lakes occupying slight depressions formed during the Coal Measure time were characteristic of the territory. Newly-exposed strata were soft and unconsolidated. There were no high elevations in the Valley country and drainage boundaries were poorly defined. Vegetation closely resembling that of the previous prehistoric period, the Coal Measure, covered the lowlands; the highlands to the southeast were barren because of low temperature, thin soil and inconsistent moisture.

The Pine Mountain fold, an uplift caused by mountain-making pressures deep within the earth, dynamically changed the contours of southeastern Kentucky, patterning a new system of headwaters in the upper Big Sandy. Twenty streams which had originally crossed through Pine Mountain were cut apart and turned backward to form Elkhorn Creek and Pound River. At this point, Tug and Levisa Forks were separate streams emptying into the embayment of Eastern Kentucky. At first they were little more than creeks, but as they gradually extended their lower courses to the north, the semi-marine waters receded and the rivers grew. Levisa extended northward to great Paint Creek, pulled waters which would have otherwise gone to the Licking. The two forks grew together during the early Permian period, birthing the Big Sandy we know today, but which in its youth lacked the depth and meanders of today. Even so, later uplifts pulled away some headwaters to the Clinch and Blue Stone Rivers, but Big Sandy held its own by pirating drainage from the North Fork of Kentucky River and Burning Fork of Licking. Had it not been for such piracies, brought on by such upheavals as the fault on Paint Creek, effectively dividing that stream into two, Levisa River would have been a principal headwater of the Licking, leaving Tug Fork as today's Big Sandy.

Cycles of seasons and times worked on the land like a million grading machines, beveling down the hills and gouging streams deeply and permanently into the land. A different kind of plant growth transpired between that time and now. A weird group of reptiles and fish came upon the land and water, lived and died. As they left, the birds came, and early mammals and broad-leafed plants and trees. After the hills and streams assumed their present state, a cold glacier moved slowly from the north, bringing with it a plant and animal life of arctic nature. The cold waters carried icebergs from the north, leaving small rocks from Canada scattered through this region and perhaps carrying plants here that remain alive and well in the cool, high air around Carter Caves—and nowhere else for hundreds of miles.

The time that passed between the uplift of the mountains and the retreat of the glacier has been estimated at not less than 50 million years. When they passed, animals and plants known today came upon the land.

Willard Rouse Jillson came from Oklahoma to Kentucky in 1917 and, working with the Kentucky Geological Survey, began his phase of KGS' century of reports on the minerals and lay of the land. His initial efforts happened to be in Eastern Kentucky, and because his work called for long stays where he surveyed, he spent his spare hours talking to old residents. From these talks came his second love, local history, and his initial work of book length, "The Big Sandy Valley." The work was published, in shorter form, in The Independent in 1922, the next year as a book, and was reprinted in 1970. Before his death two years ago, Dr. Jillson had become perhaps the state's most prolific writer, turning out perhaps a thousand titles.

Old Timers' Meeting Annual Ashland Affair

Ashland was celebrating its centennial observance in 1954 when Henry Miller came home to visit from Anaheim, Calif. He got together with some friends and suggested that Ashland start an "Old Timers' Club" and have an annual breakfast.

There was no waiting—the first Old Timers' Breakfast took place Saturday, Oct. 2, 1954, in the Henry Clay Hotel and the members elected John Kobs as the first president. It has been going strong ever since.

Seventy persons were present for that first breakfast. The man present who was first to be in Ashland among the group was E.C. Jones, who came here in 1873.

Attendance has steadily grown since the organization was formed with a record 164 persons attending in 1975. Members must be natives of Ashland or Boyd County and be 50 years of age.

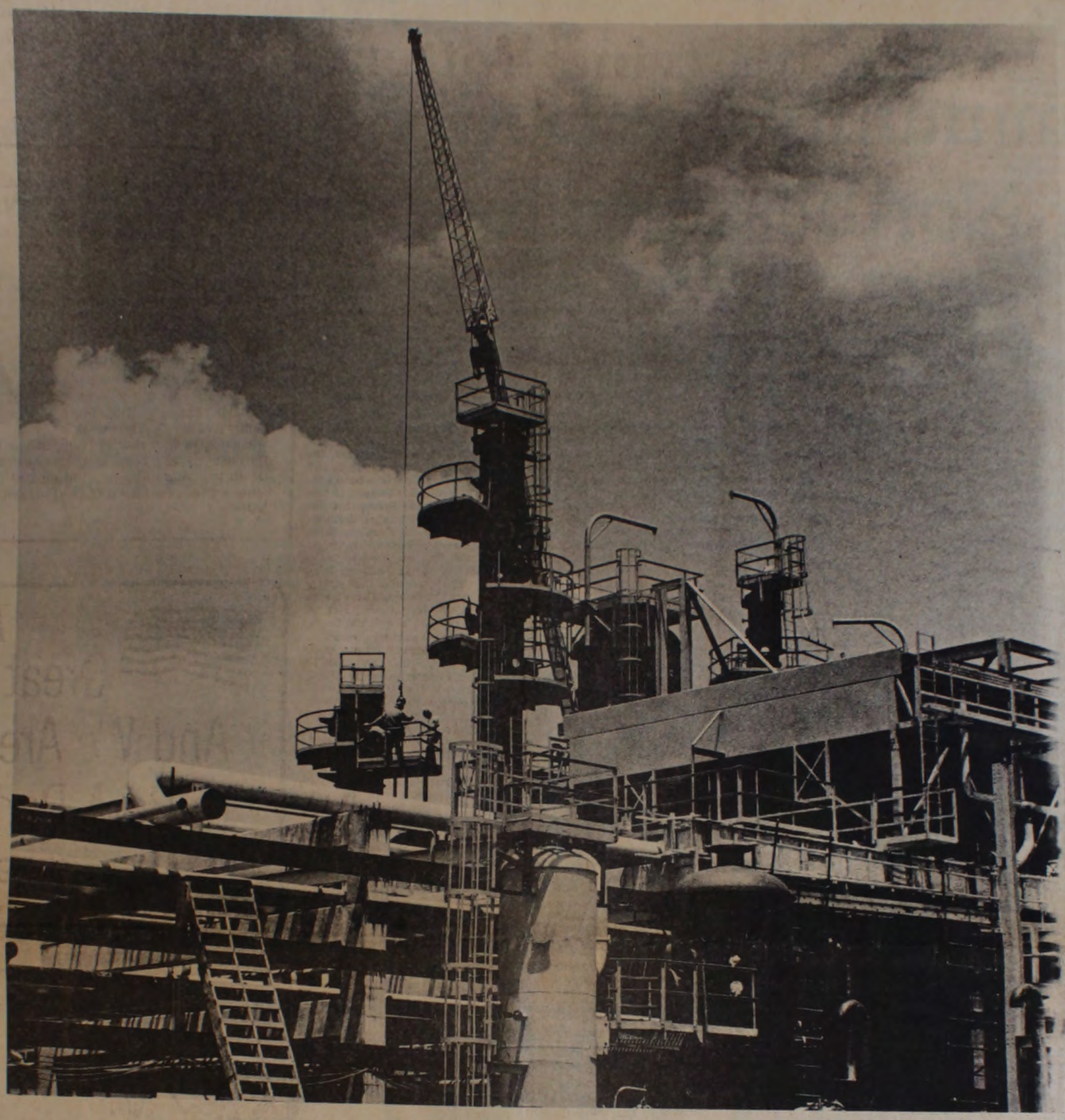
Breakfasts are on the first Saturday in October at 10 a.m.

The original qualification for membership was 50-year residency in Ashland. But this was changed to include either native born persons of 50 years of age or residence in Boyd County of 50 years.

Past presidents of the Old Timers' Club have been:

John Kobs, Clyde Levi, Charles R. Peebles, P.J. Wonn Sr., Donald H. Putnam Sr., John Diederich, Henry Shanklin, Hyman Herbst, R.A. McCullough Sr., Judge Watt M. Prichard, Davis Geiger, Leonard Campbell, Fred Rigsby, Robert Davis, W.A. Horne, Robert Tanner, John Mansfield, P.J. Wonn Jr., Harry B. Nicholson, Donald Putnam Jr., John F. Schneider, and Arnold Hanners.

Secretaries have been Hyman Herbst (1954-60), John W. Gardner (1961-65) and Miss Anna Flora Irwin (1966).



At Ashland Oil we're building for the Tricentennial

The American republic is 200 years old, and we of Ashland Oil are proud to join in the celebration of this anniversary.

We're also looking ahead—and hurrying ahead—with projects, new ventures and research undertakings that will help keep the United States strong and vital in the future.

Ashland is a company with worldwide operations. Our growth and successes are based firmly on uniquely American principles, however—those embodied in the conviction that competition builds healthy businesses, that the customer's best interests are also the company's best interests, and that quality is always important.

This year we're spending about $300 million in new projects, many of them highly visible in the Tri-State area where we were born and have grown up. Over the next decade we anticipate capital additions to approach $5 billion.

We're building for the future. We think it's good business for us . . . and you . . . and for America!

Ashland

ASHLAND OIL, INC. ASHLAND, KENTUCKY

Some communities were named for their early settlers, such as Catlettsburg, that took the name of the Catlett family, or Chinnville (now Raceland), that took the name of the Chinn family.

Community Life Both Real, Spiritual For Northeastern Kentucky Settlers

By WICKLIFFE R. POWELL
Assistant Managing Editor

Community life has always been important in Northeastern Kentucky, although perhaps its importance has diminished in recent years.

Initially, settlers in this new land developed a community both real and spiritual in nature in order to survive the hardships of the wilderness.

A sense of longing for a life-style left behind, concern for adequate shelter and food, fear of Indian attacks and hundreds of other problems faced by the area's first settlers made a sense of community not only important, but vital to survival.

Later, as these problems diminished in importance, others cropped up to take their place, and communities in the area grew around such things as a common industry or business place; a creek; or a desire to share one's life and problems with others of similar interest and station.

Still later, perhaps during that transitional period between World War II and the Korean War, community in both a physical and philosophical sense came to mean much less.

By this time, transportation was easy and no one any longer needed to live near his place of work or his family to be in touch. Mobility became a key word in American life and in life in Northeastern Kentucky, and its advent meant the end of community as it had once been viewed.

Now, because one lives next door to someone is no indication they even know each other, much less share any kindred interests; it is no longer sufficient for someone to say, "I'm from Haldeman." He needs to enter a larger context and say, depending on where he's talking, he's from Morehead, or Rowan County, or Northeastern Kentucky.

Despite these changes, community life still has a role in Northeatern Kentucky and has left behind a heritage not only of a lifestyle that for some people still centers around the hundreds of small communities in the area, but a veritable history book in the names people chose for the places they lived.

The names came in a variety of ways.

Some communities were named for their early settlers, such as Catlettsburg, that took the name of the Catlett family, or Chinnville (now Raceland), that took the name of the Chinn family.

Other communities were named for a creek or other geographical feature that was nearby, such as Lick Branch and Lick Fork in Morgan County, or Fallsburg in Lawrence County.

Still others were named for a place or community that reminded people of their history or place of origin. Ashland, named after Henry Clay's home in Lexington, is a good example.

Some communities were even named after a business that was booming at the time, such as Cannel City in Morgan County, which took its name from the type of coal mined there.

Although they were creatures of the state legislature instead of the local populace, counties also took names that reflected, for the most part, regional history.

Elliott County, for example, was named for U.S. Rep. John Milton Elliott when it was created in April, 1869, and in May, 1838, Carter County was named for Col. William G. Carter.

Kentucky's communities and counties sprang up independent of each other, thus it was possible for the settlement that became Catlettsburg, where settlement began in the early 19th century, first to be part of Mason County, and then Greenup County before Boyd County was created in 1860.

A chronology of Northeastern Kentucky counties shows:

—Floyd County was formed June, 1800, and named after Col. John Floyd. It was formed out of the then-existing counties of Fleming, Mason and Montgomery, but, since other counties were still to be created, didn't take its present form until 1884. It was the 40th of the state's 120 counties to be created.

—Greenup County was formed February, 1804, and named after Gov. Christopher Greenup. It was formed from part of Mason County, and took on its present boundaries in 1860. Greenup was the state's 45th county.

—Lawrence County was created in February, 1822, and named after Capt. James Lawrence. The state's 70th county was made from parts of Mason and Greenup counties and assumed its final form in 1870.

—Morgan County was formed in March, 1823, and named after Gen. Daniel Morgan. The state's 73rd county was formed from parts of Bath and Floyd counties, and assumed its final form in 1869.

—Carter County was formed in May, 1838, from parts of Lawrence and Greenup counties, and assumed its final outline in 1869. Carter was the commonwealth's 88th county.

—Johnson County was formed in April, 1843, named for Vice President Richard M. Johnson. It was formed from parts of Floyd, Morgan and Lawrence counties, and didn't assume its final boundaries until 1870. It was the 97th county formed.

—Rowan County was formed in May, 1856, and named for Judge John Rowan. Rowan was composed of land from both Fleming and Morgan counties, and its boundaries have not changed since it was created as the state's 104th county.

—Magoffin County was formed April, 1860, and named for one of Kentucky's early governors, Beriah Magoffin. The state's 106th county was put together with land from Floyd, Johnson and Morgan counties. Its boundaries have not changed since then.

—Boyd County, the state's 107th county, was created in May, 1860, from parts of Carter, Greenup and Lawrence counties, and named after U.S. Rep. Linn Boyd. Since it was formed, its borders have not been altered.

—Elliott County was formed in April, 1869, from Carter, Lawrence and Morgan counties and assumed its final shape in 1870.

Within what finally became a 10-county area, communities grew at an amazing rate.

Although pioneers had passed through that area later to be known as Catlettsburg for decades, it wasn't until the early part of the 19th century that there was finally a community at the mouth of the Big Sandy River, and it wasn't until 1849 that a town known as Catlettsburg was incorporated there.

This first town covered the area from Catletts Creek to Division Street, and was named after the Catlett family, although its members had been forced to sell the land to John Fry and his sister for development due to financial problems.

While Catlettsburg seemed to thrive, especially as a result of heavy traffic on the Big Sandy, a small community down the Ohio was struggling to make its own way—it was Poage's Landing, which became known as Ashland when it was incorporated in 1854.

Although these towns formed the hub of Boyd County, they really don't tell the story of communities that grew nearby, maybe because a group of people liked the land or maybe because they all worked together in a single industry.

Through the years, names have appeared on maps such as Rush, Rockdale, Meades, Garner, Mayhew, Mavity, Burnaugh, Princess and Cannonsburg.

There have also been Coalton, Ironville, Winslow, Summit, Westwood, Millseat and Durbin—areas of which even today about 40 per cent of the population of Boyd identify themselves as being residents.

In Boyd, as in other counties, some of these small places have what appear to be rather distinct boundaries, such as Westwood and Summit, while others seemingly blend into each other in such a way that it's hardly noticed.

Today, Greenup County numbers more than a third of the area's 22 incorporated areas within its borders—eight to be exact. They are Russell, Flatwoods, Raceland, Wurtland, Worthington, South Shore, Greenup and Bellefonte.

MORE COUNTIES—By 1822, this section of Kentucky had taken on this appearance with the creation of new counties by the General Assembly.

The first to be incorporated was Greenup, which was organized in 1804 and incorporated 14 years later. History says the name originally was Greenupsburg, but was changed in 1872 to Greenup to avoid confusion with the name of Greensburg. Some say the change was at the request of the C&O Railway, which had both towns on its lines.

Greenup, or Greenupsburg, also had a nickname—Hangtown—gained, historians say, because of the number of hangings that occurred there.

In her "A Supplementary Edition of A History of Greenup County," Nina Mitchell Biggs included this description of an 1852 hanging as provided by Civil War veteran Zachariah Richards:

"On the day of the execution, Greenupsburg was filled to overflowing, people coming for miles on horseback, mules, in wagons and on foot. A drum and fife corps was on hand to play the death march. The point on which the scaffold was erected was at the west end of Main Street, on the bank of Little Sandy. On the opposite bank stood an old deserted water mill, which formed a vantage point for many of the curious. The high bank on the upper side also furnished a favorable site for onlookers. As the ox-cart (they had to use oxen on account of the noise and commotion caused by the music and huge crowd, making horses hard to manage) bearing the coffins of the condemned, and the prisoners seated thereon, worked its way up to and under the scaffold, where the black caps were placed in position, the fife and drum corps played the death march. At a given signal, the noose was adjusted, the ox-cart moved on and the bodies dangled in the air."

Perhaps as unusual in its own way as Greenup was the early history of Raceland, a community hugging the Ohio River that was organized in 1909 by B. F. Chinn and first known as Chinnville. The town acquired its present name in the early 1920s when it became the site of a race course that attracted horse enthusiasts from far and near.

Other towns that grew up in Greenup County included South Shore, which was incorporated in 1957 and took in part of the area known as Fullerton; Argillite, which took its name from the iron furnace built there in 1818 by Richard Deering; Coal Branch, which, like many communities, took its name from a physical phenomenon, in this instance a rich vein of coal; Oldtown, settled in the 1780s and gaining its name from the old Indian town near which it was located; and Russell, incorporated in 1874, but not seeing real growth until the railroad came in 1889.

In addition to those already mentioned, there are four other incorporated communities in Greenup County: Bellefonte, Worthington, Wurtland and Flatwoods, the latter having begun in the 1930s as a settlement of only several hundred families and since having grown into one of the largest towns in Eastern Kentucky.

Add to this extensive list such names at Lloyd, Load, Maloneton, South Portsmouth, Worthington, York, Lynn, Naples, Warnock, Tygarts, Siloam, Greys Branch, Bushart, Walsh, Hopewell, Fullerton, Limeville and Danleyton and one gets an idea of the number of places people have gathered to live for one reason or another.

In Carter County, only Grayson (1842) and Olive Hill (1861) have incorporated, but, as elsewhere in the region, many have chosen to establish their own communities.

In Carter County, people get mail through the two city post offices, but also through post offices with such names as Carter, Denton, Fultz, Grahn, Hitchins, Jacobs, Jeriel, Johns Run, Lawton, Smiths Creek, Soldier, Willard and Wolf.

Not to mention such places as Leatherwood, Enterprise, Brinegar, Upper Tygart, Fitch, Clark Hill, Atlas, Smokey Valley, Rooney, Wesleyville, Gesling, Iron Hill, Deevert, Reedville, Norton Branch and Pactolus.

Unlike landlocked Carter County, Lawrence County's first development was near the banks of the Big Sandy River, with Louisa, organized in 1822, the only community of any size in the whole county.

However, as in Carter, Boyd and

(Continued on Following Page)

EARLY MAP—At first, all of Kentucky was simply an extension of Virginia, called Botetourt County after 1770 and Fincastle County after 1772. In the year of revolution, the state's border — as we know it today — firmed up and the county was called Kentucky. In 1780, this section became Fayette and Lincoln counties; in 1786, Bourbon and Madison counties were added; and in 1789, Mason County, still in Virginia, was added and Clark followed in 1793. Fleming was created in 1798 and took in all the territory to the Breaks of Sandy. Two years later, Floyd was created there, and in 1804, Greenup was cut away from Mason. It was from these counties that subdivisions later were made that created the counties of today. This is the way this part of the state looked in 1818. (This and the following maps are reprinted, with permission, from "An Historical Atlas of Kentucky and Her Counties," published in 1965 by Wendell H. Rone Sr. of Mayfield.)

Many Community Names Have Fascinating Origins

(Continued from Last Page)

Greenup counties, life was not limited to Louisa, alone; it served merely as a hub for communities that dotted the county, giving its history such names as Adams, Blaine, Cherokee, Clifford, Cardwell, Fallsburg, Lowmansville, Martha, Mazie, Ulysses, Webbville and Wilbur, all currently the sites of post offices, indicators of more heavily populated areas.

Like other counties in this region, and throughout the state, no list of communities can be complete, but these can be added to the Lawrence County list: Terryville, Davisville, Cordell, Charlie, Patrick, Peach Orchard, Richardson, Georges Creek, Ledocio, Torchlight, Ellen, Adams, Bussey ville, Gallup, Chapman, Wallbridge, Holt, Overdo, Irrad, Glenwood, Zelda, Cherokee, Houckville, Fullers, Caltapa and Yatesville.

Although it is the smallest county in terms of population—only 5,933 persons, according to the 1970 census—**Elliott County** is not without its share of colorful names.

Sandy Hook is the largest and only incorporated community, and these areas have enough populace to merit post offices today: Ault, Bruin, Burke, Culver, Isonville, Little Sandy, Lytten, Newfoundland, Stark and Stephens.

In addition, these other names dot maps of Elliott County: Bascom, Spanglin, Wyatt, Ruin, Bigstone, Roscoe, Eldridge, Fannie, Newcombe, Halcom, Sarah, Fielden, Dobbins, Green, Ibex, Beartown, Ordinary, Gimlet, Sideway, Dewdrop and Bigstone.

Prestonsburg was incorporated in 1818, some 18 years after **Floyd County** was created by the state legislature. At the time, the community was the home of only 22 people and was named in honor of Col. John Preston, a Virginian who owned the land on which the city was built.

In time, the county grew to be one of the largest in Northeastern Kentucky, but Prestonsburg remained the focal point of literally dozens of small communities that dotted the county's 399 square miles.

The current list of post offices, branches and stations in the county is staggering and includes, in addition to Prestonsburg, Allen, Auxier, Banner, Beaver, Betsy Layne, Bevinsville, Blue River, Buckingham, Bypro, Craynor, Dana, David, Drift, Dwale, East McDowell, Eastern, Emma, Endicott, Estill, Galveston, Garrett, Grethel, Harold, Halo, Hi Hat, Hippo, Hite, Honaker, Hueysville, Hunter, Ivel.

Lackey, Langley, Ligon, Manton, Martin, McDowell, Melvin, Minnie, Orkney, Price, Printer, Pyramid, Risner, Stanville, Teaberry, Tram, Watergap, Wayland, Weeksburg and *Wheelwright*.

And from this point, the list of communities continues to include such places as Alphoretta, Bosco, Welco Station, Glo, New Allen, Mare Creek, Justell, Boldman, Burton, Dema, Osborn, Blue Moon, Northern, Bonanza, Brainard, German, Thomas, Wonder, Warco, Colliver, Arkansas, Goodloe, Permele, Sloan and Dock.

Although **Morgan County** was not created until 1823, the first settlers put down roots in what was to become West Liberty as early as 1805 and incorporated in 1836. Since the first county court session was conducted March 10, 1823, West Liberty has remained the county seat.

The seat is centrally located in the county, and thus early became a crossroads for business and governmental affairs that drew residents from all directions.

From the south came people from Wheelrim, Sellars, Adele, Cannel City, Payton, Caney, Buskirk, Rexville, Holliday, Murphy Fork, Nickell, Panama, White Oak, Matthew, Florress, Malone, Wells Station, Stacy Fork, Gordon Ford and Cottle.

From the west, they came from Murphyfork, Maytown, Pekin, Ezel, Omer, Eben, Twentysix, Woodsbend, Bonny, Greear, Liberty Road, Dehart, Pomp, , Kellacey and Yocum.

From the north, from Blairs Mill, Redwine, Blaze, Wrigley, Lenox and Leasure.

From the east, from Elamton, Elk Fork, Jeptha, Crockett, Moon, Relief, Mima, Silverhill, Ophir, Dingus, Elna and Minefork.

As far as names go, perhaps that of Zag in northwestern Morgan County is among the most interesting. Arthur C. Johnson's "Early Morgan County" gives this account of how it got its name:

"The first name of Zag was Jeston, after the postmaster's mother-in-law. Later, they moved it and gave it another name. A list of names was sent to Washington and all of the 18 names were rejected. Pearl Cox, daughter of Jeff Cox, saw the word zig zag on the wall. (The house was papered with newspapers.) She sent those two words, zig and zag, and the latter was accepted, thereby becoming the name of the post office."

Although Salyersville, the seat of **Magoffin County**, was not established until 1866, residents of that county believe their county was first explored by Dr. Thomas Walker, one of the area's first white pioneers, in 1750, about a quarter of a century before the white man established any permanent settlements in what was to become Kentucky.

Since those early explorations by Dr. Walker and others who followed him, small communities have come to dot the county, which covers 303 square miles.

Currently, the U.S. Postal Service has post offices, branches or stations at Bethanna, Burning Fork, Carver, Cisco, Conley, Cutuno, Duco, Edna, Elsie, Ever, Falcon, Flat Fork, Foraker, *Fredville, Fritz, Gapville, Gifford,* Gunlock, Gypsy, Hager, Harper, Hendricks, Ivyton, Licksburg, Logville, Maggard, Marshallville, Mashfork, Royalton, Seitz, Stella, Sublett, Swampton, Waldo, Wheelersburg and Wonnie, in addition to Salyersville.

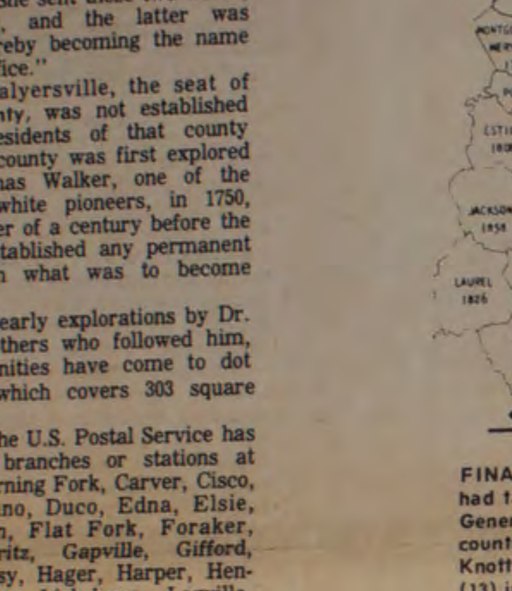
There are other small communities known as Grayfox, Minefork, Lacey, Galdia, Plutarch, Leatha, Arthurmable, Lakeville, Mason, Gullett, Bloomington, Harper, Tiptop, Netty and Lykins.

As for where some of the names came from, "Magoffin's First Century," published on the occasion of the county's centennial, says this:

"Dr. Walker also told of a tribe of Indians camped at a nearby 'elk lick.' It was from this account of Dr. Walker, as well as from the 'lick' itself, that Elk Creek, Lickburg, Lick Creek all take their names. Magoffin County in those days was teeming with wild life, and that wild life is commemorated here by such names as Salt Lick, Painters Lick, Rock Lick, Coon Creek, Buffalo, Bear Tree and many others. The name 'Bear Tree' is supposed to have been given one of the forks of Rockhouse Creek of Burning Fork because of the existence along its course of one of the many trees on which Daniel Boone recorded his bear kill: 'D. Boon kild a bar.'"

In **Johnson County**, much of the history of community life must trace itself to Paintsville, originally a trading post that was called Paint Lick Station. During the Revolutionary War, people lived in the area and trading went on there, although the seat of Johnson County did not incorporate until 1872.

Although Paintsville is the county's premier community and the hub of its government, business and education activities, like other counties in the region, Johnson is dotted by scores of small communities in which people share common interests.



MORE DIVISIONS—The years 1838 to 1855 marked the creation of these new counties in the region: Carter (15) in 1838; Johnson (18) in 1843; Powell (17) in 1852; Breathitt (19) in 1839; Owsley (20) in 1843; certain land from Clay to Perry County (21) in 1843; Letcher (22) in 1842; part of Lawrence to Morgan County (16) in 1854.

Magoffin residents believe their county was first explored by Dr. Thomas Walker, in 1750, about a quarter of a century before the white man established any permanent settlements in what was to become Kentucky.

Currently, there are post offices, branches or stations at Barnetts Creek, Boons Camp, Denver, East Point, Flatgap, Fuget, Hagerhill, Keaton, Leander, Manila, Meally, Nippa, Offutt, Oil Springs, Redbush, Riceville, River, Sitka, Staffordsville, Stambaugh, Swamp Branch, Thealka, Thelma, Tutor Key, Van Lear, Volga, West Van Lear, Whitehouse, Williamsport and Wittensville.

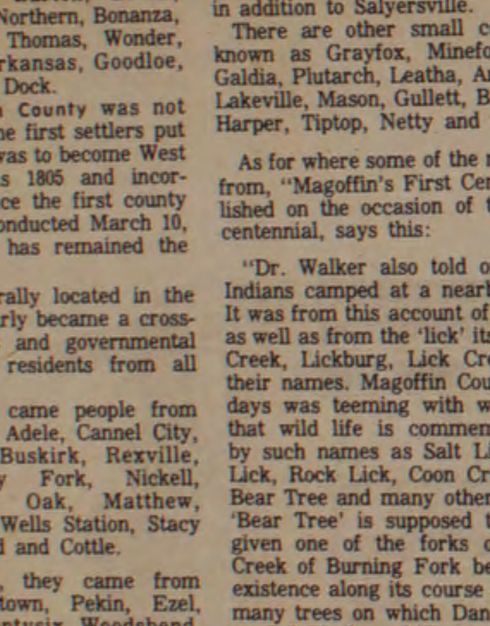
Other communities include Dobson, Nero, Henrietta, Hargis, Winifred, Barnrock, Sitka and Denver.

In **Rowan County**, Morehead serves a twin function — as both county seat and home of Morehead State University, which not only provides a large chunk of the county's population, but perhaps makes its populace among the most transient in the whole region.

Rowan is also different from most counties in the region in that it shares with Boyd the distinction of having only a few post offices and only a few small communities — unlike most other counties in which small settlements have sprung up by the score.

Besides Morehead, the major population clusters are in the areas of Clearfield, Elliotsville, Farmers, Haldeman and Smile, with lesser numbers in the communities of Cranston, Craney, Sharkey, Ramey, Paragon, Bangor, Cogswell, Bluestone, Lick Fork, Hamm, Triplett, Waltz and Hilda.

FINAL FORM—By 1884, this region of Kentucky had taken on its final form as dictated by the General Assembly, with the creation of these counties: Bell (9) in 1867; Leslie (10) in 1878; Knott (11) in 1884; Martin (12) in 1870; Magoffin (13) in 1860; Wolfe (14) in 1860; Menifee (15) in 1869; Rowan (16) in 1856; Elliott (17) in 1869; Boyd (18) in 1860.



TWO ADDED—By 1826, this is the way Eastern Kentucky looked with the addition of Morgan County (33) in 1823 and Laurel County (20) in 1826.

Third National salutes the American dream

The American dream of independence and self-reliance grew out of a pioneer spirit which viewed the future as an opportunity for growth.

Ashland was first settled by pioneers who had the same type of American dream. . . the Poage family, from Augusta county, Virginia, near the town of Staunton. The trail they followed was an old buffalo trail, which roughly paralleled the present U.S. Route 60. Entering Kentucky through the Cumberland Gap and the Bluegrass section of Kentucky near Lexington, they began to build their homes.

Ashland was incorporated as a town on February 23, 1856.

Today, Ashland is regarded as the largest and most important city in eastern Kentucky, the chief Kentucky unit of an industrial area that includes portions of West Virginia and Ohio.

Third National Bank reflects the same pioneering spirit which is part of the American dream. Founded in July of 1916, Third National will celebrate its 60th year as part of our nation's 200th anniversary.

Third National Bank opened the first branch office by an Ashland bank, on May 6, 1956. In the 20 years the Carter Avenue Office has been in existence, it has grown in convenient service to the greater Ashland community.

During 1975, Third National became one of the first banks (if not the first bank) in Kentucky to have an On-Line Teller system.

And so, in this special Bicentennial issue, we give special thanks for the American dream, the pioneering spirit which helped make it come true, and we look forward with optimism to the future opportunities. We know that future successes of our nation, our community, and our bank do not just happen. They are caused by dedicated people who share the pioneering spirit of the American dream.

We are truly thankful to our Directors, Officers, Employees, Shareholders, and Customers for helping make us what we are today, and what we will be in the future.

THIRD NATIONAL BANK
OF ASHLAND, KENTUCKY

Third is first in service.
Each depositor insured to $40,000 by Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Main Office and Handi-Bank, 16th and Winchester ★ Carter Avenue Office, 12th and Carter ★ Russell Road Office ★ Summit Office

A

A Third National Bank - circa 1920.

B Pioneers of the present Third National Bank include John W. Woods, Jr. (right).

C Festivities, in honor of one of Third National Bank's renovation programs.

D Site of present Third National Bank headquarters.

B

We're building a better world with the help of friends like you. We work together, hand in hand, making dreams come true. We feel it's so important to keep that special touch with friendly smiles and warm hellos, the things that mean so much.

The people at Third National are proud that we can share a part of all the good things in life and show you that we care. We're building a better world with the help of friends like you. We work together, hand in hand, making dreams come true.

200 Years Of Area's History In Vignettes

By GEORGE WOLFFORD
Regional Editor

The first white man to set foot in Northeastern Kentucky was Gabriel Arthur, who as a hostage accompanied a group of Indians from the Kanawha down the south side of the Ohio to raid their enemy, the Shawnee on the Scioto. He lived to tell of his trip, but it was another 68 years before the Salling-Howard journey of 1742, which simply floated by on the Ohio River without putting in here. Geoge Draper led a group in 1746 and lost his life to Indians in the headwaters of the Big Sandy. In 1749, a huge band of French-Canadians, claiming the land on a trip down the Ohio, buried leaden plates in the area.

An initial serious look came in 1750 when Dr. Thomas Walker made a loop over Cumberland Gap, entering Licking Valley near what is now Salyersville and moving east to Paintsville. Walker detailed the lush forest, wild game, and violent weather he found in a journal which stands as the best record of pristine Kentucky.

Two pioneer women escaped Indian Captivity and passed through here in flight. Mary Ingles, in 1755, fled along the Ohio through present Greenup-Boyd country, crossing Big Sandy at the Louisa Point. In 1790, Jenny Wiley broke free near Little Mud Creek and met safety at Harman's Station.

No Indian tribe claimed the land, and Black Fish of the powerful Shawnee went so far as to say Can-tuc-kee belonged to the ghosts of the murdered Azgens, a mysterious tribe of white men who lived here before pioneers came.

In 1767, Daniel Boone led a party over Cumberland Gap into Sandy Valley, staying the winter. He would return again and again, for here in Kentucky's last frontier remained the last vestiges of wild game. There is written evidence he aided the Auxier family in settling Blockhouse Bottom nearly 30 years later.

But there was war in the air and between his early visits to Kaintuck, Boone and other bordermen took out time to wrest liberty for the United States from its motherland.

On June 30, 1773, Simon Kenton and his party stopped at the mouth of a creek, just above the Scioto and on the south side of the Ohio. Michael Tygart, who chose to stay, suffered copperhead bite, and while he recuperated, Wood, Kenton and Tygart made tomahawk improvements, or blazed claims on trees in the valley.

Kenton would return again and again, and with Boone, whom he credited as the founder of the state. Like Boone, he lost his land claims, although court actions were filed in his name in the 1870s, after he had been dead 40 years. Kenton's accomplishments as a frontier-opener are legion, and are best marked by his epitaph; Full of Honors, Full of Years.

Brothers John and James Hamilton surveyed west on Licking in 1793, perhaps as early as 1787, and settlers followed to West Liberty in 1800. Archibald Prater sat down at Licking Station (Magoffin) that same year, and John Graham put in his store at Emma in 1805. Elder Daniel Williams, North Carolinian and survivor of Boone's Battle of Blue Licks, came to West Liberty in 1804, and there he preached the first sermon in town.

Their first homes were crude, simple pens covered with green branches, good only for keeping off heavy weather and animals. When the Holbrook and Lyons families came from North Carolina to Blaine, they built cabins more permanent, with heavy logs and mud in the chinks. They split and flattened boards to form a door, which hung on bearskin hinges. At West Liberty a little later, John Nickell hewed puncheon floors for his cabin and added a crude, short sandstone chimney, with a taller stack of sticks and mud.

The Hortons, on Little Sandy, built a type of "double-log house," in reality two cabins attached, with upper stories two single-story structures. As families grew, ladders were added to utilize the small attics for sleeping space.

But it didn't take long for civilization to take hold, and families like the Louisa Burgesses and the Graysons, Carters and Lewises all of whom had brought their slaves from Virginia, also imported a plantation lifestyle. Their houses were of burnt brick, made on the grounds from local clays, and were finished with paint and plaster. These even had glass window panes.

In spring, 1786, George Poage, with brother Robert and son explored in the neighborhood just west of the mouth of Big Sandy, locating land to be applied for as a grant for Revolutionary War service. They chose a homesite on the Ohio's south bank, and returning from Virginia the following spring with tools and slaves, erected a brick home. In 1790 the family moved here to a community that would be known as Poage's Landing.

Initial religious teaching was spotty, done in home by lay leaders or by circuit-riding ministers.

Cornelius McGuire was lay leader with a Methodist study class at his home in Blockhouse Bottom in 1796.

The Poages conducted weekly prayer meetings in their homes almost immediately after landing here in 1799 and started First Presbyterian Church in 1819, based on visitation by a circuit minister.

Religion fanned like fire after the Cane Ridge camp meeting in Central Kentucky in 1801, and that same year John Young came to the land around Oldtown with a message, but he soon turned to missionary work, following the Indians back across the Ohio. John W. James started nearby Barrett's Creek Christian Church in 1803. Elder Daniel Williams, at West Liberty in 1805, organized Baptist churches and in 1813 put together the Burning Springs Association.

All the while, Lexington and Maysville were becoming civilized. The hills and mountains stood as a barren between the moving tide and the Athens of the West in Fayette County. Charles Vancouver, brother of the mariner-explorer, tried to found a way-station at the Forks of Sandy in 1788, where he planned to serve traffic on the New and Short Road to Virginia. He built a cabin and went back for more men and materials, but returned in 1790 to find his crew dispersed and the cabin burned by Indians.

That same year, 1788, Robert Henderson put down roots on Tygart and the Leslies moved into Floyd in 1790.

The system of hills and valleys settlers found had a profound influence on their lives and those of their descendants. First, those coming over Cumberland and other southern gaps ran into three major waterways fanning out toward the Ohio—the Cumberland, the Kentucky and the Big Sandy Rivers. Each, in its own way, became a separate community, and as transportation progressed, residents from the head to the mouth followed the valley of their river, developing relationships up and down and at the mouth. From Pikeville on down, men rafted or bought their goods through Catlettsburg or Huntington. Families in the Kentucky or Cumberland were directed to Frankfort and Cincinnati.

Smaller valleys had influence, too. Homes were built low, near water and easily-built roadways. Often as families grew, more houses were built nearby, especially at the mouth of a hollow. Intercommunication and even marriage were limited by natural barriers, determining social and genetic patterns which exist today.

There was a decidedly negative side. Because the homes were low in the valleys, flash floods have been a constant danger. Additionally, mouth-of-hollow settlements have tended to become tiny rural ghettos in which communicable disease spread rapidly.

William Gholson opened an account book at the Little Sandy Salt Works on Sept. 4, 1802, when Jacob Eberman came in to pay $200 on his account. Items sold at the store were generally notions, not food, and some of the purchases and purchasers were:

Susannah Mcguire	half-pint decanter	.37½
Lewis' Ben	one officer's hat	$6.00
Sariag Stratton	7½ yds. lining 6 for	7.25
Thos Cummings	doz vest buttons	.25
William Bruce	knives & forks 7-6	1.25
Capt. John Kouns	1 axe	2.50
Edward Bob	fiddle strings	1.00
Chas. N. Lewis	1 housebrush	.50
Abraham Goble	1 pr. black hose	2.50
	1 cream jug	.25
John McGuire	5 doz. needles	.87½
	25 lbs. iron	4.17
Charles Cooper	2 nutmeg 1-6	.25

Salt was the major item of exchange, but settlers also bartered such goods as whiskey (at 80 cents a gallon) and turkey down. The prices on the book were written in shillings and pence as well as American specie, and the latter was stated in "bits" of 12½ cents. Lewis Ben and Edwards' Bob were slaves.

Sometime around 1808, crossing near the point, Andrew Woods came over from Virginia to take up land in the Blaine drainage area. The thread of his generations is one we will follow through the years.

Reason Davis, who also ran a hat shop, operated a ferry at Greenup, early. He was followed in 1813 by James Van Bibber, crossing Little Sandy below the falls. William Bradshaw's ferry crossed the Ohio the year after. Horatio Catlett operated at the mouth of Big Sandy, while a court trial ensued between two fierce competitors upstream at Canterbury (named for ferryman Nimrod) Nimrod Canterbury operated from a village bearing his name upstream. There was brisk competition later in the century, with Turman suing Hatton to prevent him from allowing credit for the nickel ferry-fare in trade at his Buchanan store. A toll bridge crossed Big Sandy at the point in 1906. In 1922, bridges opened at South Shore and Russell, and the river road in Kentucky was so bad Ashland drivers usually took a ferry to Coal Grove, motored downstream, and drove over from Ironton. The Ben Williamson Memorial Bridge was opened to traffic ten years later, and in another ten years was toll-free.

The year 1812 came with a double rumble. First there was the long-standing sound of impending war. Then the ground shook, and it continued for days, off and on, repercussion of a massive earthquake at the other end of Kentucky which created Reelfoot Lake and sent the Mississippi River backing upstream. Kenton and George Kouns signed up for military service in a recruiting station set up at the Salines, and after that hitch, went on to further duty with other outfits. In Prestonville, the seat of Floyd County, proper note was made in 1814 that Andrew Woods was still away to the war, unable to put his road in repair.

East Kentucky remained pristine while civilization moved around her. In 1815 Robert Tabor was sought in a minor court case and took to the hills, where the Greenup sheriff reported he could not be located. Thirty-five years later he still nestled on Sinking Creek, telling census-takers he was a hermit by trade.

Tavern prices were set by county government. In 1817, breakfast, dinner, or supper cost 37½ cents; good brandy, 50 cents a pint; whisky, a "bit" or 12½ cents per half-pint, the same for a quart of cider or beer. Lodging for the night was 12½ cents, but double that for a horse's stay.

Side issues of slavery rose early, and in 1817 a Greenup court case set a precedent which was apparently ignored a generation later when the Dred Scott trial was heard by the Supreme Court. America, a slave of Thomas Ward, sued for her freedom, claiming she had broken her shackles by the simple act of accompanying her young mistress across the river to Haverhill for a party. County Judge Jacob Kouns and Samuel McKee, deciding the case, agreed she was free.

There was no formal welfare program in earliest days. Youth without parent was bound out to some family to learn the "art and misteries of housewifery" or some other talent. Counties paid a dollar a week upkeep for local home care for the infirm or insane. The society of the time was such that elderly parents or friends were retained in the home, cared for and performing what duties they could.

When John Cox's son-in-law killed him in 1823, it was in hope of inheritance. What the old man left is a list of goods indicative of household values of the day, along with prices:

Six head of sheep, plus one bell-$12.50 A handsaw, $2; a froe, $1; three bottles, $1; andirons and dinnerware of sundry kinds, $10; set of fire dogs, $2.50; six cows, $9 to $14 each; two cakes tallow, $1; three linden beds, $5.50; one blanket and quilt, $1; coffee mill, $1.50; pair steelyard, $3; log chain, $2; broad ax, $3; small ax, $1.50; three pair tug haimes, $1.50; one small pot and hooks, $1.50; pot rack, $2.50; pot hook 50 cents; three axes, $5; bed and furnishing, $15; big wheel (sharpening) $2.50; looking glass, $2; one pair cotton and wool cards, $1.50; tailor and wool shears, $2; three candlesticks, $2; one pair candle molds, 25 cents, one crate fresh pork, 75 cents; two flat irons, $2; one foot adze, $1.50; one box tools, $1.50; saddle, $2; feather bed, $30; frypan, $1; cowhide, $1.50; churn, 50 cents; large pot, $3; three pounds brimstone (for black powder) 75 cents; one lantern, 50 cents; two weeding hoes, $1.50; one hackle, $2.50; two pairs of lathes, $1; four coffeepots, one pot rack, $2.25; one small pole, 25 cents; grindstone, $3; spin wheel, 50 cents; oven, $3.50; skillet, $1.25; pot, 75 cents; oven, $1.50; two kigs, $1.50; one jointer, 50 cents; large chest and box, $2.25; two bedsteads, $1; four empty baskets, 75 cents; three barrels, $1.12½; one padlock, 50 cents; one ax, 25 cents.

But John Walker didn't get any of that. All he got was a county rope, becoming perhaps the first person officially executed for crime in Eastern Kentucky.

The mountain men who settled Eastern Kentucky had a different political outlook from the Bluegrass farmers, and it showed early. In 1824, while the rest of Kentucky voted strongly for Lexington's Henry Clay for president, the few who turned out in this section went for the hard hero of New Orleans, Andrew Jackson, backwoodsman with whom many could personally identify. Four years later, Clay's support meant little for John Q. Adams, with this section voting 1,245-555 for Jackson. In those days, voting stretched out over a three-day period and was done openly, for all neighbors to see and remember. David Trimble of Greenup rode that same backwoods soldier spirit to Congress for ten years, 1817-27

Chattel, including slaves, were marked physically for identification. One method was earmarking, or notching, and an early Floyd County mother brought her child to court to make official note his ear had been double-notched by a dog bite. This record would prevent the white youth from possibility of mistaken enslavement later in life.

Other records in this early Floyd court indicate the vigor of punishment. One black man, apparently with some checkered past, was whipped at the post for taking a cup. Greenup County had a whipping post in 1853 and Magoffin installed one when it was created in 1860.

Outside of churches and fluctuating political affiliation, there was little organization until, in 1827, Greenup Lodge No. 89, Free and Accepted Masons, was created by such men as John Trimble, John C. Kouns, Cyrus Vanbibber, Jeremiah Farmer, and William Corum. Trimble later moved to Grayson, where in the 1840s a new lodge was named for him. The Greenup Lodge is now the ninth oldest in Kentucky, and it set the base for not only the hundreds of Masons who followed, but for the Shriners and Eastern Star bodies that accompany. Today there are 15 lodges active in the four-county corner of northeastern Kentucky, with a total of about 5,000 Masons.

Andrew J. Woods, son of the migrant who settled on Blaine, continued to live there, and as men did, early took a wife. They had one son, Jim and she died soon after. Woods shopped for a new bride, and courted a neighbor, the widow Lambert, who had two youngsters of her own. She came to his home to live, but since there were no ministers around for a wedding, the couple became legally bonded by going to the courthouse to have friends sign for them, declaring they would be wed when a preacher showed up. But Mrs. Lambert longed for her former home, and though her children wanted to stay on, she picked them up and returned without ever going through the church ceremony.

Andy went shopping again, this time to Morgan County, where he wed Nancy Cook, the women who would bear his large brood of children, with William Henry the eldest and Jesse the baby.

In 1857, Greenup Court ordered carpet for the courtroom floor, but purchase was held up until 20 spittoons could be purchased to protect the new covering.

Men of business settled one place but might soon be found in another of East Kentucky's towns. William Lampton had a mill at Catlettsburg in 1856, but soon after moved to Star Furnace.

A second major lodge opened in 1859 when the Independent Order of Odd Fellows chartered at Catlettsburg. Like the Masons, it flourished and lives strong today.

Diggers of coal, and many other men, too, were drawn to California after the gold fever in 1848. Samuel May, who had been active with ironmaster Richard Deering near Abbott Creek, headed west late in '49. He died at Placerville, Calif., in 1851.

Harriett Eliza Perkins, whose husband Douglas had rafted past Catlettsburg en route to the Gold Rush, moved there to wed John Means, the successful iron smelter, in 1854, after her husband died in the west, unable to earn his way home.

Catlettsburg, the center of activity, was also a center for journalism. An initial newspaper, The Big Sandy News, was started in 1852 by New Yorker Ezra Thornton and lasted two years. In 1859, James J. Miller, Whig and protege of Gov. John Floyd of Virginia, crossed the point to start The Sandy Valley Advocate. He quit to go into Union service, but other papers followed at the mouth: The Herald; The Christian Observer of Rev. Zephaniah Meek, later changed to The Central Methodist; The Catlettsburg Tribune (1865); The Inquirer (1874); The Index (1874); The Kentucky Democrat (1878); and William Ely's Progress (1881). Ely would combine his stories into the first history of the Valley in 1887.

Delegates from Kentucky, Virginia and Ohio met in 1860 in newly-formed Boyd County to try to head off an impending war over the issue of the day, but leader Alonzo Cushing "adroitly avoided the main issue before the people of the whole country. All speakers living south of the Ohio denounced secession and coercion alike. The meeting did neither good nor harm, for everyone engaged in its counsels was at sea, without chart or compass."

One of the first deaths of the war came at Louisa in May when a Virginia rebel, recruited there, was accidentally shot in the home of David Sargent. Intent was more open in September when three Greenup Countians were killed in an affray at the home of Dr. A.J. Lansdowne. Ten others who had been headed south to enlist in the Confederacy were captured, and with Lansdowne, interned in Louisville for the duration of the war.

In the main, Eastern Kentucky divided much as did the nation. Lawrence, Carter, Boyd and Greenup, with social and economic ties to the industrial Ohio River, were adamantly Union, and Johnson was, too. Below a line now followed by the Chessie System's rails, Confederacy was the name of the game, and Floyd, Pike and Morgan were among the leaders.

At 17, William Jason Fields migrated from Tennessee to arrive in what is now Elliott County in 1836. He built a home on Lick Branch and served not only as sheriff, but as a leader of the Democracy in the southern crags of Carter County. In 1862, he fled, taking county tax books with him, as he joined the Confederacy. His squads skirmished near Cracker's Neck for about a year, then he moved south to the hills of his birth. Captured in 1863, he was imprisoned for about a year at Ft. Delaware before he, like hundreds of other prisoners, died of smallpox. The Goble brothers returned to Grayson after the war to tell of seeing their captain's body carried by the window of their barracks, to be buried in a trench on the New Jersey shore.

In the election of 1860, Greenup and Boyd voted Union party, while much of Kentucky reflected Southern sentiment in supporting the Democracy. Floyd and Johnson Counties voted 90 per cent Democrat, partly because of strong stands by the Hager family. Four years later, Greenup and Carter would be the

(Continued on Following Page)

Civil War Affected Many Lives In Area

(Continued From Last Page)

only counties outside the mountains of Southern Kentucky to support Lincoln in either race, and in 1864 he drew spare attention from our soldiers in the field, who cast the country's first absentee ballots in favor of McClelland.

The Civil War was as colorful a time as ever known in this country, and even though considered fairly uneventful in Northeastern Kentucky, it was the event of the century, affecting many lives throughout this area.

Though Kentucky at large showed Southern sentiments, you could draw a line along the present Chessie System tracks and call the land above it Union, for interests here were principally iron, not crops. Though slaves did work in the furnace trade, they were usually rented, not owned. Among other attracting factors was a boom in the price of iron (much like the boom in coal of 1947) with prices quadrupling and all the product being shipped to the industrial north.

As war threatened, Union-oriented furnacemen created a Home Guard, a local troop which could probably be termed mercenary in light of its motivations. In all Boyd County, apparently only one man headed south to join. But below that demarcation cited earlier Caudill and W.J. Fields created their own colorful outfist. Men of Union leaning generally joined the 14th, 22nd, 39th and 40th Kentucky Volunteer Infantry Regiments. The first two made names for themselves fighting at Cumberland Gap and in the South. The latter pair were generally involved around home. Casualty figures bear out the activity or lack of it.

There were family divisions. Andrew Bradley wrote home to Lawrence County from the 43rd Regiment: "I am sorrow to hear Sylvester has joined the other army, for now it will be brother against brother." Sgt. Elpiphas Hylton of Cherokee of the 40th noted in his diary a dinner with his brother-in-law: "but not altogether of the same stripe in uniform. I wore blue and they were dipt with gray."

They marched off to a grand and glorious war, but the tragedy soon showed. At the Battle of Middle Creek, Sgt. Nelson Boggs, 17, of Blaine, was found dead on the field, hit by rifle fire, and the only Union casualty of the fight. His comrades shoved the body into the branches of an apple tree to keep it from being trampled, and when the rout was over they started to include him with 27 Rebels being placed in a mass grave. His brother William halted them, saying he did not want his kin buried with the Southern dead, and the body was taken to Prestonsburg where Col. James Garfield came to view it before it was taken north by boat.

War was hell and young Nelson Tatum Rice wanted the folks back home to know so:

> "The people on Blain may think they know something about this war though they do not. I thought I knew a soldier's life, though I never did. I thought I had seen hard times but I was a fool and not sensable of my misery."

As most wars did, this one ground down, and it left an aftermath, seen for years—barns destroyed, orchards chopped down, armless sleeves and empty pant-legs. Severe irritations developed during the war grew to become slaughter in the next decade.

William Henry Woods, with his Democratic leanings, could ride safely through the old rebel country. With Jim Smith he headed for Letcher, to buy horses, and while there boarded with a widow Bentley—who had a clever housekeeping daughter, Mary. He and Smith left, driving the herd, but Woods found the pull too strong. "I can't leave without her," he told his buddy, and he returned for Mary, leaving Smith to get back to Lawrence County with the horses.

Following the violence of the Civil War, men and families continued to take the law in their own hands. They banded into groups called Regulators and rode roughshod over sins major and minor. One such band in west Carter County practicialy wiped out the Underwood generation, although no guilt has ever been shown to bring such retribution—unless it dated to a guerilla-type raid on Maysville during the war. John Boggs was hanged on Sinking in 1880, and shortly afterward Gov. Luke Blackburn issued a proclamation of blanket pardon for vigilantes who would turn themselves in. Few did.

> "White-cap warnings" or switches were placed on the porches of Louisa violators and a crowd at Hitchins tore the roof off the house of "old man Thompson whose loose daughters were then forced to leave the neighborhood." William Henry Woods at Webbville, who would later become County Judge, let it be known he disagreed with mob law. "A friend told him the group was planning to come to get him that night and administer a beating. He told his young sons during the night. He armed himself with shotgun and axe and went up the hill to the pasture back of the house and sat on the fence where he could overlook the house and the road leading to it. He sat there through the night, but the Regulators didn't come."

In addition to the Regulators and emergency forces, lynch mobs also played a part in Appalachian justice. When merchant George Archer was slain in a Buchanan robbery in 1866, three men charged with his murder were mobbed and hanged at Louisa. The case was dubbed "The Tell-Tale Coat," and stands as a classic mystery of Sandy Valley. In 1892, a mob kidnaped the EK Railway

G. Tom Kibbey
Sergeant,
22nd Ky. Vol. Inf.
Killed 1863 at
Chickasaw Bluffs, Miss.

and took Austin Porter from the Grayson Jail to hang him for the stabbing of his wife, Lottie.

Matthew Young wrote, in November, 1866, trying to get his brother to move to Mt. Savage, where he would be near Matt in Ashland. Among attractions he cited was the hunting:

"I wish you would come here and settle at Mt. Savage Furance. You could get a good-paying (medical) practice.

"The hunting season will commence soon. Mr. Biggs' meadow is in fine shape for Jack Snipe. I saw a large flock of wild geese going over day before yeaterday."

Hunting dogs were subject to tax, and the counties gave bounties for the ears of foxes and wildcats.

The Hatfield-McCoy feud between Pike and Mingo Counties was the most famous in Eastern Kentucky, but closer home was the 1884-1887 Tolliver-Martin conflict in Rowan County, which divided Morehead into two armed camps and drew reluctant and ineffective intrusion by the governor. More than a dozen were dead, shot down in outlaw fashion and their corpses mistreated, when citizens led by Boone Logan ordered rifles from Cincinnati and a shoot-out rid the community of its outlaw lawmen.

The "troubles" never broke out again in full scale, but killings from the feud lasted up until 1920, though anarchy never again took over the country.

With Republican candidates waving the bloody shirt of the Civil War, the GOP came into power for the rest of the century, except for 1876, when hard times brought Democratic majorities throughout this area.

In 1884, a series of connected violent deaths figured in an event called "The Ashland Tragedy." Three youngsters were slaughtered in a ravaging assault. One of their alleged killers was lynched, and when authorities moved the other two downstream for safety, a clash developed between the militia and a crowd on shore, resulting in the death of four citizens. Finally, after conviction and appeals, the remaining two were separately hanged at Grayson. Total dead, 10.

A devastating flood came down the Ohio in 1884, and on Feb. 2 reached 62.7 feet at Catlettsburg. Damage was so bad at Greenup that excursion trains were run from Grayson to see the high water and its path.

Times were rough again in the Cleveland Panic (1893) "Col. Jay Northrup worked men for 40 cents a day and they were glad to get it," recalled Andy New. But rurality showed its ability to absord economic impact, providing stability of farm food and a place to sleep. "No one was hard up in those days, though we might have had a dime in our pockets," Squire Sink Fugitt wrote.

On Aug. 6, 1894, some of Coxey's Army arrived at Catlettsburg, coming upriver on barges en route to Washington. The band of unemployed men, seeking federal programs for jobs, was put under guard by Gate Citians until they left.

Families and entire communities migrated outward in the final days of the last century. One colony from Floyd County moved to Minnesota, while a similar uprooting carried families of Elliott Countians to a logging camp in northern Michigan to start anew. Followers of the iron trade went south, to Hohenwald, Tenn. In 1894, a band of 25 dissatisfied miners at Peach Orchard went on strike, threw down their picks and joined a train of 75 others in Catlettsburg to head for the newly-opened Oklahoma Territory. Scores of hillside farmers moved to the Kansas prairies to improve their ground, and much of the original settling of Washington-Oregon came from this section of Kentucky.

As the iron industry faded in the Hanging Rock region and emphasis switched to steel, ingenuity drew upon a new mineral, fireclay, which was used to make bricks to line the crucibles in which steel was produced. At first, clay was hauled from Carter and Greenup Counties by train, but then the industry itself moved nearer the source of supply, and brickyards went up at Olive Hill and South Portsmouth. Names like Gartrell, Grahn, Hayward and Hitchins and others became not only part of the industry but part of the land as clay communities and whistle-stops grew up and were named for them.

Brick plants waxed and waned with the steel industry, but by 1950, switches in steelmaking and loss of coal-powered locomotives took away much of the market. Quickly, the plants merged, or faded, until in 1976 only four remain in the area.

In-migration sometimes came in bunches. In 1883, a flow of tobacco farmers began to move from worked-out fields in Owen County and within two years, 60 families had settled in Carter, bringing with them an economic crop not previously important.

In 1898, T.J. Schotte Co. brought 25 German families to Ashland from Star Tannery, Va. to open a hide-processing factory. It would later be bought by A.C. Lawrence Leather Co.

When American Rolling Mill went into business in Ashland in the 1920s, it brought two differing kinds of immigration. The company moved technicians and managers into Ashland, settling them in new additions off 29th Street and in Grayson Roads. From Big and Little Sandy came a flow of workmen, headed for jobs in the booming steel industry.

John C.C. Mayo of Paintsville trained as a lawyer, but he earned a living teaching. During winters when his country school closed, he put every dime he could into acquiring coal lands, or leases on those. In 1890, Mayo sold 10,000 acres—one-third his holdings—to a pair of industrialists for $70,000, which he promptly plowed back into more coal land. Merritt brothers offered him $16 an acre for all he could secure, and he made a fortune, buying for 50 cents an acre. The Panic of 1893 nearly ruined Mayo, but he recouped in 1898, and with his effort capital began to follow the building railway upward through the Valley. By the time of his death, in 1914 in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, coal was king and his fortune estimated at $20,000,000. An associate wrote of him:

> "He has diverted millions into a hitherto barren land. He has lined its valleys with railroads, peopled its desolate mountains with workmen and brought the products of its forests and mines to markets of the world. Out of that hitherto inaccessible country he had carved a principality as rich, in its way, as Golconda...."

Slavery had been over for nearly 40 years, but social and economic opportunity eluded the Negro. He had little job, unless self-employed, and was the first to be cut off in hard times. There were few other blacks with whom to mingle, little choice in companionship. These two factors combined to cause most of the sons or grandsons of slaves to move away while still single, leaving parents behind as the last of the color in the smaller communities. Outbreaks of race hatred which plagued the rest of America and Kentucky did not seem to have strong impact in the lightly-populated hill country.

An unusual phenomenon struck everywhere in the years 1890-1920 a wave of national suicide. Eastern Kentucky was no exception. Almost weekly, some person died of shot, poison or drowning in a well. Some blamed the "Werther" theory, that one suicide follows another; there was little else in the way of explanation, for times were not that severe in relation to other eras.

As women moved toward equality, they created auxiliary units or fraternal organizations. Eastern Star started in Catlettsburg in 1909 and Rebekahs there in 1911.

Newspapers came and went, with every county seat town, and then some, often publishing more than one weekly. Often they represented political lines, either party of factional, but economics brought merger or bankruptcy, creating a one-voice paper in each town today (except for two). Karl Grahn and M.F. Conley, in 1901, owned the Ashland Daily Independent, but left it for other enterprises. Conley started the Big Sandy News at Louisa in 1885, and it continues today as the longest continuous record of Eastern Kentucky events. B.F. Forgey acquired part-interest in The Independent in 1900, and in 1920 was joined by schoolman J. T. Norris Sr. in operating the paper. When American Rolling Mill came to Ashland in '21, the fortune of the publication moved forward with the growth of the community.

Meanwhile, Conley, back at Louisa, took into his shop a series of youngsters who would make names for themselves in Eastern Kentucky publishing. Norman Allen, Earl Kinner and W.E. (Snooks) Crutcher worked for Conley, then went to create unrelated publishing firms which now print papers for nine of the counties in this area.

Realization of World War came slowly to Kentuckians, hitting in full impact only with mass enlistments and the beginning of heavy draft in 1917. Most left willingly and in high spirit, for war still carried its traditions of glory and honor. But Luke McGuire wrote back to Lawrence County "I see lots of air battles and go to sleep by the music of big guns. Our deadliest enemy is gas." Not all were patriotic, and some surprisingly well-known leaders were charged with draft-avoiding. There were wheatless days and shortages of heating fuel.

Not until after the negotiated Armistice—11-11-18—did many parents learn their sons were victims of gas and shell, and buried on a Flanders field.

As the Great War drew to a close, another deadly foe invaded the United States—influenza. Sweeping with the scourge of a plague, it brought death and debilitation in its wave. Elks Lodge 350 converted its ballroom to an emergency hospital ward, but still death could not be headed off. In Olive Hill alone, 115 died in the month of October, and editor Waldo Fultz, noting "the undertaker's hammer was never silent," nearly succumbed himself.

James Vinson was jailer when his son was born in the keeper's quarters at Louisa. He named the boy after Frederick Moore, the pioneer who developed the community. By the time he was 25, men would come to town to see him and hear him practice law. He was elected to Congress in 1923 to fill a vacancy left by Honest Bill Fields and went to Washington to fulfill his destiny in government. President Roosevelt chose him for such tasks as federal judge at a time when Depression agencies needed a friend on the bench; as head of the wartime Emergency Court of Appeals; director of the Office of Economic Stabilization charged with holding the line on inflations; Federal Loan Administrator and finally as the man charged with turning World War II swords to plowshares. Harry Truman followed by naming him Secretary of the Treasury and then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, where his cases dealt with such topics as economic stability, international communism and segregation. Fred M. Vinson had come a long way from his lowly birthplace, but death struck him early, at age 63. He is buried on Pine Hill, overlooking his home town .

In 1905, Sandy Valley Seminary was started at Paintsville on lands donated by John C.C. Mayo, and in buildings constructed by the family. The school became a Christian college, donated in 1918 to the Methodist Church by Mayo's widow, and the school then took its new name from the benefactor family. With the depression it faltered, then ceased, and in 1938 the property was purchased and dedicated as a state vocational school.

Meanwhile the Mayo mansion on the peoperty was converted, in 1939, by the Catholic church to "Our Lady of the Mountains" boarding school.

The former school struggled, through war and growth pains, to become an important influence in mountain education. The latter shrank, likely due to the continued small number of Catholics in the Valley.

Except for Ashland and Greenup, Catholicism and Mormonism were ill-favored in fundamentalist, separatist Eastern Kentucky, until very recent years. R.B. Neal, preaching at Grayson at the turn of the century, warned of the "false prophets of Rome and Salt Lake City." That attitude was common enough to show in presidential elections of 1928 and 1960, in hill precincts. Even in the face of such a wall, proselyting Catholic orders, realizing many Eastern Kentuckians have faith but no formal church attachment, began on outreach program in the 1960s which has now brought establishment of small congregations at Grayson, Morehead, West Liberty, Paintsville, Prestonsburg and Vanceburg.

John Wesley Woods, son of William Henry, matured as a country lawyer at the same time commerce was beginning to flow toward a Catlettsburg-Ashland center. He moved downriver in 1902, entering the world of finance as a creator of Third National Bank and Ashland Building and Loan Association. There were hard times in business, but no day matched the crisis caused in 1920 when a German violin teacher allegedly joked with a friend: "Did you know the Ashland Day and Night Bank was going under?" It brought a run on the bank, and patrons began calling for their deposits. Woods stood in the lobby, pleading, telling them the bank was sound and if it closed, they would be the ones who did it. Salvation was aided when Col. T.A. Field, from Ashland National Bank across the street, walked brazenly into the lobby with his arms full of money. "This ought to help tide you over," he said, openly presenting the cash to Woods (who with other principals of the bank had personally obligated themselves for the loan.)

The twenties brought a period sometimes called Babbitry after Sinclair Lewis' reference to the joining trend. In 1920, Homemakers clubs were started at Summit, Rush and Eastview in Boyd County, the nucleus of an organization which would grow to this day. Ashland Kiwanis Club started that same year and Rotary made inroads at Louisa. American Legion, born of World War I, had a post in nearly every town, named for some local soldier who had been active on a Flanders field.

In July, 1922, Ashland Elks had to go to court to stage a county fair, with horse racing and commercial charges, in Central Park. They were successful, and it was during that suit that city fathers learned they had paid $40,000 to Ashland Coal and Iron Co. for the park, which had been dedicated free to the city in 1854 and again in 1890, plus the original stipulations of dedication, have grown the

(Continued on Page 28)

1776

1976

Two Centuries of Progress ...through vision, dedication and the spirit of pioneering!

The early settlers of our nation endured and survived countless hardships in order to secure a foundation for the freedoms we too often take for granted. The past two hundred years have been ones of struggle, change and accomplishment in all areas of human life. The spirit of pioneering is still with us.

As we enter into our country's second two hundred years, we do so with a sincere feeling of gratitude to those who first subdued and settled this great land. For their vision and perseverance we humbly offer our thanks. May we never lose sight of this great heritage, but strive to build upon it for an ever better America.

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1923 Situation Affected Kentuckians And Nation

(Continued from Page 26)

practice of holding Central Park free from commercial charges.

The Elks conflict was the beginning of the end for horse racing in Ashland, for that same week in 1922 came announcement of a major track at Chinnville, west of Russell. Racing opened in 1924, featuring a Derby in which Black Gold, the Kentucky Derby winner, failed to carry a lead. It lasted through 1928 and was important enough to cause the name of the town to change to Raceland.

"Honest Bill from Olive Hill" bore the same name as his Rebel Grandfather, and he had some of the same political characteristics, perhaps inborn. William Jason Fields had early been a constable, but made most of his contacts as a traveling wholesale grocer. He was elected to Congress in 1911 where he took pride in his association with military and peace-finding activity. In 1923, a peculiar situation arose which affected the political lives of five Kentuckians and of the nation. J. Campbell Cantrill was chosen by Democrats to run for governor, but died of appendicitis. Alben Barkley wanted the nomination, but made the mistake of fighting horse racing. Fields got the nod, and Fred M. Vinson was selected to fill his Congressional seat, over Stanley Reed of Maysville. From that point, Barkley rose to the vice presidency, Vinson and Reed to the Supreme Court of the United States and Fields returned to live out his years in his native Carter County.

Northeastern Kentucky has had only two United States Senators in history, both from Catlettsburg, both chosen to fill vacancies and both choosing not to run for a full term. George Brown Martin was appointed in 1918 at the death of Ollie M. James and Ben M. Williamson ran for the short term after the resignation of Frederick M. Sackett in 1930. Both men were Democrats, but of violently opposing factions and personalities.

Prohibition in the early 1920s wasn't popular, and was skirted. In Ashland, soft-drink stands featured a back room, and shootings at such establishments were common. Men drank jake-leg ginger or anti-freeze and died or were crippled or blinded for life. In rural areas, moonshining grew to new popularity. No one who lived in this part of the country regarded the national dry law as effective.

John Woods, who had faced the joking crisis of a run on his bank, now knew the reality of financial crunch. He came wearily home one night and sat down to tell his wife, "I don't know whether we'll get through this or not, but I've come to the point where I am not going to worry about it any more. If we go under, it'll be because of the national condition, not what we've done at the bank."

Not all economic news was bad that black October of 1929, for in same month, C&O opened a shop for building and repairing cars at the west end of its Russell yard. Horse racing was gone from Raceland by 1929, but a new, year-around business just over the hill toward the river replaced it.

Though the Depression fell heavily on the United States, business didn't reach its depths in the Tri-State area until 1930-31. Businessmen in Ashland, and other towns, found themselves bartering goods back and forth because of the lack of cash. Still Ashland Refining Co. was able to purchase Tri-State Refinery at Kenova, increasing its crude oil-handling capacity to 5,500 barrels a day.

Hoover had been stiff-necked, unbending, and in the depths of the Depression the people sought some sort of saviour. In 1932, they went all out for Franklin Delano Roosevelt, knowing that any change had to be for the better. Their adulation grew as he neared office, and on March 5, 1933, as he was sworn to presidency, a baby born at Upper Tygart was christened Franklin Delano Roosevelt Patton.

Simultaneously, the Congress did away with Prohibition, and when it did, all America became legally wet, regardless of its condition before the Volstead Act. Gentility at Ashland moved to the Henry Clay Blue Room for a drink, and beer and whiskey returned to the marketplace.

Roosevelt's administration brought a barrage of agencies, all known by their initials. Their activities weren't hidden in Washington, but reached all the way into the communities, and by providing wages on make-work jobs, into the homes, PWA, WPA and CCC paid $1-3 a day for road-building, construction and tree-planting. For cities and counties, it was a time for building courthouses, schools and improved wayfares.

With Roosevelt came Repeal, ending Prohibition, and everyplace became wet, regardless of its condition prior to the Volstead Act. Right away Lawrence and Carter, revolted at drunkenness and crime, returned to locally dry status. Magoffin, Johnson, and Martin were right with them, but it wasn't until wartime, with the boys again gone away to fight that Floyd and Boyd cast their lot with the dry forces. Pike, the last oasis in eastern Kentucky, went dry in 1947. With all the territory dry, bootleggers flourished, selling little boys (half-pints) and beer, often through the instrumentality of a taxicab. Drinking parties began to focus their attention on trips to nearby Ohio or West Virginia, or if they came from deep in the mountain country, to Hazard or Mt. Sterling.

When Fred Vinson moved up to the U.S. Court bench in 1938, Joe Bates of Greenup, a strong Democrat born in the unlikely community of Republican, Knott County, filled his seat, remaining in office through 1953.

Observers would remember it, however, more for the campaign between Alben Barkley, incumbent, and A.B. (Happy) Chandler, governor, for Barkley's seat in the senate. Barkley held the WPA purse-strings while Chandler hired extra road workers, and in those tough times, menial jobs were valuable.

Electricity had started with gasoline-powered generators in the homes of the well-to-do before 1900. Next came city-owned light plants, which normally shut down at 9 p.m. These were followed by commercial power complexes which served urban communities and mining camps. Not until the '30s did a system evolve which promised electricity to the widespread rurality of Eastern Kentucky, and through the federally-financed Rural Electrification Administration began then, it was 25 more years before a majority of homes had wired-in power. Availability of energy for labor-saving or comfort devices has meant more to the broad progress of the area than any other factor.

In early fall, 1939, a gangling young lawyer, already making a name for himself outside his native Knott County as a short-term commonwealth's attorney, rode a mule over the ridge to campaign for the state legislature with Magoffin County farmers. He won. After war duty and a tour with the legal staff of the highway department, Carl D. Perkins was elected to Congress in 1948 with the Truman slate. He has remained in the office since, and with only token Republican opposition this fall, he is expected to round out 30 years.

Though never an actual resident of this region, Carl Perkins' activities have had profound influence on its citizens. From his post as chairman of the House committee on education and labor, he has been indefatigable in his drive for vocational training, flood control dams, river traffic and thousands of individual projects for Northeastern Kentuckians.

From 1935-41, Americans knew in their hearts war was just around the corner. Their reactions showed in public activity, with students writing essays on ways to stay out of war. In its terrible way, war abroad helped pull America out of Depression, as plants reopened to supply material for the Allied nations and to build a backlog for the United States, just in case.

A new migration commenced in 1940 as the economic ills of the Depression vanished and demand for industrial workers called from the North. Entire families, then communities, followed the first working man in the house who got a northern job. Salyersville went to Ypsilanti; Louisa headed for Columbus; West Liberty to Middletown; Olive Hill chose Mansfield. From all over they headed to Dayton and Detroit, another manifestation of the same extended family system that brought their forefathers from North Carolina to Kentucky and saw their great-uncles head west in wagon caravans. Only this time sociologists would keep count, and between 1940 and 1960, they figured 150,000 folks left Eastern Kentucky's hills for the North. Today's best gauge of such migration, combined with the love of Kentuckians for home, can be made by measuring the traffic flow south across the Ben Williamson Memorial Bridge on Friday night or north on Sunday afternoon.

John Willis, one of the pioneer iron men of southern Ohio, moved with his family to Springville (South Portsmouth) about 1889, bringing 10-year-old Simeon to Kentucky for the first time. Paying his way by teaching and reporting news, he learned law under Judge J.B. Bennett at Greenup, and at 22 opened a law office in Ashland. In 1928, when Flem Sampson left the Court of Appeals to become governor, he appointed Willis to fill his bench, but the new judge lost out in the Roosevelt landslide of 1932. In 1943, he was elected governor, one of only five Republicans in this century. The following year he was seriously approached for nomination on the national ticket, but did not press his chances against the strong Roosevelt administration.

The matinee crowed at Louisa watched "Sergeant York" on Dec. 7, 1941, then walked onto the street to find America was again in a horrible war. Their shock and later bitterness were feelings universal in this country and the rest of a civilized world. Japan's surprise blow at Pearl Harbor was a military stroke of genius, but psychologically it ripped a nation from Depression and set the collective mind and muscle of the United States on a single course for the next four years.

Civilians felt the effect of war through shortages and rationing of tires, sugar, gasoline, coffee, and canned goods. There were no new cars for the duration. Again, feeling ran high against draft evaders and people with foreign names.

Communication was better, and soldiers wrote from the front, telling as their parents had before them that war was hell. Foxholes replaced trenches and battlements, but the rain and mud and hell were the same.

Men from Ibex and Index and Isonville were on the lines and on the beaches as Europe fell and the Asian islands dropped, one by one. Then the atomic bomb ushered in a new era, with peace but new fears.

World War's impact, the second time in a quarter-century, hit as heavily upon Eastern Kentucky as anywhere. National Guardsmen had already been activated, a year earlier than Pearl Harbor, and when the Japs created horror, old men and young boys lined up in passion at the recruiting center. Those passions weren't universal, though, for in 1940, marriages tripled as men aimed at draft deferment.

By the time the war was over, some 50,000 men who claimed Northeast Kentucky as home had marched or sailed away to fight. A thousand of them never returned, and of those who did return, half moved away to find work in the booming industrial north.

On March 19, 1943, Armco workmen voted on having a union. They had been subject to the pressure of the world's most severe depression and now played an industrial role as part of the world's greatest fighting machine. The campaign lasted six months and the vote went 1,040-967 to unionize. There was no strike, and three months later Ashland Armco got its first negotiated contract. That same day, 4,200 miners in the Big Sandy Valley walked off on strike to be put back to work under federal control, brought by the demands of war effort.

Visitors had toured the Carter County Caves since Kenton's day, smoking their names on the walls and enjoying the extreme coolness in sumertime. A Portsmouth minister described the tour in 1856, and little he detailed has changed to this date. In 1946, after 20 years of effort, residents of Olive Hill and Grayson saw Carter Caves become one of Kentucky's early state parks. A similar drive in Greenup and Boyd Counties brought Greenbo Lake State Park to fruit, and with creation of Dewey and Grayson Lakes, two more parks were born, giving a strong base for tourism in the area. The word Resort was added in each park name (except Grayson) with construction of overnight lodges.

After brief adjustment at war's end, the economic times began an immediate pick-up. Some had anticipated a drop in demand for steel and oil because the military no longer needed them. The man on the street in America wanted a car and gasoline, and he had credit saved from wartime of shortages to pay his way. Prices climbed as never before, but overall, Northeastern Kentucky prospered. Inflation seemed a welcome idea to people who had just lived through a depression.

Demand also pulled coal from the mines, and new records of production were set.

Ashland Oil, in 1947, bought a 100-octane refinery it had been using under government control and named it No. 2. Two years later, it acquired the name and tradition of Valvoline, buying another refinery at Freedom, Pa. In 1950 Armco announced a decision to modernize its "war-weary plant" at Ashland, and with that move began 16 years of continuous construction costing more than $200 million.

This traditional mountain cabin, depicted around 1890 by itinerant photo-artist Tom Luther on a trip through Johnson County, is a combination of truth and stereotype. With his shotgun and banjo, the head of household has a book by John Fox Jr. Most of the lifestyle shown here is the same as that which prevailed a century before, with chinked logs, rived shingles, and mud-and-stone chimney. Women's skirts stayed long for another quarter-century, and men all wore hats — even if they were boys.

Seemingly unpopular President Harry S. Truman fought for his political life with a whistle-stop campaign in 1948 which included pauses in Ashland and Olive Hill. He drew little press attention, and the crowds which came to see him appeared to be made up mostly of school children. When the vote was tallied, however, he carried every county in this section except Johnson and Carter, and almost took the latter.

Ernie West of Wurtland, a 21-year-old private, was just one of thousands of shivering soliders that October night in 1951 near a bony outcrop that would afterward be known as Heartbreak Ridge. Sent to capture a Korean solider for interrogation, his eight-man party was met instead with a grenade attack which blew off the legs of one man shead of him, mangled a leg of the second and badly wounded a third. West took command, formed a defensive line, and not only held back the force with four men, but one by one carried the three wounded from the ambush area to safety. All three lived, and were on hand 25 years later when the group returned to Seoul. For his valor, Ernie West was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

There were no shouts of joy, no V-J day, when hostilities ground to a halt in Korea. The only real aura of peace came when the Communists began to exchange prisoners, including several from this area. Ermal Jackson, Jimmy Bowling were among the first, and they were greeted at Grayson. John Leslie Robinson wasn't so lucky. A prisoner for three years, since he was 18, he had atrophied and been tortured to a point he had to learn to walk again, miserably, on metal crutches. Determined to rejoin society, he tried to drive his parents' car and was killed. His fate was symbolic of the treatment of Oriental communism.

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Railroad, Auto, Television Guided Communities

(Continued From Last Page)

In 1953, following seven years of planning and construction on Dewey Lake, the state authorized creation of Jenny Wiley State Park, opening a new leaf in the tourism book for East Kentucky. The park was named for the heroine of the 1789 escape from the Shawnee. Within a decade, the park would be the most popular in the region, with constantly-full booking to follow. Among activities added by the state was a full-size amphitheater, where such Big Sandy offshoots as Tommy Kirk and Richard Thomas would appear in play roles. Both stars are grandsons of judges from Johnson County benches.

Ashland, seeking leadership in the field of higher education, bought the former Methodist church on Central Avenue in 1937 and converted it into Ashland Junior College the following year. By mid-1950s the school had failed to meet aspirations, let alone grow toward the community's goal of a four-year college. Colleges at Pikeville and Morehead were having their problems, too, at the same time but at a different level.

In 1957 the school's operation was transferred to the University of Kentucky as its "Ashland Center." In 1964 it was changed to Ashland Community College, still with strong ties to the parent university, and began a program of construction atop 13th Street Hill.

Beginning without campus or tradition, a similar school opened in Prestonsburg that year. The school, with modern structures named for the counties it serves, reached from its axis to quickly become truly regional.

Both ACC and PCC moved into the 1970s with an eye toward two-year programs, filling needs of local mines, health services, and offices. No longer were two-year schools degree-oriented, but they prepared students for a work role. Additional programs were designed to increase knowledge among adults, not always for economic gain, but toward a fuller life.

Hot, dry weather was so bad in the summer of 1953 that corn crops were down by half, tobacco by a fourth. As late as September, dryness brought warning of forest fire. Combined with economic cutbacks of the day, the drouth brought severe hardship, particularly to families who raised their own basic food supplies.

With that economic decline came another down-dip in the fate of coal. Production slipped annually, down from the highs of war and recovery. For instance, in Lawrence County, 117,986 tons were brought from beneath the earth in 1951; by 1966, no coal was marketed. It seemed there was never again to be a rich market for black gold.

But with the decline developed new technology. Not necessarily new methods, for cannel coal had been broken away from the earth's surface at Rush a century before. Now, however, giant machinery scraped away the overburden and the flat seam of coal was blasted free, to be picked up with mechanical shovels. If the seam faced up in a hillside, massive augers drilled into the mineral and carried it to waiting trucks. The land was left gullied, clayey, and the hills looked like giant honeycombs.

Morehead had dropped the term "Teachers" in its college title, but that was about the only progressive step in the years after Depression. By 1954, there were no buildings less than 20 years old, enrollment was 698 and the total budget $845,000. Acreditation, recently lost, had just been regained. With a split vote, regents hired Dr. Adron Doran as new president, and those against him voiced fear of his political background. When he announced his retirement in 1976, enrollment had grown to 7,318; the budget to $23.4 million; and the University campus to 50 major buildings. Regents who voted against him in 1954 now agree Doran's political savvy was a necessity of the time, needed to make the institution grow with the times.

Integration of schools became a national issue, but in Eastern Kentucky little was said, mainly because of the dearth of Negroes in relation to whites. Ashland, with the largest black community, witnessed a gradually-structured integration of classes without incident, likely in large part due to prearrangement within the community to publicly ignore the matter.

On Jan. 28, 1957, six inches of rain fell within 72 hours on the already sodden headlands of Sandy. Quickly, the rampaging waters swept through Pikeville

Hanging Of William DeWitt, May 21, 1896, At Grayson

and on to Paintsville and Louisa, portending a record flood. The crest at Prestonsburg was 10 inches below a similar washout in 1862. Though Dewey Dam held back the non-flooded Johns Creek to ease the flow, damage in Paintsville ran $4.2 million. Crest at Louisa was two feet above flood stage. It was the last of the great Sandy floods.

Only 13 months later a more drastic tragedy came on the river. Floyd County school bus No. 27 with children en route to morning class ran off U.S. 23, over the bank, south of Prestonsburg, and into the again-swollen Levisa Fork. The death toll was 26 children and the driver.

By the mid-1950s, studies revealed just how far below the rest of America Appalachia was staying while other areas climbed. Those studies (and other factors) resulted in creation of special federal agencies designed to help development in the mountains (ARC, EDA) and others aimed at helping poor people wherever they were found (OEO). The former resulted in helping provide utility services, roads, and basic economic studies in just about every country. The latter appeared to sustain the lower economic group through current good times.

Sociologists, economists continued to discover and study Appalachia as though it were an anthropological gold mine. Allowing for deviations, they determined that East Kentucky mountaineers were suspicious, slow, fatalistic, torn between nature and religion, family-oriented, and not oriented to seek middle-class goals of education and money.

Those generalizations have been dissected, sometimes refuted, but more often upheld and explained by modern approaches and studies.

Late in 1958, public hearings were conducted for location of a new superhighway, called Interstate 64. It would be 15 years before the road fully opened.

On Valentine's Day, 1959, fire swept through the old Columbia Theater on Greenup Avenue, producing a new Ashland Tragedy. Thirteen persons were listed dead in the final count.

In September, 1962, a second 13-death tragedy struck the community when an Ashland Oil plane plunged into the earth in northern Ohio.

As the corporate families of Armco, Ashland Oil and Chessie System grew, so did a new form of extended family. Members of supervision and management were moved between Ashland and such distant points as Houston, Baltimore, Syracuse and Denver. Ties to Columbus strengthened with AOI developments there, especially when 60 families were moved to that community. It worked both ways, as technicians and managers from acquired companies moved to the suburbs around the three firms, swelling the population of eastern Greenup County and bringing a new and homegenous outlook to mingle with the traditions of Appalachia. Often the families transferred here were outmigrants coming back, bringing with them the lessons of experience in a distant society.

In the decade of the 60s, it appeared that the promise of an industrial future might yet come to the mountains. First came planning that brought an improved U.S. 23; next, the Kentucky Power Plant near Louisa.

At Paintsville, developers kept touting Kenwood, a wood-utilization complex. In Salyersville, a camper firm met demands by building recreational vehicle tops for pick-up trucks. A shoe plant was built at West Liberty, with promise of a second at Paintsville or Grayson.

Kenwood never materialized but its site became the home of American Standard, a Louisville plumbing fixtures firm, in 1969. Then Continental Conveyor, a major manufacturer, took over the camper plant and expanded it to meet the growing need of the nearby underground coal industry. Louisa Carpet Mill opened in Lawrence and it appeared industrialization was under way.

But that was about the end of the show. Nothing further seemed to come, even with prodding from economic developers. Some of the plants underwent the traditional unionization, and some of the manufacturing technicians who moved in voiced discountent with the role of outsider which they were assigned.

Without further outside influence, it appeared the poverty syndrome was to remain forever in the region. No one was thinking much about coal.

A unique addition for Big Sandy was announced in May, 1960, when Kentucky Power Company said it would spend $37 million to erect a coal-fired generating plant just south of the mouth of Blaine Creek. Before the plant was completed, a second unit had been started at an expansion cost of $100 million. Getting the electricity out called for a third project, an electric highway carrying 765, 000 volts along high-strung wires stretching over much of the region.

Selection of the Big Sandy site came because Americans were beginning to demand two disparate commodities electricity and ecology. A growing desire for goods and services called for electric power, and producers had seen that fossil fuel-fired generators remained the answer because nuclear plants were not developing as earlier expected. A smaller group, growing larger since 1960, has called for cleaner air and water. To this end, the Big Sandy plant's stacks were designed to emit a limited exhaust enough for dispersal; her parabolic towers to coal steam from boilers to keep from raising the temperature of the nearby river.

John Woods Jr., who had followed his father as president of Third National Bank of Ashland, plunged deeply into state activity, serving as head of the Kentucky Tuberculosis Society, the Kentucky Bankers' Association, and Kentucky Chamber of Commerce.

Now, in 1962, he stood near the mouth of Blaine Creek, the stream on which his ancestor Andrew had settled, and took part in the formal starting of Kentucky Power Company's generating plant. Before it was completed, the plant would cost some $150 million and include sky-high stacks and a pair of parabolic cooling towers, in themselves unique attractions for tourists on U.S. 23.

Elmon Davis, colorful Flat Gap banker, grasped the idea of an Apple Day festival in 1962, but it didn't catch on well until two years later, and it was generally skipped in 1966 because of poor crop. The original idea was to help farmers sell their apples, but soon the means became more important than the end, farmers went so far as to leave their bushels at home so they could take part in the fun. Apple Day became a weekend of traditional parades, music, auctions, and action. It was the seed which brought festivals to every town in Eastern Kentucky.

Next-door Salyersville had long boosted its Fourth of July parade, and now it took on special meaning. Prestonsburg came up with Red, White and Blue Days in addition to its traditional miners' Labor Day fete. Grayson started Memory Days, tied in with the practice of Carter Countians to return on Memorial Day. Olive Hill created a Homecoming, built around its native son, Tom T. Hall. West Liberty created a Sorghum Festival, and Louisa joined the Independence Day crowd. When you included the private festivals and country music meets, there was something to do every weekend somewhere in the region.

In 1968, under a Republican administration, the state authorized construction of a vocational rehabilitation center at a cost of $3.6 million at Thelma, near Paintsville; if Democrats had been in power, it would have been built in Floyd. Such are the realities of politics and local demand.

Placed into operation by stages, the center was officially dedicated only last month. Persons who are assigned there receive physical care, guidance, and instruction toward overcoming handicaps to become self-supporting working people.

Almost simultaneously, a second medical facility developed on Big Sandy, named Highlands Regional Medical Center. The 150-bed hospital was built in Floyd County, not far from the Johnson line, and designed to serve all five counties in the area. The $6 million facility replaced older, smaller hospitals in the region, but not all of them.

A third medical service phenomenon came in the form of care homes, with three levels of personal attention. Old folks were no longer mechanically assigned as part of the household, but in a new society belonged in a home of their own, whether it be individual or collective. Costs of such personal care were supported by Social Security, pensions, or welfare, none of which had been available a generation before.

Three mechanical influences guided the lives of communities, and the past century can be divided into periods of their influence. From 1876 until at least 1940, transportation centered around the railroad and its timetable. From 1950 to the present, nearly every family has had a private auto, or access to use of one, and living and business patterns have been drawn to include this new accessibility. Finally, television, with its tendency to keep people at home, brought new aspects of education and recreation. In their acceptance of the influence of these mechanical devices, Eastern Kentuckians were no different from any other geographic group in the United States.

Through 1973 coal remained dormant, but that year, following brown-out from power shortages in the north, it began to seek new highs in demand and value. The mineral, which had been bringing from $6-12 a ton, soared to $25-50 in some cases, bringing a spate of mining development. Mines were primarily strip, except in the steep hills to the south of our region. Wages and development costs were high, speculation rife, fortunes were made and men bankrupted by the boom. Coal production reached its highest peak.

Then, slowly, the market and demand fell. Mines with contracts continued their steady output, but many became dormant, waiting for new life.

Eruption of the mining boom brought new problems to the land—overweight trucks, coal dock conflicts, and environmental disputes.

Another aspect was the creation of a new class in the mountains—the nouveau riche—who had previously struggled and now had more money than they could spend.

John Woods III, the third banker of the same name carrying a comparitive appendage which matched the logotype of his institution, moved up and down in the non-banking world, too. Trained as a diving officer in the Navy, he returned as a civilian to perform such romantic tasks in the region as checking Inland Gas Company's pipelines deep in Little Sandy River, near Leon, or Armco's water intakes. Not content with deep-diving, he utilized his GI Bill to learn high-flying, just for personal use. Like the two John Woods before him, he was active in commerce and eleemosynary fields, and became president of Third National.

As the rest of America developed, coming over the television tube, and the civilization of the Seventies approached, mountain folk still clung to some of the characteristics of their forebears—traits which left their young ill-suited to cope with life in the fast-moving real world beyond the mouth of the hollow where they lived.

Physicians studied the young, and arrived at conclusions. Because mountain mothers focus on their very youngest, there is virtually no infantile autism. Because prolonged closeness of family, dependency extends farther. Close family relationship often brought dependency-related emotional problems, such as school-phobia, slow social development, and over-dependence as an adult. Finally, a series of effects—pressures, peer and parent example, orientation to action, and a masculine tendency toward quiet—have produced another level in a non-verbal society. Mountain children don't talk.

Growth of the banking business manifested itself in new construction from 1965-76. Nearly every bank in Eastern Kentucky constructed a new headquarters in those years, and drive-in facilities, a recognition of the inevitability of the auto's influence, were added.

Medical treatment techniques changed with technology and insurance. Medicare and Medicaid enabled more old people to take part in health programs, and commercial insurance programs aided others. An apparent major effect of this financing, however, was to raise treatment prices. Another was stiffening of standards, and combined with a trend toward specialized practitioners and comprehensive hospitals, smaller facilities were closed, like New Hospital at Paintsville, Stovall Hospital at Grayson, and Riverview and Louisa General (replaced by a major new facility).

Additionally, new treatment methods and medicines allowed outpatient care in cases which had called for bed rest before.

The examples may be simplified, but growth in the fields of allergenic treatment and orthodonty reveal the combination of priorities and funding given new direction in a flourishing economy.

And before dawn today, Lowery Woods, 13-year-old descendant of Andrew, Andrew J., William Henry, John W., John W. Jr., and John W. Woods III, rose to deliver the morning papers near his Midland Heights home in Ashland. He finished on time, though the issue was heavy, for today is a special day in the Woods' family life, just as in every American's.

Hanging Rock Iron Region Grew From Pioneer Need

By DON E. RIST

The pioneer need for iron, the universal metal which formed the tools of the frontiersman was the stimulus that fostered the discovery and developemnt of the Hanging Rock Iron Region. The chore itself went to a self-styled mechanic, inventor and promoter, Richard Deering, who in the manufacture of salt from the wells near Grayson, required the replacement of the large shallow cast iron evaporating pots called "salts."

Deering recognized the red stains of iron in the earth and during 1815 in a crude cupola produced a metal from the "ironstone" with which he cast his iron pots. The success caused him to hire two moulders to tend the new foundry.

From this beginning came the first blast furnace of the Hanging Rock Iron Region. Deering, in partnership with David and John Trimble constructed in 1818 upon the west bank of Little Sandy River, the Argillite Furance. A dam was built across the river which furnished the water power to create an air blast, while from the vast deciduous forests came the hardwoods from which was made charcoal, the fuel to feed the furance.

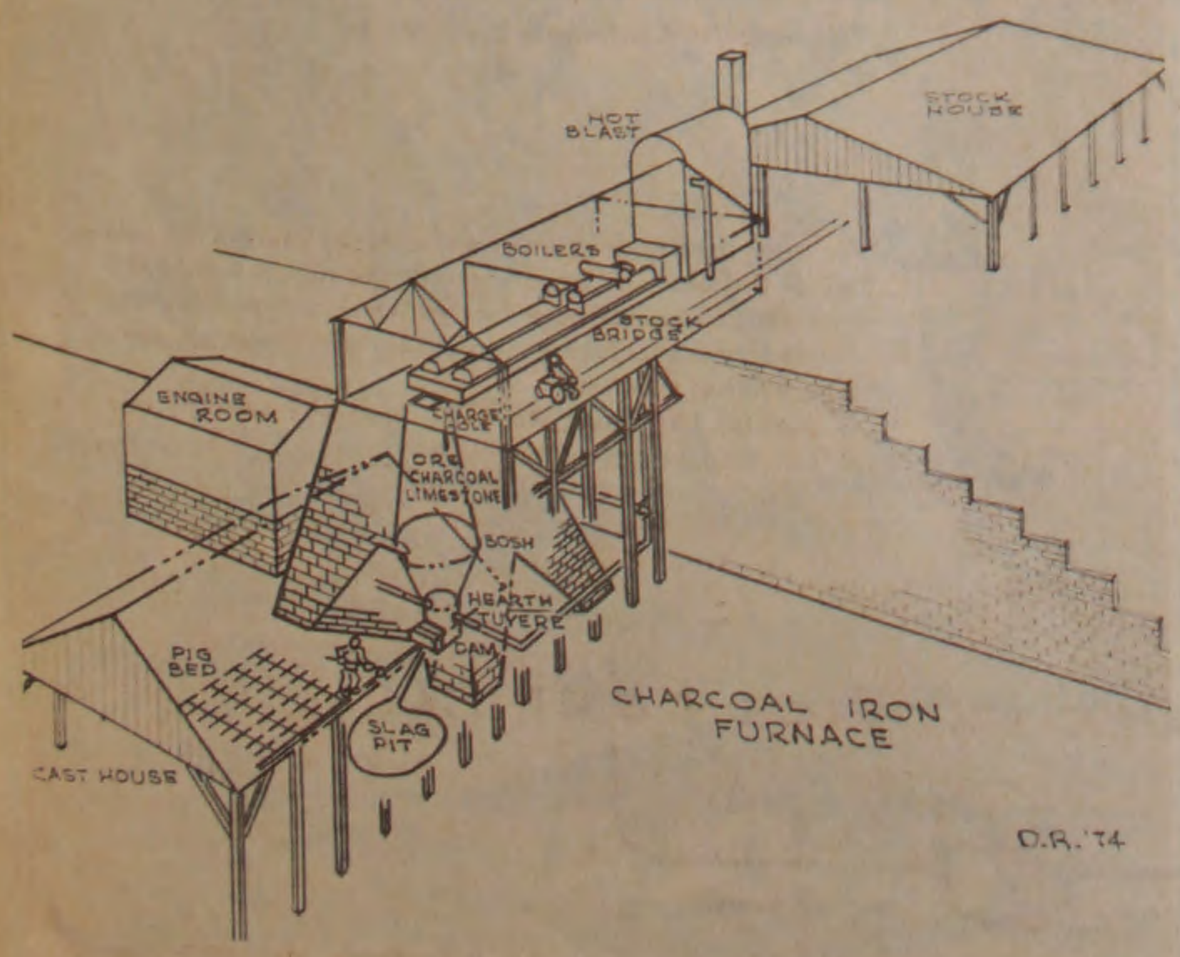
An iron region was born, and the

(Continued on Following Page)

A Bicentennial Essay

Boone Furnace, On Grassy Creek In Carter County

Mount Savage Iron Furnace, Built 1848



Old Furnaces Are Gone, But Famous Names Here

(Continued from Last Page)

growth was rapid.

Other iron producing ventures were quick to organize, and their many locations quickly changed the frontier appearance of this rough hill country.

The water power from the impoundments of the streams proved to be inadequate for the continual operation of a blast furance. A dry season would leave the furance without power or an air blast, and an extreme flood would be equally disastrous. Only five furnaces were built here with water power, and they after a short time converted to steam power or the operation was abandoned. By 1830, nine blast furances had been built in the region. Their products were hauled to river ports for transportation to the market. Hanging Rock, a centrally located and very active river port shipped much of the iron. The quality was good and the demand was great; people were asking for iron shipped from Hanging Rock. Taking advantage of this publicity, the area adopted the name, and the iron producers all became part of the "Hanging Rock Iron Region."

The boundary of the Hanging Rock Iron Region was defined by two parameters. One was geological, that the iron be smelted from the local hydrated and carbonated ores of the lower coal measured of the Pensylvanian Period; and the second was economic, that the product be directed to the Ohio River for shipment. The total area encompased 100 square miles which includes six counties in Ohio and four counties in Kentucky, those being Boyd, Greenup, Carter and Lawrence.

The furnace shape and design was that common to those in other iron producing areas of the country. The pioneers from Virginia and Pennsylvania had the knowledge to establish and operate a pioneer iron works and the vast number of immigrants from Germany, Ireland and Wales provided the laborers, miners, stone masons teamsters and colliers to operate them.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, there had been 68 furnaces built within the boundaries of the Hanging Rock Iron Region. The region, although split by the Ohio River and varying sentiments, had a common bond and that was financial. The pig metal followed the Ohio River to the markets. For this reason the entire Region fell in line behind the army that controlled the river—the Union.

The iron industry had just experienced some extremely lean years when the extended war of the 1860s thrust an inflated economy upon the developing region. Iron prices quadrupled, and created fortunes which were predominant in the development of the region for the remainder of the century.

Expect for a rather uneventful crossing of the region by Gen. John Hunt Morgan, and a few unorganized raids by nonuniformed bands in the southern portion, the Region escaped the ravages of war. The production of iron was continuous and the quality of the charcoal iron had gained world recognition.

The pioneer phase of the Region was ending; the virgin forests were depleted by the use of charcoal. (250 acres of timber per year was required for the operation of a charcoal iron blast furance.) A coal was discovered at Princess (Ashland No. 7) which was suitable for the production of iron. The newly constructed blast furnaces had a more modern look.

No longer were the stacks constructed of stone, they had an iron plate jacket and they were higher. Their locations were near their transportation source, the river, rather than on a hillside deep in the forests. The rate of production increased till the primitive hand strip mining of local ore could no longer keep up.

Iron ore was being shipped in from Alabama, Missouri and Michigan.

Later, coke replaced the stone coal as fuel, which brought the furnaces to conform in shape and operation with the other leading iron regions of the world. Our furnaces were just as large and modern. The 100 ton a day production, once thought to be the ultimate was commonly bring surpassed.

The region was experiencing the most glorious part of an iron age, development and prosperity. Could it be more than a coincidence that my father's third reader contained the following poem?

Iron vessels cross the ocean,
Iron engines give them motion;
Iron needles northward verring,
Iron tillers vessels steering;
Iron pipe our gas delivers,
Iron bridges span our rivers;
Iron pens are used for writing,
Iron ink our thoughts indicting;
Iron stoves for cooking victuals,
Iron ovens, pots, and kettles;
Iron horses draw our loads,
Iron rails compose our roads;
Iron anchors hold in sand,
Iron bolts, and rods, and bands;
Iron houses, iron walls,
Iron cannons, iron balls;
Iron axes, knives, and chains,
Iron augers, saws, and planes;
Iron lightning-rods on spiers,
Iron telegraphic wires;
Iron lightings-rods on spiers,
Iron telegraphic wires;
Iron hammers, nails, and screws—
Iron, everything we use.

Ninty-four blast furnaces had been constructed in the Region during the 19th century. And, as the new century started, only four of the older stone stackes furnaces were attempting to operate; their ancient and obsolete machinery was making charcoal iron which they hoped could find a place in the world's iron market.

A final phase was required for the survival of an iron industry. It could no longer compete in a merchant market. The only way to fully develop their resources was to join and merge with a larger corporation. The blast furnace gave up as a single entity and became part of a fully integrated steel industry; and this place was reserved for only an economical few.

The Hanging Rock Region is not dead.

The region is today represented by four blast furnaces. Two of them being the modern pig iron producers of the Armco Steel Corp. located at Ashland. The modern Amanda furance, constructed in 1963, newest and largest furnace of the Region, can produce in one half-hour, as much iron tonnage as a blast furnace produced in one year, 150 years ago.

Deering, who in his lifetime had been described as a "visionary and dreamer," never could have envisioned this.

The many furnaces may be gone, but the names remained, marking a community where the industrial activity and life was once an active part of the history of the Hanging Rock Iron Region.

Amanda, Argillite, Ashland, Bellefonte, Boone, Buena Vista, Buffalo, Caroline, Clinton, Enterprise.

Golbe, Hopewell, Hunnewell, Iron Hills, Kenton, Laurel, Mount Savage, New Hampshire, Norton, Oakland.

Pactolus, Pennsylvania, Pine Grove, Pioneer, Princess, Raccoon, Sandy, Star, Steam.

Don E. Rist, a fourth generation resident of the area following the emigration of his great-grandfather into the region, was born at Hanging Rock and was reared and still resides in Ironton. Rist received a civil engineering degree from the University of Dayton and is employed as supervising engineer at Armco Steel Corp. here. He is a registered professional engineer and a member of the National Society of Professional Engineers. His hobbies are local history and archeology. He has authored and published the book, "Kentucky Iron Furnaces of the Hanging Rock Iron Region."

Big Sandy Trail Became A 'Secret Pathway' For Indians, Was Prominent In Revolution

A Bicentennial Essay

By LANSING G. BRISBIN JR.

About 15,000 years ago a worldwide warming trend set in motion processes that melted nearby glaciers. With this development the Ohio Valley gained the characteristics that remain to this day.

With this change came our hardwood forests with abundant cover, nuts, berries and roots that provided food for animals and then man, the Early Hunters. These early men did not establish themselves permanently, but moved on as the food supply diminished by their efficient hunting skills. Gradually, as man's ability to utilize the enviromnent advanced, other people came into these valleys.

Small semi-permanent villages were established and some rudimentary agriculture was carried on in addition to hunting and gathering of the available seasonal foods. Thus by 1000 A.D. the stage was set for the development of tribal groups more permanently established for a longer period of time in this region.

These people, known to us as Shawnee, Wyandotte, Delaware and Mingo, moved about freely; since no territorial claims were made and there was little or no warfare. There was an abundance of flint for tools, clay for pottery, and fertile bottoms for raising crops of corn, pumpkin and squash. Ashland was a typical floodplain in which the early explorers found fields of corn up to 10 miles in length. Since they had no method to renew the soil for agricultural purposes, frequent moves of the village site were required.

Around this way of life an extensive trail system grew, exactly as our own highway system, which in its development often took the route of these Indian paths. Early white settlers calculated the easiest and shortest route between two points just as the Indians had done through the centuries. This trail system grew from use by animals, by the Early Hunters, and by the village hunting parties until routes were established from village to village and to and from sources of supply. They became well marked roadways.

Such a trail exists south of Ashland, roughly parallel to I-64 from the Little Sandy River to the Big Sandy River, then south about 10 miles before crossing into present day West Virginia, and thence, to Virginia and North Carolina. Basically, the trail connected the excellent flint source at Carter Caves in Carter County with the regional villages and south through the mountains to warmer weather and other trade goods. This path was known as the Big Sandy Trail and at a later date became the Indians' "secret" pathway, figuring prominently in the revolutionary period.

Little exploration was carried on in the region until after 1750, but few attempts were made to establish permanent settlements until after the Revolution. Only hardy hunters and surveyors' cabins could be found and even these rugged men were hard put to survive the rigors of the frontier.

Following the defeat of the French and Indians by the British in 1763, the British attached this region to Canada — much to the displeasure of the states of Virginia and Pennsylvania. At the time the First Continental Congress was meeting to denounce British policy, Lord Dunmore of Virginia was carrying on a punitive attack on the Indians, culminating in the Battle of Point Pleasant on October 10, 1774. Whether either side gained a victory is of minor importance, but it did signal the beginning of skirmishes and depredations throughout the entire Ohio Valley.

As the Revolution progressed, both the Americans and the British courted the Indians. Additional pressure came to bear as tribes left the Eastern seaboard, crossed the mountains, and took up residence, displacing and depressing the established local Indians. In spite of the British surrender at Yorktown in 1781 and the Treaty of Paris in 1783, the Revolution moved west over the mountains and hostilities continued. What with the British still arming the Indians from their base in Detroit and some brave settlers moving into the frontier, it is no wonder that the 1780's were the bloodiest time of the Revolutionary period in the West. Numerous battles occurred and extensive raids were continuous, most of which emanated from Ohio and aimed at the new western Virginia settlements.

The obvious route for these attacks was the "secret" Big Sandy Trail, which through these years must have been one of the bloodiest roads in America. Not until Gen. Anthony Wayne's victory over the confederated Indian tribes at Fallen Timbers in 1794, did the raids cease and thus enable the white settlement to proceed in a more orderly fashion.

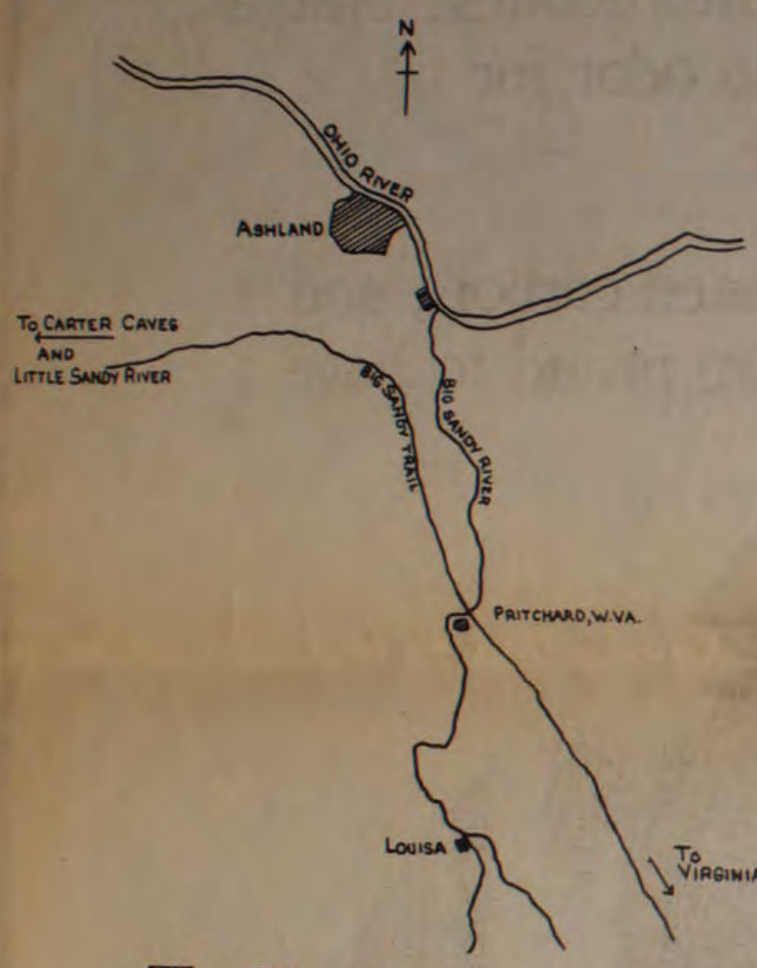
Ashland, as a typical floodplain cornfield, has examples of all early peoples from the Early Hunter to the last vestiges of tribes that participated in the frontier warfare. The most prominent features of an earlier people are the numerous mounds found in Boyd, Greenup and adjacent counties in Eastern Kentucky. Although these mounds had been built and fallen into disuse 1,000 to 2,500 years before the historic period, they serve as a striking testimony to an earlier and more advanced civilization.

A few small Indian villages from the Revolutionary period can still be located as can an occasional trade bead or clay pipe of Colonial or European origin be found. Among the most striking remains of the last Indians are the rock carvings or petroglyphs. At one time they were abundant in the area. Authoritatively, they are placed after 1,000 A.D.

One notable example of this art can be seen at Salt Rock, W. Va. Another recently was discovered in the Ohio River and placed on display at a small museum in Ceredo, W. Va. (Museum hours: Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 9 a.m. to 11 a.m., Tuesday and Thursday, 6 p.m. to 8 p.m., Saturday and Sunday, 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.) Several have been found in Eastern Kentucky in recent years; hopefully, more will be uncovered and protected from destruction.

Scattered signs and marks along the Big Sandy Trail serve to remind us of what was once the "bloodiest road" ... still a "secret."

Lansing G. Brisbin Jr., whose knowledge of archeology has placed him in much demand recently for civic organization programs, is a former Ashlander who currently resides in Huntington. A 1948 graduate of Dartmouth College with a bachelor's degree in history, Brisbin is president of the Huntington Archeologocial Society and trustee of the Kentucky Archeological Association. He is general manager of Royal Crown Bottling Co. in Huntington and a director of the Kentucky Farmers Bank.



The Big Sandy Trail

Markings (Accented With Chalk) Found On Trail

Gene F. Irwin

Fred Miller

Roland (Chip) Miller

Roger Daniels

Rusty Jordan

Kenny Fitzpatrick

Indian Rock Carvings

The carbons that purify drinking water help clean industrial products too.

Activated carbon helps to make our world a nicer place to live in. Each pound of this special carbon, made here in the Ashland area, has 125 acres of surface area. And the surface is ready and able to select and remove certain undesirable ingredients from drinking water, industrial wastewater, and municipal sewage.

It's helping to clean up the air, too, by soaking up unpleasant or hazardous fumes and odors from sewage plants, factories and workplaces.

For industry, granular activated carbons from Calgon Corporation's Catlettsburg plant offer underhood fume control in automobiles; cleaner, brighter sugar for less; and improved color, taste and odor for light-colored liquid products.

As the world's largest producer of granular activated carbon, and a leader in water treatment products for industry, we're proud to have a part in helping to improve environmental quality. Calgon Corporation, Catlettsburg Plant.

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In Days Gone By . . .

DOWNTOWN ASHLAND—This family is shown at the intersection of 16th Street and Greenup Avenue in a view looking south.

BEFORE THE BRIDGE—Passengers leave ferry and walk up the Ohio River bank toward Ashland in days before a bridge was built connecting Eastern Kentuckians with their neighbors to the north. The ferry and wharf landing here was an important chapter in the Ashland area story of dependency on the river.

ON THE RIVER—This placid scene shows Front Street, located on the banks of the Ohio, in Catlettsburg many years ago.

First Raceland Derby Run July 19, 1924

Favored Black Gold, Kentucky Derby Winner, Is Third

27,000 Saw Bob Tail Win Raceland Derby

By DAVID REED

RACELAND — Twenty-seven thousand people at a single sporting event in the Ashland area?

Impossible, you might say, but in 1924 that many fans attended one of eastern United States' finest race tracks — Raceland — for the first running of the mile-and-a-quarter Raceland Derby.

Located in the small town of Chinnville, later named Raceland in honor of the track, the Tri-State Racing and Fair Association set forth to bring big-time sports to the area. Today, some of the remains of the venture, which failed in the depression after four years of successful running, are still visible in Poplar Highlands, about one mile west of Raceland.

The track served a large area from Portsmouth and points west to Huntington and beyond in the east. Crowds from as far north as Columbus attended the feature races every day except Sunday.

Raceland opened July 10, 1924, to a throng of 15,000 persons eager to see thoroughbred racing in the Tri-State area.

There was a festive air in the crowd which cheered as Greenup County Sheriff Delbert Clark led the escort bringing the money for the pari-mutuel machines.

Hotels and boarding houses were jammed with visitors from out-of-town in for the 21-day program. Local drug stores advertised racing information for sale at the counters as well as tickets to the track.

The track, called the "Million Dollar Oval" by its owners, was bringing in top horses for the feature event of the program. Five horses who ran in the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs were to be in the field for the first Raceland Derby, including the winner of the Louisville event — Black Gold.

Black Gold had won four derbies that year with the latest win coming in the Chicago Derby before the running of the Raceland event. He had equalled the mark set by Claude in 1903. The possibility of a record being set with a Black Gold victory in the Raceland Derby, giving him five derbies in a year increased the crowd to the 27,000 mark.

Ironton alone sent 5,000 to the derby which was held July 18 and had a $2.20 admission price. Black Gold was the heavy favorite and saw $12,447 placed on him to win, while the number two choice in the betting was Altawood with $4,687.

All four horses other than Black Gold, who carried 126, were to carry 118 pounds as the field highly resembled the Kentucky Derby fare. Bob Tail, Post Dispatch, Altawood and Phidias completed the event.

Black Gold was upset in the RD and finished a poor third to the last-place horse of the Kentucky Derby — Bob Tail. However, Black Gold did not slow down by any means since his Louisville run as shown by the 2:04 three-fifths for the trip around the 1¼ mile loop, which was three-fifths seconds better than the Kentucky Derby time.

As interest in the track grew in 1925 the C&O Railway began service of the "Raceland Special" which began at Charleston, W.Va., and made stops along the line until it reached the track.

At that time, many jockeys questioned the low purses offered by the track until track secretary Thomas R. Cromwell pointed out that the 1912 Kentucky Derby only paid $4,850 to the winner, compared to the $5,000 award given for the Raceland event.

Cromwell also added that no purse would be less than $750, much higher than most of the early races at most new tracks.

Under the management of J. O. Keene, the track lasted until the depression. Then, when money became scarce, the track was forced to close.

Today the land is owned by E. R. Bonzo.

Several buildings still stand as a reminder of the past sporting history of the area. Two of the 300-foot barns remain of the 26 that were built in 1924. The old water tower used to supply the park remains as does the old Jockey Club. Some of the buildings are used as homes today.

From 27,000 in attendance to zero four years later, Raceland earned a place in the history of Kentucky and helped build the area. Today there are just a few reminders of the past, left hidden by the growth of more than 40 years, doomed to be just memories.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Reed is a former sportswriter for The Independent and is now in charge of the television section of the Lexington Herald. Reed is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Reed of Raceland and attended Raceland schools. He wrote this story while with The Independent in 1967.)

Legend Of Prince Madoc Part Of Bluegrass State History

By CHARLES PENTECOST

LOUISVILLE, Ky. (UPI) — The enduring legend of Prince Madoc, of Wales, said to have come to America more than 300 years before Columbus, has been interwoven with the history of the Bluegrass State since its beginnings.

John Filson, the state's first historian, whose map is the first even vaguely accurate one of Kentucky, came to the state originally to check on reports of "white Indians" stemming from the Madoc legend.

As early as 1799, the graves of six skeletons in armor were reportedly found near the Falls of the Ohio here, legendary site of a massive battle between "white" and "red" Indians. No trace of either the skeletons or their armor has survived, however, to corroborate the story.

It may have been reports of this discovery that caused the British poet Robert Southey to pen his long and rather dull poem on the imaginary adventures of Prince Madoc.

Even today, now and then, an amateur archaeologist will find an artifact he feels shows European rather than Indian influence and question whether it could have been made by the "lost" Welshmen.

Marcia Weinland, Frankfort, prehistoric archaeologist with the Kentucky Heritage Commission, said recently, "No proof exists that any other race than the American Indian was responsible for the mounds, fortifications, rock carvings and village sites found in Kentucky.

"These rumors of a lost band of Welsh probably were started because the early colonists felt the Indians they came in contact with were too savage and uncivilized to have created the mounds and other structures."

But the legend was strong enough even in Kentucky's pre-statehood days, for no less a notable than Gen. George Rogers Clark to attend a meeting at Sanders' Keep in early Louisville to exchange information about Indian tribes with grey eyes and sandy hair.

Clark said he was told of the "white Indians" by Kaskasky, a Southern Illinois chief, who said the tribe lived far up the Missouri River. Later accounts said they were wiped out by smallpox contracted from the whites in the early 19th century.

But the most prevalent legend has them massacred to a man in a battle with "red" Indians at the Falls of the Ohio in the early 1700s. Early settlers told of great numbers of human bones at this site, in an attempt to give credence to the legend.

Other pioneer stories handed down by word of mouth tell of Welsh soldier, ministers and traders who fell into the hands of "white Indians," being saved by discovering to their amazement their captors spoke an archaic version of Welsh.

The Madoc legend, as taken from accounts originated in old monastery records in Wales, was picked up in the "Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," published in London in 1624.

The passage reads, "The chronicles of Wales report that Maddock (or Madoc) sonne to Prince Quineth (Gwynnedd), seeing his two brethern at debate who should inherit, prepared certaine ships, with men an munition; and left his country to seeke adventures by sea; leaving Ireland north he sailed west till he came to a land unknowne. Returning home and relating what pleasant and fruitful countries he had seen without inhabitants and for what barren ground his brethren and kinsmen did murder one another, he provided a number of ships, and got with him such men and women as were desirous to live in quietness that arrived with him in this new land in the yeare 1170; left many of his people and returned for more. But where this place was, no history can show."

It was from this reference, with little else to go on, that the Madoc legend began, with the "fruitful land" identified variously as the West Indies, the Carolinas and Mobile Bay.

Early researchers speculated that the Welshmen or "white Indians," never large in numbers, were driven farther and farther westward over the years, until their extermination by hostile tribes — a preview of the fate of legendary slayers.

MOUNTAIN MOVERS—Workmen on a steam shovel and wagons take time to pose for the camera during early Greenup County roads construction. The photo, believed to have been taken about 1915, shows the cut being made through Morton Hill on KY 7, just south of South Shore.

America is ideas

Today, as we join all Americans in celebrating our 200th birthday, we fully recognize that our country was founded, nurtured, and grew to become the greatest nation on earth because of men with ideas. This is our heritage.

For exactly the same reason, Ashland Armco has grown into a great organization and today we take pride in saluting our latest "idea men."

A total of $88,000 has been awarded during 1975-76 for successful ideas and of this sum, the 29 men pictured here have received $33,000 for their major innovative ideas.

While honoring these, our current idea men, we also want to recognize the men and women of past years whose 7,000 good ideas were selected from more than 26,000 submitted and who received more than $411,000 in awards.

We, as Americans, share in the world's highest standard of living only because these men and women of ideas live in a free enterprise society where individual ambition and effort is encouraged and rewarded.


Harold J. Berry


James S. Blakeman


Karl D. Bradley


Raymond E. Burkhardt


Kenneth R. Bush


Gary B. Cahal


Charles T. Chapman


Woodrow W. Coleman


Harold L. Davis


Cecil C. Evans


Owen Fankell


Daniel C. Hogan


William H. Lane


Paul S. Meyers


Gerald D. Moore


Carl I. Payton


James T. Riffe


Paul D. Rose


James H. Secord


Bob G. Sexton


David L. Sherman


David M. Slone


Donald Spaulding


Forrest D. Stewart


Curtis W. Toombs


Virgil C. Williams


Everett Wright


Bruce C. York


Donald F. Young

ARMCO

A Jesse Stuart Sampler

'If these United States can be called a body, Kentucky can be called its heart.'

—'Kentucky Is My Land'
By Jesse Stuart

Jesse Reveals Feelings As East Kentuckian, American

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Of all great American writers, perhaps none has closer ties to his homeland than the Bard of W-Hollow, Jesse Stuart. For this special edition of The Independent, the author kindly selected some of his own works which he feels are appropriate. In these excerpts he reveals the feelings and forces which helped shape his identity as an Eastern Kentuckian and an American.)

"Going to the Fourth" was published in the Register of the Kentucky Historical Society, 1969. It is a story of a Fourth of July celebration in 1913 in the city of Greenup, as seen through the wide eyes of a lively, five-year-old boy.

From my earliest recollections, the greatest day of the year in our county was "Going to the Fourth." Just about everybody, young and old and all between, whether he could read, write and spell or not, knew that "The Fourth" was the birthday of the United States. If he couldn't read all about "The Fourth" somebody read it for him. And if the people in the hills didn't take newspapers in some little up-the-branch hollow where people had a lot of sense but no schooling, there was always somebody to tell them about "The Fourth." Any man in his right mind got to Greenup, county seat of Greenup County, on this biggest day of the year. The birthday of the United States was the most important of all birthdays, more important than Washington's, Lincoln's or Jefferson's. It was the most important birthday to us in world history.

I remember when my Pa harnessed old Barney, our only work animal, hitched him to our little express wagon and when he and Mom got on the little express with brother Herbert, then a small boy, on Mom's lap. Sister Mary was to be born in another month and three days. But this didn't matter to us! We were heading down W-Hollow, over the little winding dirt road, where the road went down the creek and old Barney's small mule hoofs, as dangerous about kicking Pa as a cocked pistol, kicked and splashed the bright water while Sophia my oldest sister, then eight and I was five, sat on a board Pa had placed across the expressbed to make us a seat. The board was a little hard but we didn't mind. We were going to "The Fourth." Not many people in W-Hollow in those days but Grandma Collins passed us in her buggy for she had about as fine a looking and as fast a horse as there was in the Greenup County. Winfield Daughtery had already gone ahead of us. Our mule Barney wasn't fast enough to catch up with his faster mule, Moll, who always laid her ears back and bared her teeth when she looked at our mule Barney. And this was a day when everybody was dressed in the best he had. No more work clothes when we went to "The Fourth" in Greenup, Kentucky.

When I was very young everybody thought the United States was mighty old. And old Henry Wheeler, who was born in Germany and had come to us when he was three years old said to my father once: "Mick, see here, this country's now getting old enough to sleep by himself. He nursed the milk from his Mother England's breast but he's been weaned and he's as strong as an ox." Old Henry Wheeler, like Pa, couldn't read and write but they talked a lot about the United States of America when they got together on Sunday afternoons when Pa cut his hair on a mowing machine seat under the shade of a white walnut on every fourth Sunday afternoon.

And, the little town of Greenup where everybody went on Saturday morning to sell, trade and buy was just about as old as Methuselah and it only had about 800 people. Greenup was only 27 years younger than the United States. Well, it was older than that. It became county seat of Greenup County in 1803 but it was born in 1790 before the Kentuckians had chased all the Indians north into Canada. And, Greenup was one of the beatinest towns in all East Kentucky to celebrate our country's birthday. The fightinest people the United States had ever known had come up from Virginia, Highland Scots and Yorkshire Englishmen and a crowd had come down from Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, up-state New York and Western Pennsylvania. Iron ore had been discovered here. They came from New England and the North and the Virginians came up from the South to clean the Indians and the British out and make the country a safe place to live. The New Englanders brought capital to make furnaces and develop ore. They brought educators. That's why our ancestors from back in the hills spoke as proper English as was spoken in the United States. We had Greenup Academy from 1912 to 1951 and after this, we had Greenup High School, oldest high school in East Kentucky. The New Englanders and the Virginians intermarried and these were the people of Greenup. And one thing among many we from the Greenup County hills liked about the county people in Greenup was they arranged big things for "The

(Continued on Following Page)

State's Poet Laureate Man Of Land

By GEORGE WOLFFORD
Regional Editor

Of all the voices from Eastern Kentucky, Jesse Stuart's has been spread more widely, read more often than any other. Kentucky's poet laureate is a man of the land, but even more, there runs through his verbal art a love of country, pride of belonging and support of the work ethic promoted by our forefathers 200 years ago today.

The accompanying excerpts are taken from magazine articles written by Jesse Stuart and are intended to symbolize, in his art form, the look of one of our own at the characteristics of America, its people and the land around us.

Stuart takes great pride that he remains virtually in the same hollow where he was born; that he has been able to stand back and take a view of those where he was raised, then immortalize them on print paper. Not so much as individuals, perhaps, but as characters — or better still, as embodiment of the community character.

He was born Aug. 8, 1907, near the W-Hollow where he now lives in a log home. His writings are based primarily on his home, family, woodsy surroundings and his friends. The characters who live on in his books are the same people with whom we have daily dealings, but it took an artist to put them into type. Through all these things, however, the Stuart philosophies shine through.

His prolific record includes 48 books (seven of poetry) and about 300 short stories. Another six books have been written about him, indicating that the medium in this case has become a major part of the message. This year he was nominated for a Pulitzer prize, based on his 1975 book, "World of Jesse Stuart." The next Stuart publication will be "The Seasons of Jesse Stuart," a hand-written, leather-bound limited edition of poetry.

Stuart's first approach to life, as an adult, came as an educator, and he was the youngest superintendent of Greenup County schools. His career spans from high schools at Greenup and Portsmouth to travel service as an exchange professor in Egypt and Greece. He often mentions with pride that he taught at the University of Cairo, where St. Luke taught.

A student of Stuart could learn about both the man and his style by reading his autobiographical novels: "Beyond Dark Hills" (1938); "The Thread That Runs So True"; "The Year of My Rebirth (1956); God's Oddling" (1960); "To Teach, To Love" (1970); "My World" (1975).

The Woodi Ishmael artwork which illustrates this section has more than one tie-in. Ishmael and Stuart collaborated or cooperated early in life, not just on book illustrations but on a combined family Christmas card. This drawing underlines Stuart's "rebirth" after heart attack and was initially published as part of Ishmael's "Power of Faith" series.

'Going To Fourth' Greatest Day Of Year

(Continued from Last Page)

Fourth" when we celebrated Uncle Sam's birthday. On this one thing everybody I knew, churches, political parties, those who spoke proper English and bad English, those who could read and write and those who couldn't, were agreed on. . . .

"Now, here, Sophia," Pa said, giving her a quarter. "Here's one for you Jesse." This was our money to spend for 'The Fourth' and it was a lot of money for us then. It was more than a dime or a nickel. "Now don't get lost. stay together if you can. And if one of you gets lost from the other come back to this express wagon. Remember where it is now," he warned us. "Go play and see things and have a good time. 'The Fourth' comes only once a year. I'll be with your Mother and we'll meet old friends and talk and we'll see things too. But you're on younger legs. So take off." And we took off out into the crowded street toward music. We heard the fiddles, guitars and banjoes. We heard them calling the sets for the square dances. And this was about the sweetest music I ever heard. My small bare feet couldn't keep still. I wanted to climb the side of one of the tallest buildings in Greenup! It was three stories high . . .

For the next hour I ran after the greasy pigs but I was too small to catch one. I had dreamed though about catching a greasy pig in the years to come. I didn't know where Sophia was. She's probably gone to the wagon, I thought. I knew I didn't have time to stay with her. Right over on Main Street about two dozen hens were tossed from the windows down into the crowd from those tall third story windows. Just think, giving away six pigs and now thirty hens! I grabbed for one and got feathers she came so close flying down. I never got a hen for not one of them reached the dirt street. People caught them in the air. But over next to the courthouse square I saw a pole with wires holding it at the top. And on top of it was a white envelope. Boys were trying to climb it. They were lined up and quarreling over who would be next.

"There's a ten dollar bill in that envelope," a man said. "Some boy is going to be the lucky one."

A boy would start up the pole and work his legs like the pistons on Huey's E K engine until he got so high and then he would come sliding back down. All the boys were barefooted and some of them put sand in their pockets. They tried to sand the pole. It was about 25 feet up to that ten dollar bill. Last April I had climbed a slick-barked chestnut tree up to a crow's nest. I didn't dream that I could do this until I tried. I never told Mom about it. I was afraid. That bark was about as slick as a peeled pole. Now the boys ahead of me had used a lot of sand. I knew I could climb up as far as any of them. If I could do any one thing I could climb. I knew little boys could climb as well if not better than big boys. And when all the boys in the line ahead of me had tried and failed but the boy in front of me, I hoped he would not make it. They were getting close to that envelope. And they were sanding the pole. There was just a little grease left up near the top. And I didn't have to take sand in my pockets. I had it on my feet and it was stuck there. My feet got wet when I chased the last greasy pig. Well, the boy in front of me didn't get as far as the one before him. And the boy behind me tried to shove me out of line. "You're too little," he said. But the man who watched over the greasy pole said, "Leave that kid alone. He's a real redneck. Give him a chance." This man watching over the greasy pole had seen me diving headlong through the crowd after the greasy pigs. He'd seen me fall to the ground more than once after a pig.

When I went up the bottom part of the pole, I didn't waste the sand on my feet. I pulled up with my hands and crossed my legs and went up like a young squirrel . . . up high enough to reach the grease. Everybody below was saying and looking up with big eyes. On the last five feet of that pole, I put my sanded bare feet against it and they stuck like glue. I went up there and got the envelope. "What do you know about that kid," I heard a man say. My heart nearly went to my mouth. I was rich! I had more money than my father. And when I slid back down everybody crowded so close I could hardly get my breath. I opened the envelope and got the first ten dollars I'd ever owned and put it down in my pocket with my hand clenched around it. I made off through the crowd toward the wagon to tell Pa, Mom and Sophia.

"How did you get it?" Pa asked.

"I climbed the greasy pole," I said. "That ten dollar bill was in an envelope on top of the pole. I climbed the greasy pole and got it."

"Let me hold onto this for you until you get home." Pa said. "You've come into a fortune" ...

"My Father Was a Railroad Man" was published in Tracks, C. and O. magazine, in April, 1953. In it the author and his father are on a cattle-buying trip to Catlettsburg. His father is 72 and in failing health. They stop by the tracks to greet some old friends and do a little reminiscing.

One Friday of last October my father and I were driving up Route 23 to Catlettsburg, Kentucky, to the Stock Market to buy more cattle. We were driving through Wurtland when he looked through the window to his left along the C & O Railway tracks. "I see the boys," he said excitedly. "Let's stop and see 'em. I see old Press and Choppie!"

I drove the car to the side of the road and slowed to a stop. I knew when he saw any of 'the boys' or any of the old men he had worked with, he'd forget about buying cattle which was his hobby now. We got out of the car, walked across the highway, crossed a ditch onto the C & O right-of-way.

"Section 204," he said smiling. "I've put in many a day here! This is my old section. But I've worked on these tracks from Russell to St. Paul."

And he had. He had begun work on this section in 1917 and had worked until 1940. I was ten years of age when he had gone to work for the C & O. We lived then in the same house in W-Hollow where I live today. But there was a contrast to the roads in W-Hollow in 1917 and in 1953. The first morning Dad went to work, I remember Mom packed his lunch in a new dinner bucket he had purchased for the occasion. He walked over to the little bank by the cedar tree, in the morning moonlight, on that early morning. He had about four miles, by following the paths between, around and over the hills to Riverton. That was when they worked a ten hour day. My Dad had got up and built a fire in the kitchen stove at four that morning. But that was not any earlier than he had always gotten up and got the rest of us out of bed. Mom got breakfast in a hurry. She packed his lunch so he could be off to his new job. He walked to Riverton where his section force gathered and went up the tracks by hand car.

His path to Riverton was a dim trail between green masses of vegetation on either side. The tall dew-covered weeds and overlapping briars often wet his overalls to his knees and sometimes to his waist. In those days there were only a few people living in W-Hollow. The paths were traveled only by a few hunters. They were not well worn paths and if my father had had to mow his path with a scythe it would have taken him several days. He didn't have these days to spare, since he worked on the section, farmed a few acres, kept his livestock, chickens, hogs and a team. And while Mom got his breakfast he always went to the barn and did the feeding. He made his time count.

As I walked with him down the tracks where the men were working, I thought of the first paycheck he ever drew from the C & O. If his and my memories are approximately correct, the check was for $34.56. On the Main Lines he made $2.88 per day. When he worked in the yard limits, it was more. I remember how pleased he and Mom were when he got his first check. That check might not seem large now. But it was large to us. It would buy a lot then too. My father had always worked at odd jobs for farmers until he got a job on the C & O. He and I had taken jobs of cutting men's corn at so much per shock. We had taken jobs of trimming apple orchards, building fence and cutting timber. We had also made up many patches of cross-tie timber at so much per tie. And two years he had worked at a sawmill, eleven hours a day, for $1.10 per day. He and his horse had plowed for people for $1.50 per day. This was the best money my father had ever made. He was proud of his new job with the C & O.

"Howdy, Press," my father said.

"Hi, Mick," Press greeted him with a smile.

"Howdy, Mick," Choppie Thomas grinned. "Have you come back to work?"

"Wish I could, Choppie," he said.

Then, four fellows my father had worked with 12 years ago, shook his hand. And he and I met the new men that replaced the old over these years.

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Woodi Ishmael, whose "Power of Faith" drawings appear each Sunday on the editorial page of The Independent, is a native of Lewis County, was educated at Portsmouth and is now artist-in-residence at Troy State University in Alabama. Two of his works have been chosen as representative of the traditions of this region, and both deal closely with his colleague in the arts, Jesse Stuart. Ishmael's panels, reproduced in this edition, deal with Stuart's rebirth after heart attack and with the Plum Grove Church in Greenup County.

Author Tells Of Dad's Great Love For C&O First, Cattle Second

In this sketch, artist and friend Woodi Ishmael looks into the soul of Jesse Stuart, who, in telling readers throughout the world about his native Greenup County and Eastern Kentucky, has told them about the essence of America.

(Continued from Last Page)

Press Moore had once worked on the tracks beside my father and he was now Foreman of Section 204. He, too, had lived in W-Hollow on a little hill farm adjoining our little hill farm. Press Moore and my father were the only two men, for a number of years, who walked from the hills in W-Hollow over into the Ohio River valley to work on the railway section. The majority of men living here were farmers. A few years before this date, every man in this community made his living by farming except one. He dug coal from his farm and peddled it by wagon. Today, in this same community, only one man lives by farming. All others work at some kind of public works, the majority working from the C & O. . .

He didn't talk about the bull and two heifers we'd bought as we drove back. The C & O was his first love and cattle was his second. When we reached Russell, driving down on the backside of the town, we were close to the tracks. Dad looked up and saw an engineer. Dad knew him but I doubt the engineer could recognize him down in the car. Dad yelled to him, called him by name and threw up his hand. He had often stood along the tracks and watched the trains pass and wave to the engineers, firemen and brakemen, and call them by name. And he would always pull his watch out to see if the passenger trains were on time. . . .

Here's what I heard him tell Mom once they were in the kitchen at the breakfast table. And this was shortly after he got his job with the C & O. He said to Mom: "Sal, with the money I make from my new job, we can educate our children. I don't want them to be like I am. I want them to learn to read and write. We want one to be a school teacher."

And it was he who encouraged us to go to school. And his plans were backed up by my mother. They were the parents of seven children. One of my brothers died before Dad went to work on the section. Another brother died afterward. But his five children, three girls and two boys, all finished high school. Three of the five finished college, while the fourth has three years of college. Four of the five became school teachers. Four of us have had, combined, a total of 19 years of college and University training, and we taught a combined total of 44 years. My father put us through high school, paid for his little farm, built a house, kept his family, on his section pay. He always said: "It's not how much you make but it is how you spend it. I make every edge of the axe cut that will."

"He Was Part of This Land," Saturday Evening Post, November, 1955. The source and well-spring of many of the author's values -- including love of the land -- was his father. Here is a son's eloquent and moving tribute.

I have looked for him all day, but I've not seen him. This is the time of year he liked to be going about. Always in April he was going with a seed bucket or a hoe or both. Sometimes he went down the road, driving a team, a big black horse and an even larger sorrel mare with a flaxen mane and tail. There he'd be sitting upon the little seat over the wagon bed with the leather check line in his hands. He was a little man, and he'd be sitting there on the creaking wagon, with plows, hoes, mattocks, axes and scythes loaded in the wagon bed. Often somebody would be with him. Sometimes he'd be going by himself.

He never drove or walked past that he didn't have from one to a half-dozen dogs following him. Only two were his own dogs. But other dogs liked him and his dogs, and they joined and trotted in front of the big horses or followed the wagon. This small man, with his wind-and-sun-tanned face, lean and spare, with a big nose and blue eyes and a kind voice for horses and dogs — I keep looking for him to drive the horses by, but I don't see him. I often think I hear his wagon and I go to the door and look, but it's something else. I hear the winds in the oaks on the hill, the big weeping willow and the wild-plum trees. . . .

Then, he passed here so many times with a hoe across his shoulder that I knew when I saw him coming with a hoe that he was either going to the pasture to clean out the water holes in the spring or going to hoe one of his many truck patches. He had truck patches all over this farm, from the valley to the top of the highest hill.

He planted potatoes on high hilltops in new ground, to grow them good and big if the season had plenty of rain. And, just to be sure, he would plant some in the old land down in the bottoms, where, if the season was dry, he'd still raise potatoes. He raised tomatoes in new ground, so they would have a soft, sweet taste. He set others in old ground to be certain of a crop. He planted corn, peas, beans and carrots, beets and lettuce this way too. He was the best gardener we have had in W-Hollow in my day. He got better with time. He studied land, plants and seasons each year. He never could learn all he wanted to know about them ...

I walked on up the valley to his barn. I could almost feel his presence there. In the mornings he always cleaned the stalls and rebedded them. Over there was his sweet-potato-plant bed. Below it was his garden. This time of year I should be able to hear his laughter. It always rode on the W-Hollow April winds. Or he might be out somewhere in a patch of dogwoods, for they were in bloom now. He always liked them. He always liked to find a dogwood beside a stream, where he could look at the white blooms and hear the water run at the same time. But I didn't see him beside the dogwoods up that way and I didn't see him beside the stream, full of singing, clean, blue April water.

It was not unusual for me to be looking for him. This entire valley was his beat. How many people have lived in this valley of W-Hollow since 1800 I don't know. Not many, if any, lived here before then. But of all the people who have lived in this valley since 1800 — no matter if they were older than the little W-Hollow man — not one of them knew more trees, wild flowers, cliffs, squirrel nests, hawks' and crows' nests and ground-hog and fox dens than he.

No one knew better where the wild strawberries grew or the hickory trees that bore nuts or the black and white walnuts.

No man had ever plowed more miles of furrow than he. He must have plowed enough land for a single furrow to reach around the world. Men have said that his plowpoint has hitched on more rocks and roots than any other man's. Old men and young men say his long-handled, gooseneck hoe has turned over more gravel, from year to year on every square foot of available W-Hollow farming land than any two other men's hoes. He knew this land. It was his land. It possessed him and he possessed it. He was a part of this land and it was a part of him.

Why do I keep looking for him? Why doesn't he come? Why do I think I hear him and his team go past when it is only the wind in the long green fronds of the weeping willow and in the strange, durable half-leafed branches of the oaks on the hill above this house? Why do I hear him on my walks? Why do I hear him just about everywhere, when it is only the wind and the rustle of April leaves against the wind? Why isn't he here?

He must be here. He couldn't leave this valley. He couldn't get away from it. Especially not now, while W-Hollow is in its array of wild flowers on every bluff. Wild alum, whipporwill flowers, sweet William, Percoon, wild iris, wild plums and dogwood's white sales cover the W-Hollow hills! This is the most beautiful valley in the world in April, when all the blooms are out. The small W-Hollow man kept all the fires but one out of W-Hollow, so wild flowers could grow and bloom and young timber could grow up as sound as silver dollars. He had a rare nose for smelling fire. Only one fire ever reached his acres, and lightning set it. But he got this one out, though it was set in three places at the same time.

He had worked and laughed a lot up until the morning of December twenty-third. In the afternoon, he sent for all of his children but me. I wasn't able to be there. He lay on his bed and gave instructions. He told them not to sell his team of horses. He told them to keep his bull. He warned them not to forget to grease the wagon wheels, make a new wagon bed and put new blocks on the brakes. He told them to be sure to put cup grease in the horsedrawn dish harrow and to plow and disk the garden early. He told them to clean up all the barnyard manure and get it onto the fields. Then he told them to spread line on the meadow and to go over the fences and to check water holes in the pastures.

After he gave instructions, he said he must soon be going. He smiled when he told my brother and sisters his feet had tickled the skin of W-Hollow earth more than the feet of any other man living or dead, and now he was ready to move on. Then he smiled broadly and breathed his last. He left a community he had worked so hard to improve, protect and keep beautiful. He had spent his lifetime in this valley and now he left it a better place to live.

Knowing all this, it is still hard for me to believe he is gone. This is why I think I hear him when it is only the wind in the willow leaves. I think I hear his hoe turning the stones over again in his corn row. How can he leave his world where the image of him is stamped invisibly upon everything? He is still a part of this valley, just as it is still a part of him.

"I Return to the Greatest Tradition in the World," Household, April, 1946. When the author returned from Naval service in World War II, he was delighted by the sights and sounds of his home, and rejoining his loved ones. He paused for these reflections on the American way of life.

When I was traveling over Europe the pictures of my part of America were always in my mind. Often I would sit and stare into space, looking at some old castle but not seeing it or thinking of the life that had grown old and cold in these medieval structures, but I would be thinking of the young hills of home without such traditions as the Europeans had. I would think of my American earth new and wonderful, my earth without malice, my earth that was strong and youthful with a long time to live. And I thought of the people, the spirit of the people, their friendliness and the good days we had had together.

And now, as I passed the schoolhouse and the athletic field where I had played many a game of football, my mind filled with the American tradition. Education, free if one wants it. Athletics that builds boys into men physically but gives them more than that. It teaches them to play the game fair. I remembered how our Professor

(Continued on Following Page)

'He Must Be Here—He Couldn't Leave This Valley'

Jesse's Father Source Of His Values

(Continued from Last Page)

Hatton had told us to play the game fair if we didn't win a game.

And then I thought about how boys had come to the high school from fine homes and how boys, like myself, had come from one-room shacks. This, too, was in the great tradition of America. Just to think I had as good a chance to get an education even if I were from a one-room shack as the boys in my class who were from fourteen-room houses. It was all the same. We were treated the same. America, our laws, our wonderful people, and our great forefathers who planned the dream of America, had seen to that. And now it was great to be back again to all of this, to see and feel the earth and atmosphere where my roots were planted, where I had grown to manhood. . . .

"What America Means to Me," American Magazine, 1951. The now-successful author delivers an address to 14,400 educators in Milwaukee. He looks back on his family's early poverty and remembers the hardship and sacrifice it took to get an education.

My mother was the educated one in our family. She had finished the second grade. When my father left the coal mine, he moved down into W-Hollow and rented a little farm. He bought a mule and plow and one cow. And he bought young oxen, broke them to the yoke, and plowed the rooty hillsides.

My father preached education for his family. He wanted one of his children to be a schoolteacher. Schoolteaching was the only profession of man that my father ever looked up to. And it was at Plum Grove, a one-room rural school high on a hilltop, that I learned to write the name that people ask me to sign today. It was the first thing I learned to write. I was so elated to put something down on paper that stood for a real something that I ran home and said to my father, "Pa, I can do something you can't do." He said, "What's that?" I said, "Write my name."

My father was embarrassed. He got my mother to teach him a signature which only the banker in his home town knows today. When my first teacher, Calvin Clarke, told my father that my sister and I were "bright pupils" who ought to stand at the head of our classes, my father was pleased. Calvin Clarke was 18 and taught 56 classes in six hours. Attendance ranged from 50 to 70 pupils, many older than he.

My schoolbooks were fabulous things. And my teacher, a high-school graduate, had all the knowledge in the world, I thought.

My father moved from farm to farm, always to better his position. Then I was forced to quit school. I worked by the day for 25 cents, my father and his horse worked for $1.50 per day. My mother got 25 cents per day for housework. . . .

I found work in Greenup, Ky., where the town was paving its streets. I got a job as water boy for 75 cents a day. Very easy work for me. Too easy. It was hard for the foreman of the paving company to get a man to pour cement into the concrete mixer. I asked for the job and got it. I was 15 then. I did as hard work as any man, for I held the job, which more than a dozen had quit, until the streets were paved.

It was there I saw my first high school — Greenup High School where well-dressed boys and girls walked leisurely on the streets. And I wanted to enter high school. With somewhere between 22 and 30 months of schooling at Plum Grove, I took a common-school examination on 11 subjects. Four of these I had never studied. I had to make an average of 75 and not below 60 on any subject. I made an average of 78. I made 59 on Composition, but I passed into high school anyway. . . .

My English teacher gave me a book of Robert Burns' poems. I wore it out as I carried it with me wherever I went. If Burns, a plowboy in Scotland, could do it, I, a plowboy in Kentucky, could do it. That's the way I looked at it. . .

Little did I know on the day I graduated from Lincoln Memorial University that 21 years later I would stand on the same platform and receive an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters. This was something I accepted with gratitude, yet with the deepest humility, since a number of men about my age rose in the audience and cheered. They were my classmates and I wasn't sure just who should receive the honorary degrees.

They had come to Lincoln Memorial when I did, and at that time they didn't have money or a decent suit of clothes. Today two are vice-presidents of insurance companies. Among them are doctors who have built their own hospitals in remote regions of Kentucky and Tennessee. Many are educators. This happened in America. It made me realize that America was a poor boy's country. That he could rise to unlimited heights if he were willing to work, if he had reasonable intelligence and good character.

When I returned home, the first college graduate in my family, my parents were proud of me. I had paved the way. Later my father's dream came true. He had four teachers from his five living children, three of whom were college graduates. The fourth had a year of college. All were high-school graduates. We are just one among thousands of American families where this has happened. We didn't let the chances come to us. We went out and found them. They are in America for all who are willing to look.

I was a teacher in a one-room rural school, a high school teacher, high school principal, and later superintendent of Greenup County schools. When I was elected superintendent my father rejoiced. To him this was the greatest honor any of his children ever received.

Then another thing happened for which I shall be eternally grateful. There was a family who came to America by the name of Guggenheim and they made some money in America. They put this money to a good cause. They gave, and still give, more than 100 fellowships each year to students in various fields from research to creative work in the arts and sciences. I applied for a fellowship and got it for creative writing. I didn't know the Guggenheims. I didn't know a member of the board who selected me. I was given $2,000 to spend abroad. I didn't have to report on how I spent this money. I didn't even have to report what I had written.

After 14 months in Europe, I returned to America with this feeling: I never knew America until I went to Europe. The Europeans were fine, hospitable people, but their opportunities were limited. I wondered what would happen if the young men and women in Europe had the chances America offered. I felt that the majority of these young people would not have to wait for the opportunities which might never come to them, but they would be able to go out and find them.

Now, I realized America didn't owe me a cent. I owed America. I owed thanks to over one million Americans who had bought my books. I owed thanks to book reviewers who had given me valuable criticism and praise and who had helped me to become a writer. I owed more than I could repay to my teachers, elementary, high school, and college. They had inspired me to do bigger and better things. I was indebted to editors of magazines who bought and published my stories and poems.

I was indebted to the editors and publishers of my books. All of these people had contributed to make me a writer. Not that my father's work had not been been honorable, but if I had been born and brought up in many countries I'd seen, I would have followed the occupation of my father — while in America a man can choose his own profession.

I returned to America on the Countess Savoy. When we passed the Statue of Liberty, if my arms had been long enough to reach from my ship, I would have hugged her neck. America is the dream. America is the place. America is it.

"Hard Work Built America and Can Save It," Progressive Farmer, 1966. Here is the author's conviction that hard work was an essential ingredient of America's success; he views the future with some concern.

Why do Americans have to work? What has made us this way? We have inherited something from a pioneer ancestry and from ambitious Europeans who have come to us year by year that they might better their lot in life. We have inherited plenty from an ancestry that carved a great country from a lonesome, vast, almost uninhabited continent. Our ancestors faced hostilities and hardships and, above all, they labored and looked ahead. Our restless, hard work with know-how has made us the wealthiest and the greatest producing nation on the face of the earth. We didn't achieve this without hard-working, industrious people.

But what about our future as workers? Will we continue to drive into the future as we have driven through the past? This question gives me great doubts and grave concern. When I was principal of McKell High School, about four acres of our school grounds had grown up in bushes and briars. Most of our 40 acres was farmed by our agriculture classes. This grown-up, ugly area, near the highway, wasn't then good farming land. I suggested that each one bring ax, mattock, scythe, hoe, and rake and that we clean this area. It was agreed.

When we first began, not one of us was working for pay; everybody came as promised. But as we progressed, afternoons after school and on Saturdays, my workers started leaving me. This happened though I was in there working with them, showing them how to swing a double-bitted ax which I could sink to the eye each time I struck a lick. Here were young men I had thought would stick to a job until it was finished. I knew their fathers and mothers to be good workers. A few of their parents I had taught. When we had finished clearing this land, I had three men left of the 30 who volunteered to help me. Who were they? Young men from little hill farms up at the head of the hollows who were used to work.

America's literary giants have written about their homelands, but none with more lyricism and eloquence than Jesse Stuart in "You Ask Me Where I'd Rather Live," American Forests, January, 1976. These are his recollections from Cairo, Egypt, as he talked to his students at American University there.

"I know where my country is. And I've never found a prettier place or a better place to live than the same one, one mile from where I was born."

Kentucky is my land. And I think I'm lucky to have been born only one mile from where I live today. Now, I wasn't here to choose the place where I was born. But had I been here, had travelled as much as I have in all the continental states of the United States and in ninety countries of the world, I would have chosen this same place. I would have chosen the very spot, the same little one-room house, near the mouth of a coal mine.

My place of birth in Kentucky was on a farm where land—when my father and mother lived there—wouldn't produce more than 25 bushels of corn per acre. My father was 26 and my mother 24 years of age when I was born on this hilltop overlooking W-Hollow on one side and Cedar Riffles on the Little Sandy River on the other. Here on a quiet evening we could hear the water riffling over the rocks down in the deep valley where the Little Sandy flowed. Up here we had a starry sky for a higher roof and the winds blowing over us sang sentimental songs — sang ballads, sang soft songs, loud songs, dirges and lullabies. What a world this was in which to be born! I couldn't have selected a better place. . . .

When spring comes to my Kentucky, I am out with it, in a land that has dogwoods and redbuds with their bee-laden blossomig tops, red sails and white sails rustling in a clean spring wind. Where is there a land with a more beautiful springtime? Where is there a more beautiful flower, our first blooming one — sometimes in the snow, than Trailing Arbutus? It has grown profusely on Breadloaf Hill in front of our home for 57 years — and longer. And it grows in land too poor to sprout popcorn. My land here is poor and won't grow good crops, but I've learned something. The most beautiful flowers grow in the poorest soil.

Then there is percoon (bloodroot) which grows from soft woodloam and is one of my favorite wild flowers. Springtime here in W-Hollow, East Kentucky, Appalachia, is really like living in paradise, with wildflowers, and blue streamlets coming from the hills. Often melted snow water joins the valley streams — rustling, curving, crawling like blue snakes down the narrow-gauged valleys to join the rivers that join more rivers and flow to the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. . . .

Here in Kentucky, summer is a season of growth and maturity. And it exercises to the fullest extent one of man's most earthy senses—smell. Summer here smells of growing tobacco in the hot July and August suns. The beauty and smell of tobacco blossoms on lazy carefree days when heat glimmers on the corn where young ears are forming, where white and brown silks droop from the ears like uncut hair on people's heads. Even the smell of the copperhead snakes can be picked up by sensitive human noses. The copperhead smells like cucumbers warm in the sun. I've seen men and women locate a lurking, ready-to-bite, venemous copperhead by his smell.

Then, where on earth are there more tangy summer smells than Kentucky smartweeds and ragweed, when on windless days, under intense heat their tops are bowed and wilted? There is even a tangy odor from a cucumber patch in Kentucky when the heat bears down from the sun and a slow lazy wind is blowing over with strange little eerie sounds. This is the time when katydids sing on the vines and the grasshoppers on the meadows are dancing and singing to the heights of their glory.

I must say I like the lazy summers here that are contagious enough to make men and women, domestic animals, and all wildlife lazy too.

Birds spend hot afternoons under the shade of leafy trees. Squirrels go to their summer leaf-nests. Woodchucks go to their cool holes in the ground. Lizards lie on tree branches with eyes closed, and cold-blooded snakes lie coiled alongside streams in wild honeysuckle and berry vines. The only living things that stir are human beings and the few animals they use for cultivation. Nearly all farm work anymore is done by machinery, so even domestic animals go for the shade on summer's hot afternoons.

In Cairo, in that land of perpetual green along the Nile, I lectured in October on the color of the autumn leaves back home and the wind in the leaves and the leaves raining down and over the earth carried by the disturbed winds of autumn. I told my students I would never teach again in a country where all is perpetual green—palms, bullrushes, evergreens—that I had to be in a land where there is a change in the color of the leaves.

I told them that autumn in Kentucky and on my farm in W-Hollow, is physical poetry. I told them about the trees that bear red leaves after frosts and the sassafras, sourwood, black gum, sweet gum, sugar maple, black sumac, red sumac. They listened to my homesick tales about autumn leaves in my part of America with more interest than they listened to my lectures in Advanced English.

I described the yellow or golden leaves such as are found on the yellow and white poplars, sycamores and on some maples. I told them about the silver-colored beech leaves and how great it is to see a beech grove with the autumn-turned leaves shining like polished silver in the sun. I told them about the brown-red billions of oak leaves on all the hills and in the valleys of my country. I took the seasons, the sounds of the winds and leaf pictures in lectures to my students and to other people in ninety foreign countries. I observed and brought home the mental pictures I had of their landscapes, cloudscapes, their mountains and seas.

When I think back on it, I've been happy in the 90 countries of the world where I have been — I've been happy in each one for a time. But I know where my country is. And I've never found a prettier place or a better place to live than the same one, one mile from where I was born.

Many Changes Have Occurred Over Past 200 Years In Roles Of Kentucky Women

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The role of women and the structure of the family has changed radically during the past 200 years. The following story details many of those changes, beginning at the Kentucky frontier with the life of a fictional pioneer woman.)

DRUDGERY—Life on the Kentucky frontier was no easier for women than men. With few commodities available until river travel became popular, women had to create for themselves and their families most of the necessities of life—or do without. They wore out early and died young, during childbirth, from disease or exhaustion.

By SUSAN WARREN
City Editor

Eliza was born in the 18th Century, the eighth living offspring of a family that in many ways exemplified the recently-won independence of America.

The family was truly independent in the sense that it was bound by no laws and very few social restraints. But in many ways, Eliza's life would reflect little "freedom" as we often interpert the word today. She and other women and men like her would be enslaved by the immense burden of trying to stay alive. Eliza was born to a pioneer family.

The cabin in which she took her first breath was hurriedly and not particularly sturdily built by her father and four brothers, who decided to settle in the hills of Eastern Kentucky after a long trek from Virginia. Here, they believed, they would be free to make a life, free to survive, if they were lucky.

By age 10, Eliza had already learned many of the basics of survival on the frontier, and quickly accepted her role in life. Had she been able to look into the far distant future, she would have been amazed to hear women referred to as the "gentle sex."

Frontier women lived lives of almost unrelievable drudgery. Yet the family unit was one of the most vital elements of survival. Children, while they may have been a pleasure, were most of all a necessity, and were born with a rapidity that makes the population explosion of the middle 20th Century seem more like a hum than a boom.

Scarcely half the children lived and their mothers frequently died with them at child birth. Men, too, often faced early and sometimes violent death, and the widowed quickly remarried. Both man and women needed the help of a mate.

During childhood, neither Eliza nor her brothers and sisters paid much attention to formal education, learning instead about practical matters that provided their livelihood and protected their lives. Children learned to identify trees and their qualities, as well as the ways of wild animals. Eliza's brothers learned to make snares and deadfalls to catch small animals and became alert to all sounds of the forest.

There was a school nearby, but attendance was spotty and school masters were little if any more educated than their oldest. The class met in a log cabin, but, because light was essential with oiled paper. Children sat on benches and recited their lessons aloud, sometimes in unison, although many were at different stages of learning.

Saturday was the day Eliza and just about everyone else awaited, when they went to the nearest village to buy, sell or swap. The men and boys with nothing to do occupied themselves with horse races, cock fights and dog fights, and sometimes man fights. Taverns sold wiskey by the drink and the store sold it for 25 cents a quart, making for Saturday merriment and sometimes trouble.

By 1790, law was informally administered on Saturday by justices of the peace who held court in the village. But the real justice was enforced by pioneers, who drove out horse thieves by beating them and burning their cabins, and sometimes decapitating murderers and exhibiting the head on a pole.

On Sunday, families traveled to the meetinghouse, where they spent the day shared on the grounds. The pioneers dressed in their best—though not fancy—clothes. Women went in calico, sometimes wearing a cherished black silk bonnet and bare feet. Men wore boots blackened with soot and grease and carried walking sticks, although they wore no coat to church during the summer.

By age 16, Eliza was married, and her wedding day was one of the biggest celebrations in the community. She wore a linsey petticoat, and the celebration continued for days. Weddings were even more popular than funerals, and were normally conducted in the home. In fact, in many accounts of pioneer weddings, religion is not mentioned.

One established custom called for the bride's father to set a quart of whiskey on his cabin doorstep, and from a mile away the male guests staged a wild horse race to get to it. The winner always gave the bridegroom the first swig.

After the ceremony and some celebration, the "honeymoon" began with the women putting the bride to bed in the cabin loft. The groom's friends offered him the same service. The partying continued downstairs, with occasional visits by the guests to the happy couple. While such a procedure would shock a young couple today, the pioneer youths expected it: they had been raised that way.

The celebration continued all the following day and on to the third, when the couple moved to their own cabin, surrounded by their friends who at, a given signal, began shouting, gunfire and pan-thumping all around the residence. This activity was called a shivaree. A horse fiddle filled the air, made of a well-rosined, empty barrel, bowed with a rosined fence rail.

When the festivities finally died down, Eliza and her new husband began their life together—a life dominated by gruelling work. Far from access to basic supplies, they made their own salt by boiling down water from the salt springs. When they found caves of saltpeter, they ground it up in hominy blocks and made gunpowder.

Eliza and others like her had to make their own cloths from scratch. They planted fax and undertook the laborious work of preparing it for spinning. Spinning wheels were often made in the cabin where they were to be used.

Soon Eliza bore children, and as they grew, they, too, took part in the daily chores. They shelled corn, milked and cared for the cows, and operated the tall dasher churn to make butter. Eliza made cheese from excess milk.

For Eliza and her family, there were no shortcuts. The soap she made from fat and woodashe lye was extremely strong and not particularly pleasant to smell. While the end product could be hardened with salt, few frontier women bothered.

For supper, Eliza often stuffed cleaned pigs' intestines with her fingers, using meats she chopped into bits with an ax.

To wash clothes, she caught rainwater in pails, heated it over an outdoor fire, and beat the wet garments on a stump with a club to get the dirt out. Few women ironed, but those who did heated a sadiron on the hearth and used a bench for an ironing board.

As Eliza grew older, she saw few changes in the quality of life. Education did improve somewhat, and by the late 1790s the Kentucky General Assembly had passed an act to provide existing counties with the proceeds to purchase land and erect school buildings.

Eliza died before the first steamboat made its way down the Ohio in 1811.

Basically, the role of women and the family structure changed little during the first half of the 19th Century, although it was made invaluably easier by the coming of the industrial revolution. Sewing machines and other inventions had a large impact on the life of a woman, and though the nature of her chores changed little, their accomplishment progressed considerably.

Eliza's progeny had the river to thank for much of their goods, and when the railroads came, life improved even more. Many husbands now worked at crude iron furnaces that were springing up in the Ohio Valley, although agriculture remained a mainstay.

Of course, women still had no legal rights, being the wards of their husbands or nearest male relative. However, few families arranged marriages and brides usually chose their mates out of love. Dowries were never popular here, as they were in Europe, although fathers who could afford it sometimes lavished expensive gifts. In Eastern Kentucky, the "dowry" could consist of a few farm animals to get the young couple started.

Divorce was not common, and on the frontier sometimes consisted of a mutual decision to disband.

But while women had gained little in the way of legal rights, some attitudes were changing and women gained more freedom and were given more responsibility. Women were gaining respect, and reportedly could travel alone safely just about anywhere. In some places, they were even given jobs, though wages were incredibly low.

As Eastern Kentucky became less and less a frontier, some more fortunate women were blessed with certain touches of elegance. The most genteel ate with a fork—and with the left hand, copying the English—but many considered to be well-mannered raised food to their mouths with a knife blade.

Recreation became a bit more sophisticated, and Eastern Kentucky was not without its fancy balls and other social occasions. In the middle and late 1800s, balls were conducted in Greenup County in the Masonic building and Kouns House, and in 1880 a hall was constructed on Harrison Street.

Kentucky women faced somewhat less grief during the Civil War than their neighbors, with Kentucky's neutrality sending fewer men to battle. But probably more than anywhere else, women here were faced with families divided: the loyalties of those who did fight were often at odds within the family, brother against brother, father against son.

By the turn of the century, life was incredibly easier than it had been 100 or even 50 years earlier. The years that brought the "Gay Nineties" brought new freedom for women, though not from the restraints of the law.

Social changes was coming rapidly through the early 20th Century, to a climax in 1920 when the status of women reached an all-time high.

But contitions didn't remain so well for long. Women had barely been given the right to vote when they discovered their new-found status gave them the "right" to work from before dawn until after sunset in the sweatshops, sometimes for as little as 60 cents for a 50-hour week.

While the women of Eastern Kentucky were spared much of that agony, the Depression was not without its effects. Many husbands were now working for the government—the WPA.

Slowly but surley the nation—the men and the women—pulled out of the bad times and headed for economic recovery. And thus began 25 years of such radical social change that, had Eliza been around, she probably would have thought she was in a different world—and a different world it was.

Although the 1840s were relatively non-consequential, the 50s began an era which, in a sense, is continuing today.

The Easter 1954 issue of McCalls introduced "togetherness," a concept which quickly became so popular that it took on overtones of a social crusade. While television was thought to have a wide impact on social mores—more violent and franker about sex—it was relatively non-controversial, reflecting the times.

In the middle 1950s came a new concept in living, suburbia. Suburban of American husbands were helping their wives with the housework. Youngsters began going steady in high school.

Since 1939, the average women had shrunk three of four sizes, and placed a great deal of emphasis on cosmetics and wardrobes. Metracal made its appearance, as did Clairol.

By the late 1950s, the birth in America skyrocketed. Women were abandoning careers and college to marry and reproduce. Some aging suffragetts worried about women's haste to seemingly ignore their hard-won independence, but their voices were infrequently heard.

Many coeds left the classroom to take menial jobs to support their husbands education, jokingly working on their Ph.T.—Putting Husband Through.

But almost as quickly as the emergence of "togetherness" came its counterpart. By the 1960s, marriage, as well as many other institutions, was being challenged.

Divorce became more common, as did the women who chose to remain single. The impact of improved birth control methods and popularity of "the pill" was tremendous.

Teenagers, who 200 years before worked side-by-side with their parents, were now talking about the "generation gap." It appeared that economic abundance and the easiness of life, with plenty of leisure time, was causing a social upheaval.

One particularly interesting phenomenon came about in the late 1960s in the form of the rock concert, a social event seemingly far removed from the festivities of frontier days, yet oddly similar.

Still in the embryonic stage during most of the 60s radicalism was the women's movement, yet it was to become probably the most far-reaching effort for change. By the early 1970s, the image of the satisfied fortyish housewife with teenage children and a successful husband was no longer acceptable to many.

Women's libbers began calling marriage "slavery," "legalized rape," and "unpaid labor." But as with most radical movements, women's lib now appears headed on a more moderate course. Most women still marry, though many choose to simultaneously pursue careers, and women are receiving in many cases pay equal to that of men.

The nation's bicentennial appears to come during a leveling off period. Possibly, the current wave of reflection is being brought about in part by the very fact of the bicentennial. Yet, like Eliza 200 years ago, the 1976 woman has little hope of comprehending what the next 200 years will bring.

Early Kentucky's Land Hunger Typical

By THOMAS D. CLARK

A Bicentennial Essay

The crazy pattern of Kentucky counties and the dates of their founding gives an excellent sense of the thrust of early settlement west of the mountains. The pattern goes almost in a swirl outward from the central areas with some accretion occurring from within. If any one fact in Kentucky history stands out over another it is the magnetizing influence of land, and the feverish in-rush of settlers after 1775 amply documents this assertion.

The Kentucky land hunger was to become characteristic of most of the rest of the history of frontier America. Within the confines of the commonwealth there occurred land grabbing for the sake of ownership and agriculture, a claiming of mineral properties in the form of salt licks, and subsequently iron and coal, and in the latter half of the 19th century the exploitation of timber resources. It was here on the western slope of the Appalachians that Americans matured the process of pioneering which has become such an indelible part of American expansionist history.

No one section of Kentucky, however, can claim a monopoly on the romance, adventure, or bitter experience of making settlement on an Indian and revolutionary threatened frontier. Every section and every county has its own story of pioneer people experiencing trials and triumphs in proportion to their situations and moments of making settlement. Geographically, it was inevitable that the strategic area about the confluence of the Ohio and Big Sandy rivers would figure heavily in the development of an Anglo-American civilization along the "western waters." This was an important water and Indian crossroads which had been followed by thousands of American aborigines reaching back even into the pre-historic past. Artifacts discovered in parts of the Ohio and Big Sandy valleys attest this fact. The various passages from the Big Sandy into the western Virginia valleys and on into the eastern piedmont formed a route of primitive travel and human movement. Subsequently, this narrow geographical waist comprised passageways for adventure, commercial travel, and emigration into the Ohio country.

There is little or no practical historical gain in dealing with "firsts" in tracing the past of an area. It is important, however, to examine the influences which have borne upon the foundations of settlements and the development of local culture and economics. Like the Cumberland Valley with its direct access to Cumberland Gap, the Big Sandy country was visited by Thomas Walker and his party in mid-18th century. Walker plastered permanently on the land a nomenclature, and a mild controversy as to how the name "Louisa" was turned into "Levisa."

In a Kentucky pioneer history which was so highly colored by personal adventures, Indian confrontations, and conflict there is no more exciting personal story than the capture and escape of Jennie Sellards Wiley by both Shawnee and Cherokee Indians. No dime novelist ever created a more fantastic story. In her approximately 11 months captivity Mrs. Wiley underwent trials and anxieties which would have broken most persons. She saw a brother and most of her children murdered by Indians, and subsequently the baby which she rescued was smashed against a tree and killed. Left alone with her grief and anxiety, Mrs. Wiley was under constant threat of death.

She escaped her captors and under somewhat miraculous circumstances she reached the blockhouse on the Levisa River. In the various accounts of Jennie Wiley's captivity and escape, and in the history of Harman's Station or Blockhouse, occur the names of Henry Harman, Henry and James Skaggs, Robert Hawes, and the names Damron and Draper. The Skaggs, especially, were well informed about much of the Kentucky country. These long hunters had traveled rather extensively in the region.

The Big Sandy Valley has an intimate historical association with the early adventures of Simon Kenton. In the harsh winter of 1773-1774, Kenton, George Yeager, and a lad named Strader spent some time at the mouth of the Big Paint Creek. In fact, Kenton may have returned alone to this site to live in a flimsy lean-to cabin.

Once the western country was opened to occupation, settlers drifted through the mountain passes and down the rivers almost as silently as the falling of the dews. Land scouts were active along the rivers during the latter quarter of the 18th century, and in the first decades of the 19th some of the areas had become populous enough to bring about the formation of counties. The first county to embrace the eastern area was Fayette, created in 1780, and following that decade frequent subdivisions were made. Bourbon was created in 1785 and Floyd in 1799. The last county in this area was Knott, organized in 1884. The mere creation of counties was insignificant as compared with the process of transferring political and social institutions. The Virginia land laws of 1776 and 1779 prevailed, and with them everlasting boundary confusions, overlapping claims, and defectively drawn and registered deeds. This fact alone became the warp of much of Kentucky's legal and economic history, and in no part of the state were there greater implications of conflict and uncertainty than in eastern counties. Except for the fertile valleys and creek bottoms this region was one of cheap lands, subsistence farming, and tremendous economic isolation during the formative years of Kentucky economy.

In the organization of Kentucky society, cultural institutions, politics, and economic patterns there have ever been sharp contrasts. In the early years when Kentucky farmers, in the surplus producing counties, were so vitally concerned with the western and diplomatic issues, the subsistence eastern counties were all but oblivious to these matters.

The economic fate of this part of the state lay in areas other than farming. The riches of the land were not primarily in the fertility of broad acres of fields and meadowlands. They were only partially visible in the form of the great virgin forest which produced highly diversified harvests of fine timber. The other resources lay beneath the surface in rich veins of minerals which in the long draw of history promised even greater returns than the dramatic lands of the central and Ohio flood plane counties.

This timber-mineral frontier was largely an isolated pioneering land existing solidly within the matrix of the broader American expansion. It would be an adventurous historian who would attempt to explain all of the facts and forces which shaped the great folk movement into eastern Kentucky. The sources of human origins for this region were essentially the same as for the population stream which flowed across the frontiers of Tennessee, western Virginia, the Carolinas, and the lower south. There has existed a direct blood kinship in all these areas. Human beings drifted into valleys in eastern Kentucky and became landlocked both as to outward movement and social aculturation.

Viewed from the perspective of historical "arrest" the mode of life in the Appalachians became an imporant human laboratory pocket of 18th century mores and cultural expressions.

From a positive viewpoint of comparative social history, Kentucky, and especially the eastern and southeastern counties, have made interesting contributions to American social history. After the first movement of settlers flowed into the Appalachians, the westward movement tended to by-pass the region. This was to have a sharp bearing upon the extension of time of this area of American social arrest. In many ways it is a sharp contradiciton in Kentucky history that between 1790 and 1850 so much of the westward movement actually drifted past the very door of both eastern and central Kentucky with only a miniscule amount of it settling in the land. Because of this, the Kentucky country failed to attract new emigration which might have added a powerful new leaven to an older social complex.

Internally, the major political leadership in Kentucky during its first century was centered in the more fertile central counties, and in the two rising urban centers of Lexington and Louisville. This fact was reflected pointedly in the formation of the first two Kentucky constitutions, and in large measure in the two later ones. Kentuckians who attained national leadership status, with few exceptions came from this region. There, however, have come tremendously important shifts of centers of influence in the state.

After 1870 the economic and political patterns of Kentucky underwent changes. With an expansion of American industrialism the resources of both eastern and western Kentucky became tremendously important. Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota have glorified their lumbering histories in formal literature and the creation of folk characters, but to date no one has written of this industry in Kentucky. The days of harvest of the virginal mountain timber stand were as exciting as any in the land. There were, it is true, no bug-infested logging camps, no heavy winter seasons of cutting and snaking logs, no immigrant loggers, and no heroic songs, but there were rugged mountain men who gathered logs from a thousand hills and impounded them behind numberless splash dams awaiting spring and fall "tides" to drift them away to the mills.

It took men of sinewy muscle and iron courage to ride clumsy log rafts, bucking and turning through swirls, narrows, and rocky shallows of mountain streams. Literally thousands of hill raftsmen rode their charges abreast the floods of the Big Sandy, the Cumberland, Kentucky, and Licking to mills in Nashville, Frankfort, Louisville, Catlettsburg and Cincinnati. Between 1870 and 1920 they virtually denuded the mountain empire of its magnificent stand of trees.

Opening of the Kentucky coalfields and their continued exploitation, while not producing the immediate monetary returns of the California gold rush of 1848, over the long range of history has returned greater riches, and involved all of the color and drudgery of the great western mineral rushes of romantic record. Again there is lacking a sober historical appraisal of this chapter of Kentucky history which would place much of the state's human and economic experience in much clearer focus. It is nothing short of being shameful that there prevails a fear that such an objective appraisal would be purely negative in its treatment.

In some respects it is almost tragic that in celebrating two centuries of state and national history so much of it is cast in purely contemporary terms of pioneer beginnings. Three of the most exciting accomplishments of Kentucky over the past two centuries are the fact its people have broken its land-bound isolation which trapped so completely large segments of its population by building highways through rugged terrain which taxed both human integrity and economic capability.

Second, after an unreasonably extended period of failure to act decisively, the state developed, in form at least, an effective public educational system which has ignored both geographical and economic barriers.

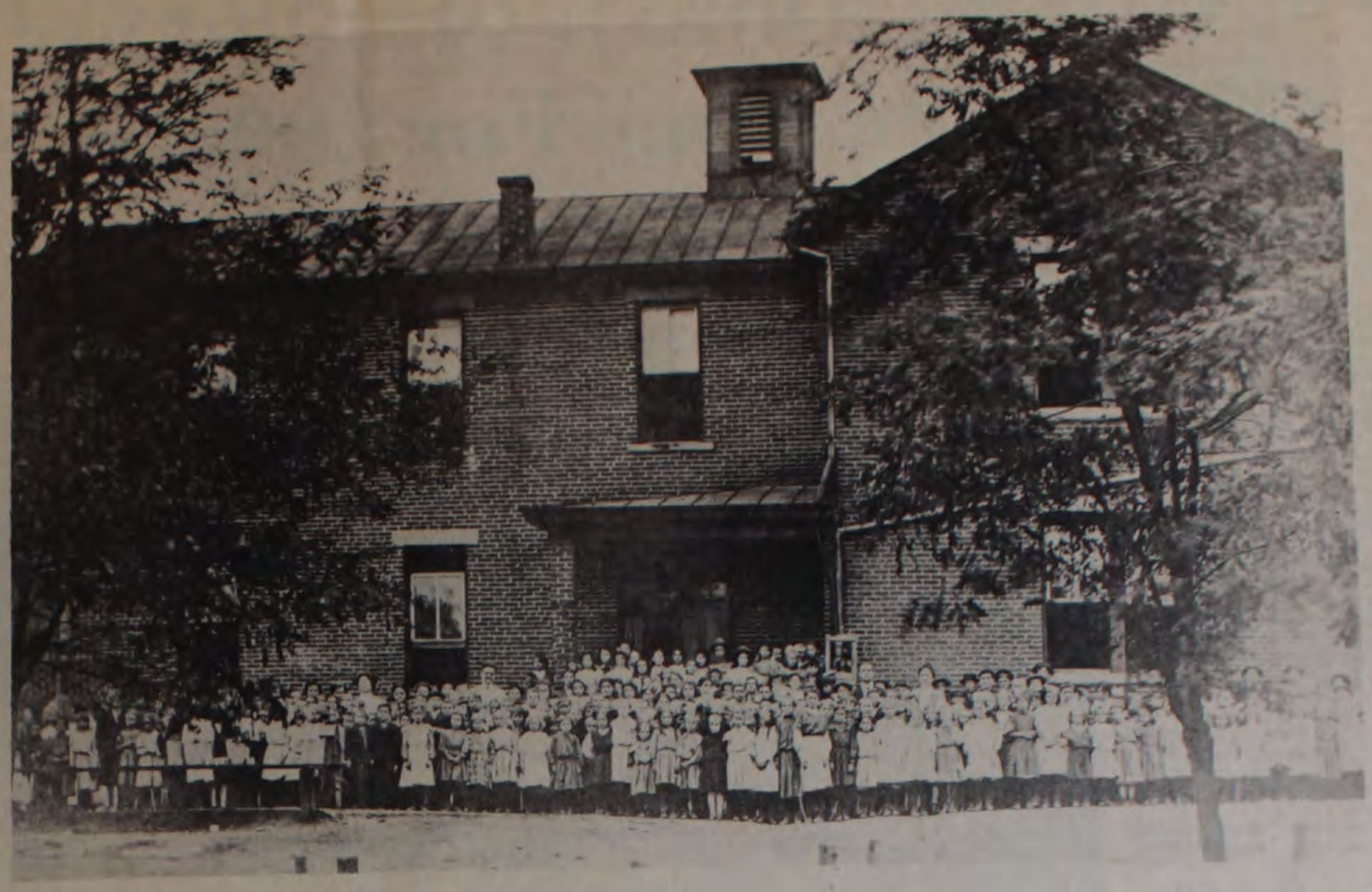
Third, in recent decades of the 20th century, Kentucky has undergone a pheonmenal social and economic revolution which has turned it away from being a rural agrarian state into one in which the scales of urbanization are heavily tipped against the traditional past.

Every county and community has its own factual past, no matter how isolated or culturally laggard they have been. Collectively, however, all of this comprises a fascinating record of two centuries of variegated Kentucky history. The fact that the state has developed over two centuries so many sectional differences has made it a land of sharp and exciting contrasts.

Along with the exploitation of the land, the development of such a highly diversified social and cultural institutional structure, and the creation of a variable pattern of economic growth, Kentucky in the past century has produced an exciting authorship which has portrayed many of the forces which have given distinctive flavor to its regions. There are few states in the Union which have produced so much provocative local history of both negative and positive values as Kentucky. Fundamentally, the Commonwealth has generated two centuries of rich memories of a ruggedly individualistic past.

Although he was born in Mississippi, one of the best-known writers of Kentucky history is Thomas D. Clark of Lexington.

Dr. Clark made his fame as an historian while teaching at the University of Kentucky from 1931 to 1968. He is a distinguished professor of American history at UK, and from his retirement there and until 1973 served as distinguished professor of history at Indiana University. Among his many books are "Bluegrass Cavalcade," "Frontier America," "The Emerging South" and "Kentucky: Land of Contrast." He holds a bachelor's degree from the University of Mississippi, a master's from UK and a doctorate from Duke University, as well as honorary degrees from Lincoln Memorial University, Washington and Lee University, the University of Louisville, Berea College and UK.



Members of the faculty gather with students in front of the old Pollard School.

Early Schools Operated Mostly In Summer

By GEORGE WOLFFORD
Regional Editor

Formal schooling followed closely the initial settlement in the Little Sandy Valley, perhaps even before 1800. William S. Gholson, keeper of the Salt Works Store, noted in the back of his account book:

"Cynthia and Billy began school, May 1, 1811.

"J. Harvey Gholson began school on Monday the 28th of May, 1811."

Such schools were kept only in the good weather of summer, usually in rude buildings set up in worn-out cropland, giving rise to the term "old field schools." They were primitive, of chinked logs, stack chimneys, clapboard doors and earthen floor. Teachers and pupils drew their own water and picked up firewood in the forests. Students sat on puncheon seats, made of a split log with legs in the rounded side. Teachers' meager pay came in farm produce — pork, corn or whiskey — and teacher boarded in some pupil's home. Tuition ran $1 to $3 a month for the entire 19th century.

After 1838, state aid was offered counties in the first sharing of federal revenue and community schools became official districts, governed under a three-man trustee system.

The 1840 census recorded eight schools in Lawrence with 176 scholars; Carter had 40 pupils, with only two schools 10 years later. Presbyterians set up a two-story school in the Poage community (Ashland) in 1839.

William Ely, with little regard for educators of his youth, said this in 1883:

"Early teachers had little education, and more to their discredit, they drank whiskey, sometimes taking their bottles to school, getting drunk in the morning and remaining in that condition all day. A teacher who could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three was qualified to teach a school. Now state law requires a teacher to prove moral character and the people refuse to hire one who drinks liquor."

If you couldn't do anything else, you could evidently teach, according to one court suit in Carter. "Jefferson Bell knows no more about a salt furnace than a hog about holiday," said a deposition in 1838. Other papers in the case noted he had been a teacher on Little Sandy, apparently as far back as the earliest 1800s.

Local stores stocked McGuffey's readers (at 37½ to 50 cents) and Ray's Arithmetic (6¼ cents) in 1859. After 1869, Harvey's Reader and Butler's Grammar were added, with school commissioners, the counterpart of today's superintendents, calling for uniformity in texts through a county. Teachers began using a hand bell to summon their pupils about 1870.

Though the trustee system and its close-home politics ruined many small districts, still they grew, with some spanning county lines. There were 73 in Lawrence in 1859, and 98 by 1908.

Rude logs gave way to planking, and sometimes even brick. Pot-bellied stoves replaced the open fire. There were teachers' institutes, or three-day courses, and certification became necessary — based on an interview by the superintendent.

Ashland adopted a 22-cent local school support tax in 1856. Six years later L. E. Warner started the Beech Grove Academy here, first in a list of such schools that would mean so much to the region.

Other professors included Dr. Jayne at Flat Gap, G. W. Wroten at Louisa and G. Milton Elam at Blaine, aided by W.W. Sweatnam. In the 17 years the Blaine Academy operated (1883-1910), it added four months of extended study to the public term of five months and charged $2 a month tuition. Enrollment ranged from 50 to 100, including pupils from surrounding counties and states. Understood to be a "normal school" for teacher training, subjects also included Latin, German, algebra and geometry. The product of Elam's school, measured in 1925, included 70 physicians, 27 lawyers, 13 school superintendents, 17 ministers, three circuit judges, five county attorneys, two commonwealth's attorneys, four state representatives, four state senators, two college presidents, one congressman and about 700 teachers.

Private schools flourished under different names. Ashland Collegiate Institute, started in 1887. Kentucky Normal College first set up in Prestonsburg, but moved to Louisa in 1906. Holy Family Business College began in 1895, St. Paul's Lutheran in 1902. J. W. Lusby operated a normal school which turned to Christian training and is now known as Kentucky Christian College. Methodists set up Erie Industrial School as a mission outreach at Olive Hill in 1913, moving from Harlan County.

Behind them came private high schools, with Ashland's Central High School (later Crabbe) going up in 1895. Others were mainly built between 1916 and 1935 by cities acting as independent school districts. Counties soon began high schools, but found their resources hampered because urban taxation went to the independent schools.

Finance had long been a problem with education. State aid ran from 70 cents per pupil per year in 1860 to $8.15 in 1930. It would jump to $107 in 1960, after passage of the Minimum Foundation Program, and $300 in 1970 after addition of an education-oriented state sales tax.

In 1922, Kentucky surveyed this area to locate a teachers' college, and after a touring party studied Ashland, Paintsville, Louisa and West Liberty, it was located at Morehead. Before this, persons wanting college education had left the area, going mainly to National Normal College at Lebanon, O., to Berea or Kentucky State College (now known as University of Kentucky).

Between 1920 and 1940, county school districts began to strengthen, erasing the traditional trustee or independent systems. It created a new base of power — the superintendent. Strong men rose and they held office because of their handling not only of human relationships, but Depression financing, wartime shortages and a continuing trend toward consolidation. These included L. C. (Tobe) Caldwell in Boyd; Bill Cheek in Lawrence; Roscoe Stephens in Greenup; Herman Horton in Carter (succeeded at death by Heman McGuire); and Curt Davis in Elliott. These men and others of their nature in Eastern Kentucky directed the educational establishment which trained or taught most of today's active public.

Consolidation came in two phases. First, districts merged into a county unit, although grown-up communities remained independent, at least for a time. In Carter County, eight districts went together over a 10-year period; in Boyd, Catlettsburg held on to independence until 1974, while two more districts remain that way. Consolidation of districts still looms as a major prospect in three counties (Boyd, Greenup, Johnson).

The second part of consolidation came with busing pupils from tiny one-room schools to larger centers. The 100 schools of Lawrence in 1934 factored to four by the end of classes in 1976. Resisted locally by pride and court suit, high school amalgamation came harder. Yet, such forces as academic variety and athletic power combined to bring about central high schools, as in Johnson County, where Flat Gap, Meade Memorial, Oil Springs and independent Van Lear went together.

Other changes were both physical and social. By 1945, individual desks began to appear, and books which more closely reflected the lifestyle of Kentuckians began to be used in the schools. At war's end, few teachers had degrees, but by a concentration of state effort, promoted by educational opportunities in the GI Bill and by salary schedules scaled upward with increased education, teachers began going back to school. Wages snaked slowly upward for instructors, from $40 a month in 1899 to $46 in 1919 to $84 in 1930 and very little more by 1950.

Adoption of the Minimum Foundation Program in the mid-50s added a new financial dimension, effectively giving poor districts a way to get the same amount of per-pupil expenditure as a richer system. Within eight years a sales tax aimed at aiding education came upon the commonwealth. Education remained in the financial spotlight, drawing new attention as teacher strikes and professional negotiation came to the front.

But the focus was on pupils, and though educators could point with pride at the physical and personal gains of the systems, flaws remained particularly in the finished reading ability of a student ready to graduate from high school.

Vocational training, made available first at Mayo School in Johnson and now in most counties, has offered new avenues for students who want to learn, but not books. Similarly, two-year technology programs at Morehead and two University of Kentucky Community Colleges (Ashland and Prestonsburg) allow education to play a major role in the professional career of the non-graduate.

Theories of educational practice remain in constant flux, but even with the allegation of decreased reading capacity, observers likely note today's high school graduate has a two-year jump on his grandfather — maybe more. It's been a long way from the little red schoolhouse to the campus high school and community college, but education hasn't yet reached its nadir.

Work Hard, Play Hard—Story Much The Same For 200 Years

Life on the farm was hard and there was little time or energy for recreation.

By MIKE RELIFORD
Independent Sports Editor

Although 200 years seperates us from the colonists who first claimed the title of Americans, there is little difference between then and now when it comes to man's search for leisure time and what to do with it when he finds it.

The only significant difference would seem to be that the colonists were forced to mix pleasure with work more, but they still practiced that hardy tradition of people who work hard should play hard.

Of course, the extent to which people played depended a lot on their position in life and their backgrounds then and, being a young country, they found more enjoyment out of building and surviving that the less-hardier Americans of today realize.

Perhaps the best way to summarize 200 years of recreation, leisure time and sports would be to break things down a bit, beginning the survey with those colonists of the last quarter of the 18th Century.

COLONIAL PERIOD

During the period right before the Revolutionary War and a quarter of a century after, little change occurred in the way people spent their free time and found pleasure in living.

But, just as you will find certain areas preferring one type of entertainment over another today, the colonists widely varied in their activities depending on their circumstances in life and where they lived.

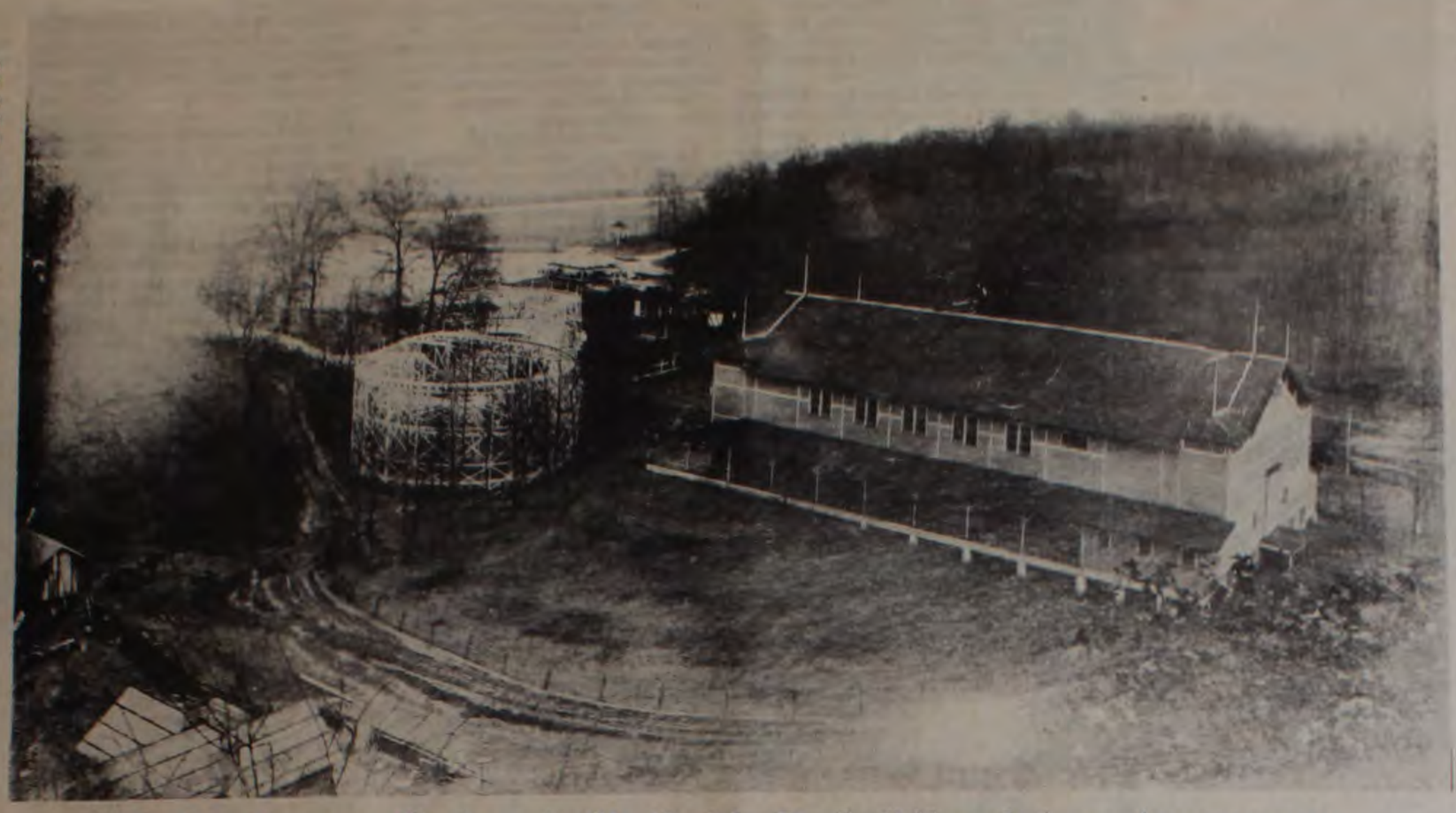
In the early colonial period, the recreational opportunities available were naturally limited, thus that famous Thanksgiving Day feast must have really been something to remember. The harsh conditions of that period left little time for anything but survival.

However, by the time the colonists were starting to think of themselves as not really belonging to England any longer, conditions had changed considerably. There was still plenty of work, with work consuming 90 per cent of their waking moments, but life was still much better than when the country was first settled.

As conditions improved, a gradual but sure change took place in all of the colonies, with only New England impeding the advancement of normal recreational developments because of the religious prejudice of Puritanism. While the other colonies greatly improved their standards of living, leaders in both Massachusetts and Connecticut vigorously attempted to suppress almost all kinds of amusements. They had bans not only on the theater but on card playing, horse racing, tavern sports and dancing.

While the Puritans kept their noses to the grindstone, the rest of the country was beginning to find there wasn't an "Injun" behind every bush, and you could plow a field only so many times before your work was done.

So, keeping in mind that the Puritans are exceptions, let's look at the four types of Americans during that period and what you might find each doing in his spare time. Remember, however, that despite marked improvements, spare time at this time was still at a premium.



Roller Coaster, Casino At Clyffeside Park Offered Area Amusement

Southern Planters

The Southern planters filled their homes with luxuries from the Old Country, including such time-consuming items as wines and books. Theirs was a life which much resembled their English brothers. They were, in a sense, a part of England carried overseas to the New World in that they had more in common with Englishmen in the Old Country than they had with the frontiersmen and small farmers who lived only a short distance farther inland. Yet, when the break with England finally came, some of the Southern planters were among the first to take up the fight for independence.

Perhaps the best example of the lifestyle of this type of American can be found by looking to George Washington. Washington isn't really a bad example to use since most of his lifestyle was equal to those favored Southern plantation owners.

Since the plantations were more or less isolated from one another, visits were frequently exchanged by the planters. Washington, during two months in 1768, entertained guests on 29 different days and dined in conversations or at cards. Out of this custom there developed the tradition of Southern hospitality that has continued to this day.

Like the other planters, Washington was proudest of his horses and his pack of hounds. Dressed in red hunting clothes from England, he took great pleasure in "riding to the hounds." In his diary he discloses that during January and February of 1769 he went fox hunting 15 times.

Many of the richer planters also started a tradition of "summer homes" in reverse. Many owned town houses in Charleston, Williamsburg or Annapolis where they spent several months each year. During this stay they enjoyed dancing, music, art, dramatics and lectures. They also played a lot of cards, watched cock fights and horse races and went fox hunting.

No mention could be found of what the people who worked for these wealthy plantation owners did with their leisure time, but one text book did mention that there was none. The indentured servant really had no life of his own.

The Townspeople

Like the Southern planters, the wealthier townspeople in all of the colonies, north and south, dressed and acted like wealthier Englishmen in the Old Country.

Like their brothers, the social life of the wealthy townsmen centered in the banquet hall and elaborate dances. They rode to these festivities in fancy carriages with all of the trimmings and had servants as coachmen and outriders.

They also enjoyed card playing, horse racing and cockfighting and had the theater year-round instead of part of the time like the planters. In Boston, however, strict Puritan ideas still prevailed and such recreations were either frowned upon or forbidden by law.

The joyous social life was confined, of course, to a handful of the townspeople. The household servants usually lived in simply furnished rooms over the family quarters and the artisans often lived in quarters behind the small shops. The only leisure time for these people was when they were sleeping to rest up for another long day on the job.

The Pioneer Farmer

Even though the townspeople and wealthy planters were slowly growing away from England, the area of America that was most different from the Old World lay back from the seacoast. Here, in the country, lived more than 90 per cent of all the colonists.

The pioneer farmer rose at dawn and went to bed at dusk. There were few books, even for those who could read, and the pioneers felt little need to light the cabins at night, using only the glow from the fireplace.

Life on the farm was hard and there was little time or energy for recreation. Nevertheless, the settlers did manage on occasion to combine work and play and enjoy some of life.

When a newcomer was ready to build his cabin or needed some land cleared, all of the surrounding farmers were ready to help with the heavy work. "House-raisings" were major events and sometimes lasted for several days. The men would work in the mornings while the women prepared a big dinner.

Right after eating they usually took time out for some sporting events such as wrestling, foot racing and shooting contests. In the early evening someone would pull out the fiddle and they would dance until dark. The process started all over the next morning until the house was finished.

As more and more farmers moved into an area, there became more things for people to do and more time in which to do them. When the churches came on the scene it became a great meeting place for young and old alike. A wedding was always an opportunity for festivity. On election day all work stopped and on training days the local militia would drill in an open field and then spend the afternoon in sports and conversation.

The Frontiersmen

The most American of all the colonists was the frontiersman, the man who settled on the frontier forest land to the west of the settled communities. It was essentially a man's world and few women ventured into it.

Scraping out a living on the frontier was hard work and there was little time for games. But now and then the frontiersmen for miles around would gather together for companionship and sports.

Their recreation reflected the hard, rough life that they led. Hunting was both a necessity and a pleasure, so they were crack shots with the rifle. Shooting matches were common and often it was tough to determine a winner.

Games of sheer physical strength also furnished most of the fun. They held foot races, wrestling matches, jumping contests and other demonstrations of pure strength. They would hurl a tomahawk or fling a heavy wood fence rail. In the evenings, they would sit around a fire and swap colorful tales and jokes.

So there you have it, the four main types of colonists ... and how they spent their free time.

The one activity they all had in common, even in the Puritan colonies despite the religious rules, was drinking. Taverns were to be found everywhere and the activities were always enlivened by a "plentiful flow of spirituous liquors."

The taverns offered quite a number of entertainments after you crossed the portals. There were cards, dice, quoits, shuffle board, bowling, ect.

The early colonists also found time to play the English version of football in the towns, but they needn't have brought the game from England. When Boston was only 50 years old, an Englishman named John Dinton was traveling in New England and saw a football game being played by the Indians of the area. The only difference in their game and England's according to Dinton was the "Indians are not so apt to trip one another's heels and quarrel as I have seen 'em in England."

Well, the Indians weren't bloodthirsty savages when it came to football, anyway.

There is one other group of people to look at in the colonial period. In addition to the wealthy planters, the townspeople, the pioneer farmer and the frontiersmen, there were children ... and children everywhere were the same.

The Children

Lacking the advantages, or disadvantages (depending upon your frame of mind at the time), of our children today, these tykes depended mainly on games which involved ingenuity and imagination. There weren't many toys, only crude, hand-made objects, so most of their games involved words, music, imagination and physical strength. Many of these fun things, like the pioneer boy learning to use a gun or tomahawk, were also to the advantage of the family's safety.

In a history book on colonial children, we find listed under games and pastimes many of the things normal children today would try. Just for fun, a youngster then would dam up running water like a youngster today would dam up a section of gutter. The colonial youngsters used small saucers for a boat and floated them in streams, they played dice and chess, made mud pies and played with river shells.

They played with balls, tossed rings, told riddles, blew soap bubbles, played with spinning tops, played hop scotch and about 18 variations of tag. They also flew kites. They danced around the May pole, shot marbles, played hide-and-seek, thread the needle, went fishing, played blindman's bluff, cricket, a form of baseball, trap-ball, went swimming, played leap frog and loved to ride horses.

Do you recognize such things as: here we go round the mulberry bush; ring around the rosy; I put my right foot in; and London Bridge is falling down? If you do then you'll know how little children have changed. These singing games were being played long before the colonists ever thought about starting their own country. Today, children all over the country are singing and playing these same games to the same music.

The only youngster who might have been a bit different was the pioneer child. A youngster in the forest was raised to cope with that kind of life. He didn't mess with the three R's but learned from childhood things he had to know for coping with forest life.

His biggest form of recreation was learning how to shoot a rifle and bow and throw a tomahawk. Before he was 10 a boy on the frontier could hit a squirrel with an arrow 50 per cent of the time. Eventually, his childhood sports led to his great ability to judge distance and more often than not made sure the dinner table was full after he became a man supplying a family.

He received that manhood about the same time he received ownership of his own rifle ... at 12 or 13 years of age. He was usually married by the time he was 16 to a girl his own age or one or two years younger.

The young ladies of that time didn't have it simple, either. They had learned everything their mother could do by marrying age, which could be as young as 12. She knew how to grind meal, cook, spin and sew, weave, make soap and milk a cow.

The only doll the girl ever had was usually made at home out of cornhusks. But she would have plenty of practice at handling a baby by taking care of her steadily arriving brothers and sisters. The pioneers had big families purposefully to supply workers for the farm.

Post Revolution

For the last quarter of the 18th Century and the first 25 years of the 19th there was little change in the country's recreational scene. But America was in for a sudden change which at first it had trouble handling.

As industrialization spread and urban populations grew, there was a great demand for things to do. Deprived of the simple pleasures of country life, the great mass of city dwellers became more and more dependent upon the commercial amusements which rapidly developed to meet the need. This commercialism of entertainment grew rapidly until slowed slightly by the Civil War, but that proved only a temporary barrier and the recreation field has continued to blossom until today.

During the first 25 years of the 19th Century, the theater became the single most important element in the amusement scene, not only in the cities but in smaller towns throughout the country. Wherever people had the money to spend on entertainment, the traveling theaters and shows would appear with their coffers jingling.

The second quarter of the century witnessed the development of amusements even more adapted to popular tastes. Variety theaters, minstrel shows, dance halls and amusement parks were on the upswing. The showmen and animal exhibitors of earlier days joined forces to produce the modern circus and traveling shows began to tour the country, bringing a new form of entertainment to rural as well as urban communities.

The rise of sports as we know them today also began just before the Civil War, although it wasn't until the 1870s and 1880s that they became really important. Informal sports had always been popular in farming communities, but the cities demanded organization and the crowds liked to see their town beat another town ... they liked it so much they were willing to pay to enter enclosed parks.

Horse races during this period on occasion drew as many as 50,000 spectators. Boating and yachting races became popular with the wealthier. Prize fighting was just escaping the shadows which had clung to it throughout its bare-knuckles days in England. In 1850 amateur baseball clubs were sprouting up in New York and other cities.

POST CIVIL WAR

After the battle between brothers, the country looked for ways to escape the memories of the worst psychological war in America's history. With work becoming easier and hours on the job

(Continued on Following Page)

Hunting Necessity, Also Pleasure

(Continued From Last Page)

shorter, people automatically looked toward sports and recreation as their escape ... but this time there was a difference. Spectator sports became as big or bigger than participant sports.

But all of the people weren't watching. While men were leaning more and more toward watching baseball, football and other virgorous sports which organization had made out-of-reach for the average male who wanted to be an athlete, women were beginning to escape the kitchen for a little recreation of their own.

During the 1880s, the bicycle evolved from the clumsy, high-wheeled, dangerous, ridiculous contraption it had been into something like the machine which drivers today struggle valiantly to avoid colliding with. As a result, bicycling became a great fad, as well as a means of getting to and from work for thousands of people.

More than that, it released women from the indoors and permitted them some physical exercise of their own. Women of that period wouldn't think of doing anything so unladylike as running, hiking, playing baseball or hunting and fishing. The bicycle was their first chance to peddle away some of their frustrations.

Near the turn of the century, amusement parks became big for the middle-income groups. The trolley car companies built these amusement parks just outside the city, thereby reaping the income from the parks as well as from trolley fares.

During the last quarter of the century, an increasing number of city dwellers became aware of the need to provide larger opportuntities for physical exercise, especially for the youth. One answer was gymnasiums which began to appear in growing numbers in cities and towns and in some places as part of the educational plants of schools and colleges.

These same years also saw the rapid development of three major spectator sports—baseball, football and basketball.

In its various forms, baseball had been played for many years before the Cincinnati Red Stockings formed the first all-professional baseball team in 1869. By 1876, the National League was organized of all professional teams and joined in 1900 when the American League was formed, although 1901 is still recognized as the first official year of the junior circuit.

Football, also played years before by various names, was becoming increasingly popular in the form as we know it today. The first intercollegiate football contest was played in 1869 when Rutgers and Princeton went at it with 25 men on each team. Within a few years, it became a big college sport. It was mostly a "rough-and-tumble" game then and soon there were cries against its brutality all across the land. These became so strenuous that new rules were developed and the game became better organized.

Basketball was first played in 1892 by students at the YMCA college in Springfield, Mass. Its inventor, Dr. James Naismith, a physical education instructor, created the game in order to provide the same opportunities for recreation in the winter that baseball provided in the summer and football in the autumn. Within a few years it was being played all over the country and became increasingly popular with high schools and colleges.

The older, established forms of recreation—such as picnics, amateur baseball, horseshoes, hunting and fishing, shooting, etc. — continued to be popular, but more and more people were changing the ways in which they relaxed and were becoming more of watchers than doers. With marriage and employment, men turned to watching the younger people play, with their greatest physical exertion being to shove a sandwich to the mouth with one hand and lift a beverage to the mouth with another.

Women were taking over the physical aspects with archery, croquet, roller skating and lawn tennis sweeping the country.

Despite the loud claims that spectator sports were taking over, both men and women continued to participate in various games, favoring those for which little or no equipment was necessary and organization not essential.

And, in case you weren't remembering these little forms of recreation and leisure, the informal activities of social life still persisted as they do today. Visits and entertaining, club life, reading, card playing, music and other non-athletic amusements still provided people with something to do, whether they enjoyed sports or not.

There was additional expansion of what the theater provided and the establishment of bigger and better circuses and traveling companies. Dance halls multiplied and there was a great increase in bowling alleys and pool halls. Yes, by the time the 20th Century rolled around, amusement was truly becoming, and is today, a big business.

THE 20TH CENTURY

As we head into the present, the changes and additions to recreation will be shown on a local level, assuming that Ashland and the surrounding area have developed pretty much like most communities their size across the nation.

Of course, it would pay to remember that the larger cities have always had things first and community spirit played a decided hand in when and why things developed but on the whole the Ashland area has pretty much kept par, if belatedly, with the country on the recreation scene.

Before checking into the evolution of sports and recreation of this area, though, one thing should be recognized about the 20th Century. Despite a resurgence every decade or so for participant sports, the spectator sports have a decided advantage in this century. And the machine, the very thing which created all of that leisure time early in the 19th Century, has done more to make Americans watchers than any other single reason.

The items with the greatest impact on this country have been the automobile, the movies, the radio and television. The car provided us with the rapid transportation for quicker visits, to reach major league ball parks, to take trips in the country and vacations all over the United States.

Second only to the car in impact, especially early in the century, was the moving pictures. They let us in on how others lived and felt. More than any novel could tell, the picture shows let us in on the world outside. You not only knew about the star-struck lovers but you could see them on the screen. You not only read about the Indian attack on the wagon train, but you could practically see the bullets fly and hear the blood-curdling screams of the brutal redskins who were trying to deprive the white man of his land.

Even today the movies remain a great part of America's recreational scene. Especially in Ashland. Have you ever tried to figure out what to do or where to go on a date or special occasion in Ashland? If it weren't for television, there might be 10 or more theaters in Ashland right now.

Radio, then later television, provided entertainment for even the laziest of the recreation-seekers. All of a sudden, right there in your own living room, the world was at your grasp ... and you had only to prop your feet up before your favorite chair to enjoy it. News of the world, plays, music and so on were only the turn-of-a-knob away, and America took advantage of it. Television eventually took over most of the drama part of radio, but they both still exist today and there is a definite need for both types of media.

Spectator sports drew even greater crowds with baseball, prize fighting, college football and professional hockey gaining in popularity. Participant sports kept pace with the new popularity of tennis, golf and skiing. National parks and city playgrounds provided new facilities for outdoor recreation.

But, in general, it was automobile pleasure riding, movies and listening to the radio that were to dominate the modern amusement scene for much of the 20th Century. For the first 30 years of the century. Americans spent a figure as high as $10 billion annually on these three items, by far the greater part of the national expenditure on amusements.

The Local Scene

Ashland and Catlettsburg were the major area communities at the turn of the century and, like the rest of the nation, the development of organized sports was slow. It can be assumed that other forms of recreation, non-athletic especially, were in great abundance, but it wasn't until the close of World War I that organized sports really flourished here.

To give a short example of how young Ashland is compared to the recreation world alone, we'll look at three sports. Baseball is considerably older than this city, basketball is considerably younger and the first recognized world's

(Continued on Following Page)

A Barnstorming Carnival's "Ride Of Death" Thrills Ashlanders

Ashland And Area Produced Champions In Many Fields

Development Of Organized Sports Slow

(Continued From Last Page)

heavyweight boxing championship occurred 38 years after Ashland was incorporated.

There are no records of organized sports in the area prior to World War I. But one thing is certain: the area at that time lacked organization, supervision, rules and finances to back any tremendous recreation program.

But the area did have its day in the sun. With Ashland the main spoke of the area wheel, the locals once supported harness and thoroughbred racing in Central Park and at Raceland, professional football, professional baseball, semi-pro basketball, professional boxing, strong amateur league baseball, golf courses and bowling establishments. Today all that is left are the bowling alleys and the golf courses with amateur baseball and softball leagues still hanging in there.

Some of these things were available slightly before the turn of the century, including the mile race track in Central Park. There was a professional baseball team formed by Harry Means and football was first introduced in the 1890s by J. O. Mathewson. A chemist who played football at Georgia Tech, he organized a town team and played fullback in addition to his employment at Norton Iron Works.

The boys at Ashland High School, when it was located in the Crabbe building on 17th Street, formed their first team in 1900 but weren't all that successful. After graduation, the same Ashland High players formed an independent football team and played together until 1905. There were several Christmas Day football games played by independent teams at a park where the tannery is now located.

Night sports were relatively new in the country, but Ashland had its first night football game in 1905. Ashland played Chillicothe to a scoreless tie at Clyffeside Park before a better-than-average crowd, but the inadequate lighting system caused the experiment to be dropped quickly.

In 1903, Ashland, Catlettsburg, Charleston, Huntington and Portsmouth were members of a professional baseball league that lasted just a short while.

The YMCA started promoting sports around 1908 and has maintained that image for the past 68 years. The "Y" started a local basketball team in a small enclosure which later became a locker and washroom at the old "Y." At the time, basketball was practically as rough as football because the players were forced to perform on the small courts and tempers flew.

The YMCA also served as sponsor and home base for track, baseball and football teams. It sponsored one team which recorded wins over Morris Harvey and Marshall. They finally lost to the University of Kentucky, 30-19, with Henry D. Shanklin scoring all of Ashland's points.

The first organized and uniformed basketball team in the area represented the Ashland "Y" in 1909. Since there were few gymnasiums around for their games, most of the schedule was played in skating rinks. The first gym here was erected at the "Y" in 1908. Ashland High School didn't start basketball until approximately 1911 and even then it wasn't that fully organized and didn't have a full-time, paid coach.

Ashland had its first night football game in 1905. Ashland played Chillicothe to a scoreless tie at Clyffeside Park. Lighting was far from adequate in the early days.

Attempts at organizing sports here were actually stalled quite a bit by the war years with only industrial leagues being developed in baseball and football. But after the war, fans turned to the sports world for a new emotional outlet and Ashland found itself in its golden age of athletics.

The first prizefight promotion occurred at Clyffeside Park Casino in September of 1919. Professional boxing went on here for the next 12 years with various degrees of success. Champion Jack Dempsey appeared here in October of 1925 for an exhibition against Jimmie Perdue at Armco Field. Dempsey accidentally knocked Perdue out but held him up until he recovered so fans could see him box some more.

Ashland High School, having moved from Crabbe to its new building, started its modern sports history in 1919 when Paul Rhoton became the first full-time coach hired and a regular schedule was arranged.

Tennis was considered a major sport in Ashland in the 1920s, a lot more than it was until the new tennis facilities were built here in recent years. The first court was near the old "Y" but the Central Park courts were built in 1923 by the Ashland Tennis Club. Later CP also had courts at 22nd Street and Lexington Avenue.

The first big track meet occurred in 1920 with Ashland finishing third to Huntington and Portsmouth.

Golf, starting at the old Ashland Country Club links, gained popularity in 1923 when the Bellefonte Country Club course was laid out, becoming the state's fourth 18-hole course.

Armco erected its athletic field, at a cost of $25,000, in 1925 and immediately supported a semi-pro baseball team and professional football teams. Ashland's last excursion into pro football ended in the 1930s.

The trotting and racing horses in Central Park ended in 1922. The track had already been shortened to a half-mile years earlier and the final six-day meet ended on July 15, 1922. Racing stopped in Central Park mainly because of the big track at Raceland.

For the first 60 years of the century, Ashland's organized athletics pretty much dominated all other area schools and for one golden period it seemed to dominate the country.

In football, the Tomcats established all sorts of records. The most glamorous, perhaps, was the 64-game streak without a loss. Starting in mid-season of 1925 until mid-way of 1932, Ashland had 60 wins and four scoreless ties. Thirty-eight of those wins (1929-31) were consecutive. For 11 full seasons, from 1923 to 1933, Ashland did not lose to a Kentucky team. Those marks have yet to be approached.

Ashland basketball also has its tradition, which most people have knowledge of, but you have to mention the Hall-of-Fame year of 1928 when the Tomcats were 36-0 and won the National Championship in Chicago. As state champs of Kentucky, the Tomcats posted victories over Naugatuck, Conn. (20-13), Oregon, Mo. (41-22), Morris, Ala. (29-16), Vienna, Ga. (20-19) and Canton, Ill. (15-10) for the national crown. Both Coach Jimmy Anderson and the team were recently inducted into the basketball Hall of Fame for their achievements in 1928.

As solid and enormous as the boys' records at Ashland, they still can't quite match up to the domination Ashland girls had over Kentucky during their golden years from 1921 to 1933. The Kittens won 232 games and lost only 15, a mark unequalled by any Kentucky High School before or since. Only once in 13 years did the Kittens lose two in a row and they were never beaten at home. They won five state championships and during a period from 1928 to 1930 won 58 straight games.

Girls had played other sports but not with the success of basketball. Ashland females had tried organized tennis, golf, softball and even field hockey in 1924.

During all of this time, while organized spectator sports were going strong, people continued to do the same things they had always done. Dancing, visiting, going on picnics and just driving around. The amusements then were basically the same as now. Movies were stronger than ever and sports were beginning to make inroads into radio.

In more recent years things have changed only slightly. Television, perhaps, is the main source of recreation now but all of the others still exist.

Organized sports in the area have undergone a big change. With consolidations and natural growth, the other area high schools no longer roll over and play dead for Ashland. The Tomcats made a clean sweep of athletics this season, but it's the first time in quite a while Ashland has totally dominated in most sports.

Ashland is still the only school to provide some state championships, although Boyd County, Russell, Fairview and Greenup County have made some big improvements in state competition. Raceland, Rowan County and Louisa have also been state contenders in football while Paintsville perennially dominates football in the mountains.

Ashland provided a state basketball title in 1961 with what many consider the best high school basketball team ever formed in Kentucky. In 1966-67-68, Ashland rolled to three state baseball crowns and almost gained a fourth before losing 1-0 to Owensboro in the 1969 finals.

The Tomcats were state football champions in 1967 while winning state swim crowns in 1972-73-76.

Catlettsburg, the school which once gave Ashland all it wanted, disappeared in consolidation with Boyd County, a team which turned into a football power after starting from zero in the early 1960s. Russell has developed a strong basketball tradition and emerged from the shadows in football with three wins over the Tomcats since 1970. In short, Ashland is no longer the big brother in the area.

Little League surfaced in the '50s and Babe Ruth followed shortly thereafter to provide the youngsters of the area an organized baseball program, something which always before had been left in the hands of the YMCA.

Track became more sophisticated with better surfaces and facilities and was no longer considered strictly an off-season conditioning program for football. With televised coverage of the Olympics, track, swimming and other so-called minor sports began an upswing which continues today.

Tennis has benefited greatly with the new facilities the past three years. There are now more than 40 tennis courts in the area, excluding privately owned ones.

Women, relegated to tennis, golf and bowling for almost four decades, have again made the plunge in organized basketball. For two years now they have been going at it with some natural rivalries in this area drawing good crowds. The Russell girls seemed to have assumed the role which once belonged to Ashland, but the Kittens and Boyd County have also produced strong programs.

A new YMCA has provided physical conditioning programs, non-athletic activities, family socials, camps for younger children, swimming lessons and all of the things it used to do in addition to the newer duties. It has actually become one of the strongest recreational institutions in the area and draws members from all around the Tri-State.

Another amateur baseball league is operating with a team from Boyd County contending for the championship and Paintsville, with a top-notch, enclosed ball park, is strongly fighting for a professional baseball team.

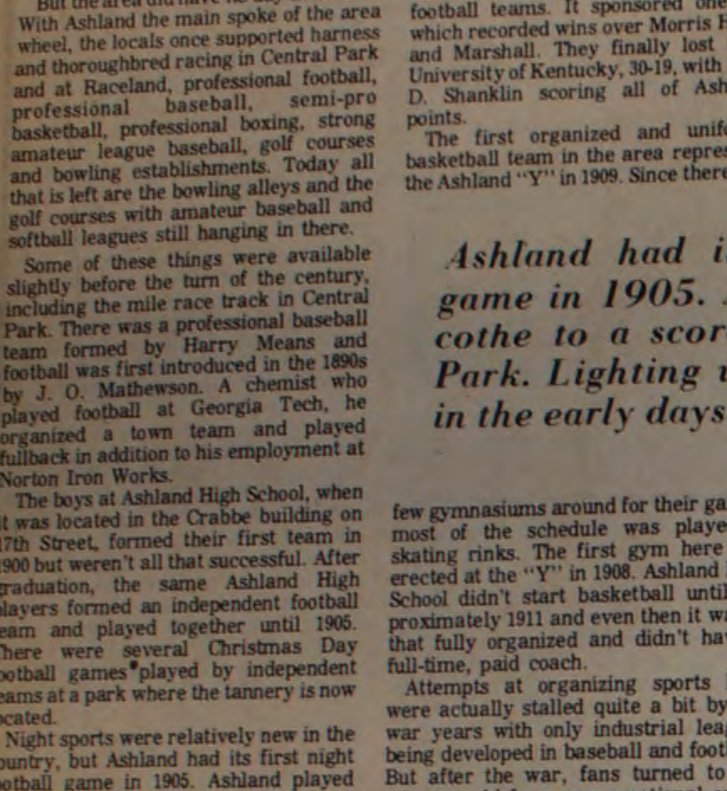
Other activities which provide recreation for area fun seekers include: bowling, golf, archery, miniature golf, horseshoes, checkers, croquet, skeet shooting, softball, sandlot basketball, recreational swimming, boating, fishing, hunting, hiking, dining, dancing, card playing, camping and other outdoor activities. The area is blessed with several state parks within a short drive for their outdoor amusements, including horseback riding.

A really big highlight in the Ashland area is the youngsters' cruising of the many quick-food restaurants that have sprouted on almost every block in the city.

Entertaining at home parties, church functions, television and radio, movies, picnics, wedding receptions and all of the things that go with people still provide something to do for those idle hours.

So, actually, things haven't changed all that much in 200 years. People still need other people to enjoy their free time. Much like the earlier Americans, taverns continue to provide a certain form of entertainment now which was enjoyed then. And, much like the earlier Americans, puritanical ideals still frown upon those activities.

One thing is sure: Americans still work hard and they still play hard. The big difference is now they don't have to work so hard so long and have more time to play ... and a greater variety of things to play with.



The Grayson Band, Around 1890

CARL D. PERKINS
7th Dist., Kentucky

COMMITTEE:
Education and Labor

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

22 June 1976

Mr. James T. Norris, Jr., Editor
The Ashland Daily Independent
Ashland, Kentucky 41101

Dear Jim:

A good newspaper is like a net that binds a community together, and I can think of no area whose unity is better served than Northeastern Kentucky by The Daily Independent.

Congratulations on the fine job you are doing to make your readers aware of their American heritage as we mark our 200th year.

May our successors -- yours as publisher and mine as Congressman -- be as firmly in possession of liberty as they celebrate the Tricentennial a short 100 years from now.

Sincerely

Carl D. Perkins, M.C.

cdp:br

CDP:bt

GEORGE R. HALL
Judge, Boyd County
CATLETTSBURG, KENTUCKY

June 25, 1976

Mr. James T. Norris, Editor
Ashland Daily Independent
Ashland, Kentucky 41101

Dear Mr. Norris:

In reflecting over the past history of our great country, it is with a deep sense of appreciation for our rich heritage that Boyd County and Eastern Kentucky participate in America's Bicentennial Celebration.

This 200th Birthday has a special meaning to every person in our area; it is a salute by the people to the people who have made our continued freedom, prosperity, and integrity possible.

We would also like to thank you and your staff of the Ashland Daily Independent for keeping our community well informed on local and national events. We also want to express our sincere appreciation for your vital participation in this Bicentennial Celebration.

Yours truly,

George R. Hall

George R. Hall, Judge

dy

CITY OF ASHLAND
KENTUCKY
Chartered 1854

DAVID O. WELCH

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
June 24, 1976

Mr. James T. Norris, Jr., Editor
Ashland Daily Independent
Ashland, Kentucky

Dear Mr. Norris:

It is with a great deal of pleasure and pride that I learned that you will publish a special Bicentennial Edition of the Ashland Daily Independent on July 4, 1976, emphasizing the heritage of Northeastern Kentucky. I believe that this will be a great service to all of the residents of this area and to their relatives and friends throughout the country.

We are proud of our heritage. It speaks of a people who are industrious, imaginative, and generous. Perhaps more importantly at this time in our nation's history, our heritage in Eastern Kentucky discloses a patriotism not found in all areas of our country.

May we ever be mindful of those who have gone before us and the contributions that they have made. May we commit ourselves to build upon these "strong footers", making this a house which will always stand but which will never stop growing.

I look forward to your special edition. Congratulations!

Sincerely yours,

David O. Welch,
Mayor

Our Sincere Thanks . . .

This edition observing the nation's Bicentennial could not have been assembled without the assistance of many persons who devoted much time and energy in its behalf.

It is with sincere appreciation that The Independent acknowledges the contributions these people made.

They have imparted for readers of this edition a vast knowledge of this region's past, have assisted in research and provided pictures and other materials to decorate the pages.

High on the list of contributors are the nine people who authored the bicentennial essays positioned throughout the edition.

The nine — Lansing G. Brisbin Jr., Thomas D. Clark, Barbara Edwards, the late Willard Rouse Jillson, Bob Kennedy, Sam F. Kibbey, Don E. Rist, Cratis Williams and Wallace J. Williamson III — place the region's history in unique perspective.

Unique, too, is the perspective provided by the works of internationally-known W-Hollow writer and educator Jesse Stuart, selections of which have been gathered in this edition for a special bicentennial sampler. Mrs. Margaret Sydenstricker played an important role in the assembling of Stuart's works.

The drawings of Woodi Ishmael are major contributions to this publication, as is the drawing by noted South Point artist Hugh B. Rees, commissioned by The Independent for the Charley Smith story.

Much of the other art work found on these pages, pictures of scenes from the region's past, comes from the collection of Ashland resident Arnold Hanners. Maps used in the story about community development are from Wendell H. Rone Sr. of Mayfield, Ky.

Generous assistance in compiling the Charley Smith story was provided by Wallace J. Williamson III; Miss Wilna Eastham, former librarian at Catlettsburg High School; Miss Linda Anderson, assistant librarian with the Kentucky Historical Society in Frankfort; attorney Stuart E. Brown Jr. of Berryville, Va.; and G. Kenneth Levi, publisher of the Clark Courier in Berryville.

The files of Ashland Public Library and the Boyd County Historical Society were used extensively.

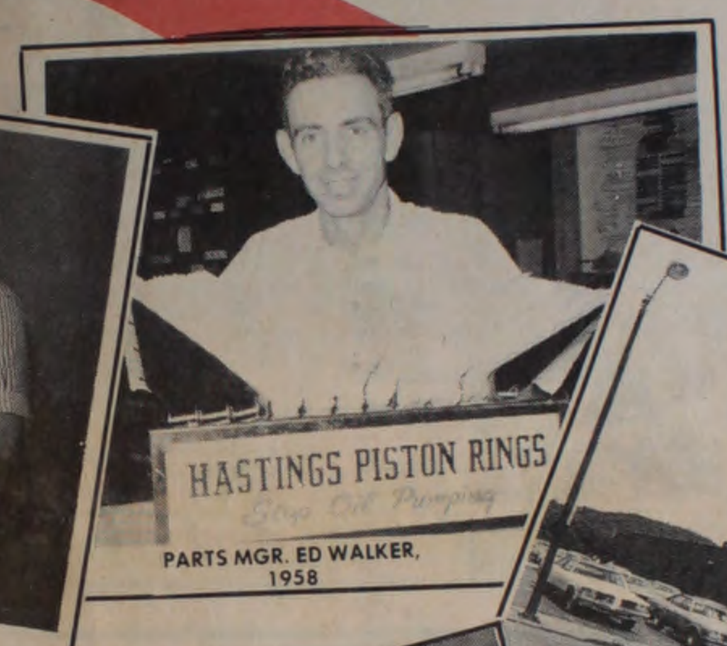
IT'S BEEN A WONDERFUL AUTO WORLD

FOR OVER 28 YEARS!

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

STEENBERGEN MOTORS, 832 Winchester Ave., 1948-1958


SALESMEN CHUCK BLANTON, BILL ROSS, 1958



PARTS MGR. ED WALKER, 1958


FORMER USED CAR LOT, 20th and Greenup Ave., 1948-1958


MARY RUTH GRAY, KATHY ROSS, BOBBIE JO STEENBERGEN NEW CAR SHOW, 1958


And after all this, "Pops" got me!


PRESENT NEW CAR SHOWROOM, 2565 Winchester Ave., 1976

PRESENT LOCATION BEFORE RENOVATION, 2565 Winchester Ave., 1957


E. H. "BOB" STEENBERGEN, E. STEENBERGEN, 1958

We have been grateful these past 28 years, for the small part we have had in this nation, where freedom and the free enterprise system is cherished and promoted.

To all our customers who, over the years, have made the growth shown here possible, we say "thank you"! YOU are the reason we strive to provide quality transportation and service.

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2565 Winchester Ave.

Charley Smith First Settler In Area Later Boyd County

By STAN CHAMPER
Managing Editor

Spring had come to the wilderness and only the sounds of nature were to be heard as Charley Smith awakened that morning in his newly-built cabin.

Ahead of him would be a memorable day, one that would remind him of a series of events 20 years earlier that had changed the course of his life.

This man, as a result of those events, had become the first settler in an area that many years later would become a governmental unit of Kentucky called Boyd County.

In years to come his name would be virtually forgotten, and the land he cleared and settled would be taken over by businessminded men who saw its potential.

The town of Catlettsburg would spring up on the property that was his, and few would remember that it was Charley Smith who first lived there.

It was May, 1775, and Smith was leaving his cabin to meet with a group of men who had shared those experiences with him at another place in an earlier time.

The empty end of a coat sleeve was a grim reminder of the experiences as Smith made his way to the appointed meeting place.

Fighting and bloodshed, defeat and eventual victory were the memories he shared with the men he was about to see again after so many years.

Historians would later record that conflict as the French and Indian War. Smith would remember it as being responsible for the loss of his left hand.

Given the knowledge of the fate awaiting him, would he have made the same choice? Would the promise of new land in the wilderness still have held its appeal?

New land to the west had, in fact, been the enticement.

Encountering problems in the recruiting of men for the British army, the crown-appointed governor of the Virginia colony turned to land grants as means of stimulating enlistments.

The 61-year-old Robert Dinwiddie announced in 1754 that he would distribute 200,000 acres of wilderness land to those who would join in the fight against the French.

Land to the west, menaced by Indians, but rich in its propects for a new future. The idea appealed to Virginian Charles Smith, and he would have a part in deciding an important question.

The French and British had long been engaged in a struggle for control of that area between the Great Lakes and the Ohio, an area considered vital to the security of French dominion.

The struggle led directly to hostilities which inaugurated the French and Indian War, pitting the French and their Algonquin Indian allies against Great Britain and its American colonies.

Smith, cognizant of the possibility of Indian attack, went inland a respectful distance from both the Big Sandy and Ohio to find a suitable place for a cabin

In the midst of those hostilities, Col. George Washington, then just 21 years old, was busy recruiting men and was instrumental in organizing the Virginia Regiment.

Another recruiter was a lieutenant named John Savage whose militia-building efforts were directed at men living in the vicinity of what today is encompassed by Frederick and Clark Counties, Va.

Winchester, today the county seat of Frederick, was already a bustling community in the early 1750s with five or six taverns, two stores that sold all sorts of merchandise, a courthouse and prison, whipping-post and stocks and a ducking-stool.

The "stool" was furnished by a prominent Winchester resident named Marquis Calmes. Many years later, fate would place Calmes' grandson, Alexander Catlett, in an ironic chapter of the Charley Smith story.

The irony began with the fact that Smith also was a resident of Winchester in the early 1750s, was well acquainted with Calmes and enjoyed prominence as a leader of that early settlement.

Smith had moved to Frederick County from Prince William County, Va., and married Rebecca Hite, daughter of Col. John Hite.

From his father-in-law he purchased 800 acres of land that lay to the east of present-day Berryville, county seat of Clark County. Smith called his estate Battletown.

Four children were born on this estate to Charles and Rebecca Smith. They were Charles, John, Sarah Ann (nicknamed Sally) and Elizabeth Hite Smith.

In later years, the son, John, sold part of Battletown to a Benjamin Berry who divided the section into lots and founded the town of Berryville.

Today, about half of Berryville stands on Benjamin Berry land and about half on land owned by the other Smith son, Charles.

An old farm house, built by old Charley Smith himself, still stands today on Berryville's Main Street, now a white frame residence known as "The Nook."

The only reminders in Clark County today of Charley Smith's beloved estate are a Battletown magisterial district and a restaurant known as the Battletown Inn.

Many of the men who joined Savage and Smith in the fight against the French were from the hill country between Loudoun and the Shenandoah Valley and they were soon to know the taste of defeat.

The early years of the war went badly for the colonists. Washington, commanding 150 militiamen, had scored a minor victory over a French scouting party, only to be overwhelmed at Great Meadows and forced to surrender July 4, 1754.

The next year, Edward Braddock, a 60-year-old Scotsman with a distinguished military career, was sent to America as commander-in-chief of the colonial forces. Washington become his aide-de-camp.

But the genius of the old commander was not enough to turn the tide. On July 9, 1755, as the Braddock army was making its way to the French-held Ft. Duquesne (now Pittsburgh) it was surprised on line of march by a force of some 900 French and Indians.

In the ensuing confusion and as a result of serious errors of judgment on the part of Braddock's commanders, the engagement became a total defeat. Braddock was killed, the surviving remnants of his army fled, its supplies were lost and the entire campaign was abandoned.

Charley Smith was with Washington at Great Meadows and it was there that a French saber severed his left hand. Handicapped as he was, he nevertheless remained in the militia and was among those involved in the disastrous Braddock expedition.

Smith had been back in Winchester before the war officially ended and in 1758 with the rank of lieutenant he was in command of Ft. Loudoun, located in that settlement.

It was during Smith's command of that fort that Col. George Washington was campaigning for election to the Virginia House of Burgesses.

Success for Washington seemed certain at first, but after he left for Ft. Cumberland some of his adherents thought the tide turned to the incumbents.

Washington's officers in Frederick were as active in his behalf as military proprieties would admit, and perhaps more active than they should have been.

Smith, for example, assumed responsibility with innkeepers and merchants for the beverages that were to be served voters on the day of the election.

In a letter dated July 24, 1758, Smith wrote that he had dispensed hospitality in Washington's interest, and continued to "treat" all comers even after the poll was announced.

The election ended in a Washington victory. James Wood, who sat on the bench in Washington's stead while Frederick voters declared their preference, thanked those who had voted for the absent candidate.

Afterward, Smith wrote in his July 24 letter, Wood was "carried round the town with a general applause, huzzaing Colonel Washington."

But the expense in drinkables alone had been considerable. Three hundred and ninety-one voters and unnumbered hangers-on who held no franchise accounted for 28 gallons of rum, 50 gallons of rum punch, 34 gallons of wine, 46 gallons of beer and two gallons of cider royal.

In the 1750s and 60s, when Colonel Washington had occasion to be in Winchester, he normally stayed at a tavern owned by Henry Heth.

On at least one occasion, however, after having been appointed by Lord Fairfax as one of his surveyors, Washington boarded with Charles Smith and kept his office in an upper room of Smith's spring house.

Active in the affairs of the settlement, Smith during these years was serving as a member of Frederick County's Commission of the Peace.

When the fighting between the French and British finally ended, Great Britain and her American colonies emerged victorious, and the militiamen began thinking about the future.

As anxious as many of them were to receive their reward of new land, Governor Dinwiddie's promise of 200,000 acres of wilderness territory was long in being fulfilled.

Difficulties in obtaining title to the land prompted Washington to assemble several of the officers and men for a meeting held in February, 1771, at Winchester.

At that meeting, Capt. William Crawford was selected to make the necessary surveys. Washington's account books show that he himself handled the financing.

The work was finally completed in a period of 10 days, Oct. 21-30, 1772, at Mount Vernon with Washington and Crawford poring over Crawford's survey notes, platting and drafting the various claims.

By this time the Virginia colony had a new governor. Dinwiddie had left Virginia in 1758 and died 12 years later in England. Among those who followed him was John Murray, the fourth earl of Dunmore, who was appointed to the governorship in 1771 at the age of 39.

Dunmore had been in office only slightly more than a year when he began to bring fulfillment to Dinwiddie's 18-year-old promise of wilderness land for soldiers of the French and Indian War.

On Dec. 15, 1772, Dunmore issued what historians refer to as the John Savage Grant, an allocation of 28,627 acres along the Ohio River from the Guyandotte to just west of the Big Sandy, and down both sides of the Big Sandy to present day Louisa.

Sixty men, including the lieutenant for whom the grant was named, were to each receive a portion of this wilderness territory. A choice portion would go to Charley Smith.

In 1774, after getting word of the Dunmore grant and its provisions for him as one of the 60 recipients, Charley Smith began a long journey to land that had been promised him 20 years earlier.

What he encountered upon arriving in what is now Boyd County can only be described as a vacancy. It was the last section of what is presently the State of Kentucky to be settled, and Smith had come to start that process.

A wilderness in the purest terms, its landscape was undisturbed and game was plentiful. Indians, largely Shawnee and Iroquois, had receded, but still posed a threat to anyone who might enter here.

Smith, cognizant of the possibility of Indian attack, went inland a respectful distance from both the Big Sandy and Ohio to find a suitable place for a cabin.

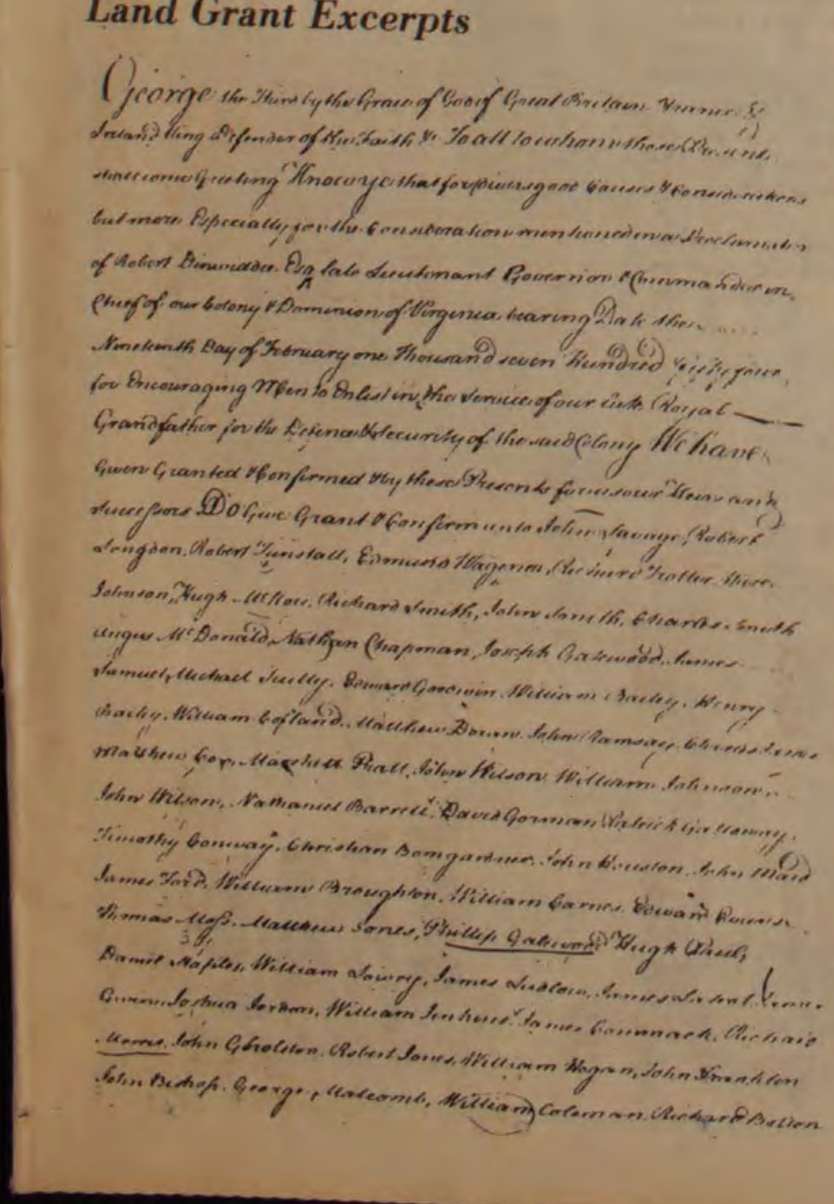
He chose a spot along Upper Chadwicks Creek, not far from the point where I-64 would be built nearly 200 years later, and set to work erecting his home.

It was a good location. Water was readily available, from the creek and probably some springs, and he was not exceptionally far from the Big Sandy or the Ohio.

He had been living in the cabin for quite a while when the morning of the meeting arrived, and now he was about to see some familiar faces, faces of men he had served with in the French and Indian War.

(Continued on Following Page)

Land Grant Excerpts



George the Third by the Grace of God of Great Britain France & Ireland King Defender of the Faith &c To all to whom these Presents shall come Greeting Know ye that for divers good Causes & Considerations but more Especially for the Encouragement mentioned in a Proclamation of Robert Dinwiddie Esq late Lieutenant Governor & Commander in Chief of our Colony & Dominion of Virginia bearing Date the Nineteenth Day of February one Thousand seven Hundred & fifty four for Encouraging Men to Enlist in the Service of our late Royal Grandfather for the Defence & Security of the said Colony We have Given Granted & Confirmed & by these Presents for Us our Heirs and Successors Do Give Grant & Confirm unto John Savage Robert Longdon Robert Funstall Ephraim Wagoner Richard Foster Thos. Johnson Hugh McRae Richard Smith John Smith Edward Smith Angus McDonald Nathan Chapman Joseph Bakewell James Samuel Mitchell Jun'r Edward Gardner William Bailey Henry Bailey William Copland Matthew Doran John Ramsay Thomas Lewis Mathew Gay Mackie Pratt John Wilson William Johnson John Wilson Nathaniel Barrett David Gorman Patrick Gorman Timothy Conway Christian Bomgardner John Houston John Allard James Ford William Broughton William Barnes Edward Barnes Thomas Moss Matthew Jones Phillip Gatewood Hugh Wells Daniel Napier William Lowry James Linsten James Linsted Gowan Joshua Gordon William Jenkins James Cammack Richard Howe John Gholston Robert Jones William Wagon John Hamilton John Bishop George Holcomb William Coleman Richard Patton

Hugh B. Rees, commissioned by The Independent to execute the pen and ink drawing on this page, is a prominent South Point artist whose creativity is widely known. Born in Rochester, N.Y., and raised in Coudersport, Pa., Rees moved to South Point with his artist wife Connie in 1939. "The Bus Studio" where the Reeses undertake paintings, woodcuts, etchings, ceramics and copper-enameled jewelry projects, as well as conduct special workshops, consists of two old, converted city buses located in the front yard of their home. Craftsman, carpenter, plumber, philosopher and farmer, Rees has also been an army engineer, geologist, draftsman, map maker and inventor.

Town Of Catlettsburg Sprang Up On Smith's Property

Sons Kept The Smith Name Prominent

(Continued from Last Page)

With vouchers in hand showing rightful claim to 400 acres on the west side of the Big Sandy, Smith made his way to the mouth of the river. There they were, Tom Buffington and many others whom Smith had served with 20 years earlier.

But the meeting left little time for amenities or the exchange of stories about the war. The men were there to settle the question of their land holdings, and did so by proceeding to make a division among themselves.

Some of these men were to eventually sell their land, while others would lose theirs by not making improvements as required under terms of the grant or by not paying the small amount of taxes. In 1775, the land was valued at 49 cents an acre.

Smith's claim to Lot 27 of the John Savage Grant, the 400 acres on the west side of Sandy, was recognized. The partition had been made by mutual consent and all questions had been settled—or so the old soldiers thought.

Charley Smith left that meeting and returned to his cabin, not knowing that the land he had won for his family would one day be taken over by others and lost to his heirs in a long-fought court suit.

Nor did he know that the time he would have to spend on his land would be brief. From the day of that meeting with his comrades at the mouth of the Big Sandy, Smith had only one more year to live.

He died in the spring of 1776, only a matter of weeks before a fellow Virginian named Thomas Jefferson came forth with a document called the Declaration of Independence.

He would be spared the agonies of another war, but robbed of witnessing the excitement attendant to the creation of a new country to be known as the United States of America.

SMITH HOME STILL STANDS—"The Nook," this clapboard residence which stands today on the north side of Main Street in Berryville, Va., was built by Charley Smith prior to 1774 when he came to what is now Boyd County. The house was sold in 1809 by Smith's son, Charles, to Dr. John Thomson, a son of the Rev. James Thomson, who officiated at the funeral of Lord Fairfax.
(Photo Courtesy Clark, Va., Courier)

On March 10, 1774, before beginning his trek to what is now Boyd County, Smith wrote a will that directed his estate go to his wife, Rebecca. The will was probated in Frederick County in May, 1776, and remains in Frederick's files today.

At its September, 1776, session, the court of Frederick County ordered it certified that Charles Smith, one of the members of the Commission of the Peace, had died.

During the same session, the court ordered that nine persons be recommended to the governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia as proper persons to be added to the Commission of the Peace. One of the nine was Marquis Calmes.

In the years to come, Smith's sons would see that the family name continued to be a prominent one in that region. In 1777, John was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the militia. Son Charles, when Berryville was established as a town in 1798, was one of the nine original trustees.

Smith's cabin continued to stand alongside Upper Chadwicks Creek long after his death, and for a while around the turn of the century was occupied by others.

The cabin was still there in 1834 when Benjamin Willard of Wood County, Va. (now West Virginia), sold an adjacent 125-acre tract to brothers John C. and Jacob Kouns of Greenup County.

The Kounses built Oakland Furnace on that property, but sold the tract two years later to Alden Lathrop. In 1836, when this sale was made, Charley Smith's cabin was gone.

Ownership of Smith's 400 acres became a matter of dispute after the arrival here in 1798 of Alexander Catlett and his son, Horatio.

Catlett, who was in his mid-50s when he reached the mouth of the Big Sandy, had moved here from Fauquier County, Va., where his father, John, had served as county clerk. His mother was Marquis Calmes' daughter.

Catlett's wife, Susannah Beall, and several other children younger than Horatio, stayed behind until Alexander had settled and established living quarters.

In preparing to take up residence in this area, Catlett had purchased a lot assigned to William Hogan, one of the original Savage grantees.

However, records indicate that Hogan's lot was about seven miles up the Guyandotte River, not even close to the location he and his son selected.

Sometime between Smith's death and the Catletts' arrival, John Salmons and his wife, Hannah, took up residence near the mouth of the Big Sandy, but without title.

The elder Catlett, claiming title, dispossessed the Salmonses, cleared some of the property near the confluence of the two rivers and built a log structure which he operated as a tavern for occasional river travelers.

In the ensuing years, the Catletts increased their holdings extensively. The lots belonging to William Jenkins and Robert Jones, two of the Savage grantees, were among their acquisitions.

The son, Horatio Gates Catlett, later purchased all of his father's titles for $4,900, and became very much involved in the buying and selling of property.

In 1816, Horatio Catlett approached the heirs of Charley Smith, who by now had come to be referred to as "one-handed Charley."

That year, Smith's daughter, Sarah Ann, now Mrs. Phillip Eastin, sold her one-fourth interest in the lot to Catlett. Four years later, in 1820, Smith's son, Charles, followed suit.

The other two Smith children, John and Elizabeth (Mrs. William Morton), could not be persuaded to sell, and their interests passed into the hands of two of Charley Smith's grandchildren — John's son, Presley N. Smith, and Elizabeth's son, Charles S. Morton.

On April 10, 1824, Charles Morton filed suit in chancery at Greenup, seeking restoration of property he claimed was rightfully his under terms of his grandfather's will.

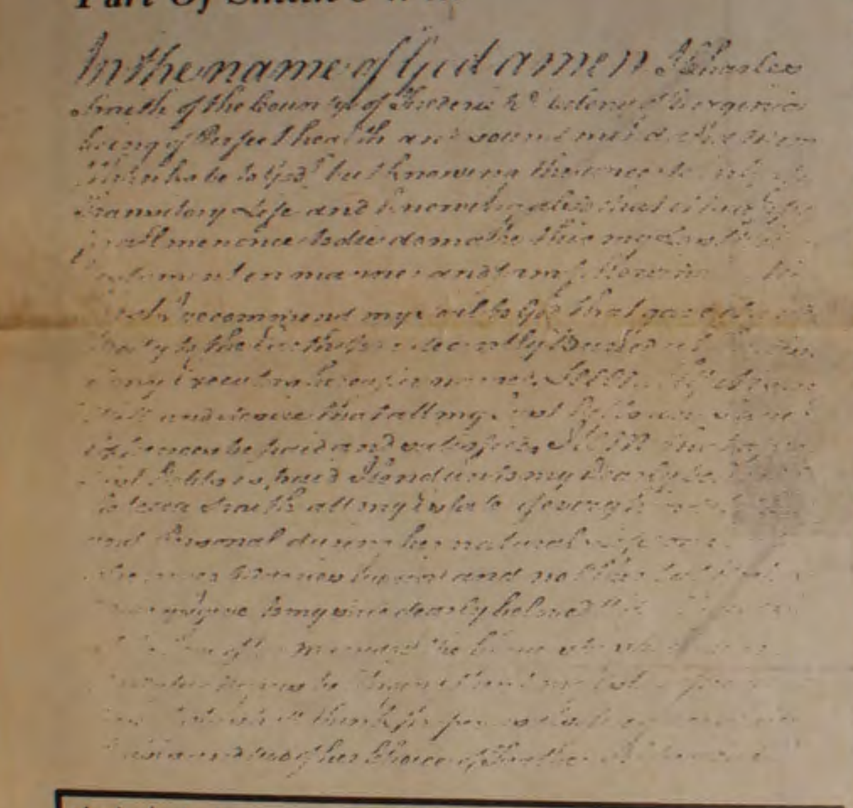
Catlett vigorously contested the suit. Depositions and motions caused the action to be dragged on for years. Finally, on April 7, 1832, the court decree was filed.

Charles Morton's suit was dismissed, but the court felt that since "all proper parties have not been brought before the court by due service of process" that it should leave Morton the opportunity to bring a new suit.

This was not done. Horatio Catlett, who had won the fight with a claim of undisturbed possession of the property for 27 years, now reached again into his pocketbook to quiet the title.

The last link between an old French and Indian War soldier and the land where Catlettsburg now stands had been broken. Charley Smith would now be forgotten.

Part Of Smith's Will



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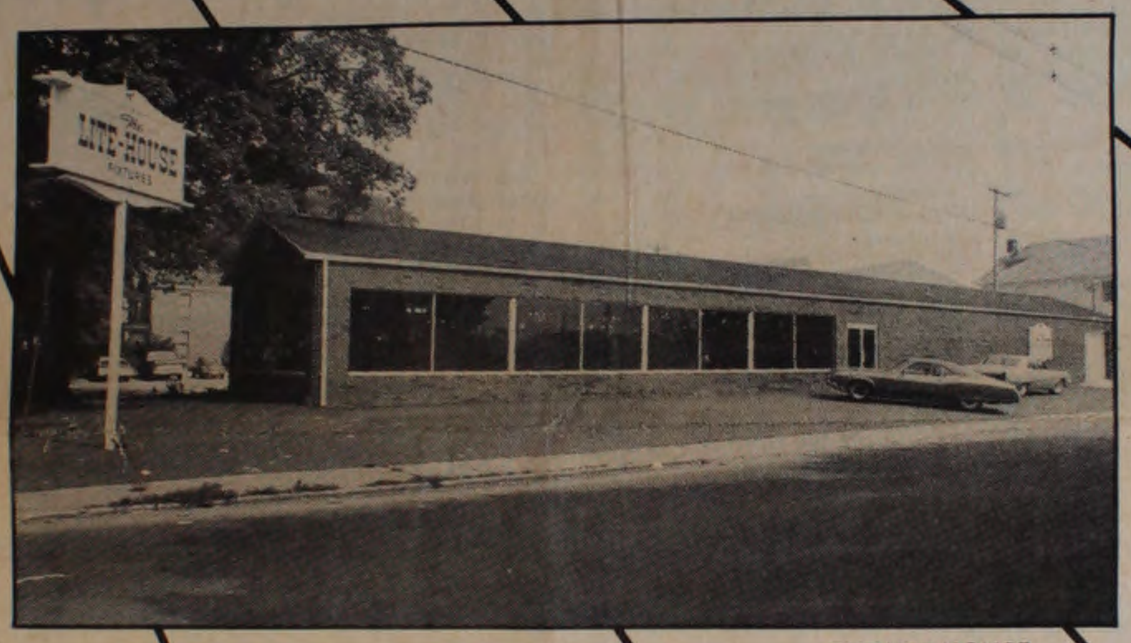
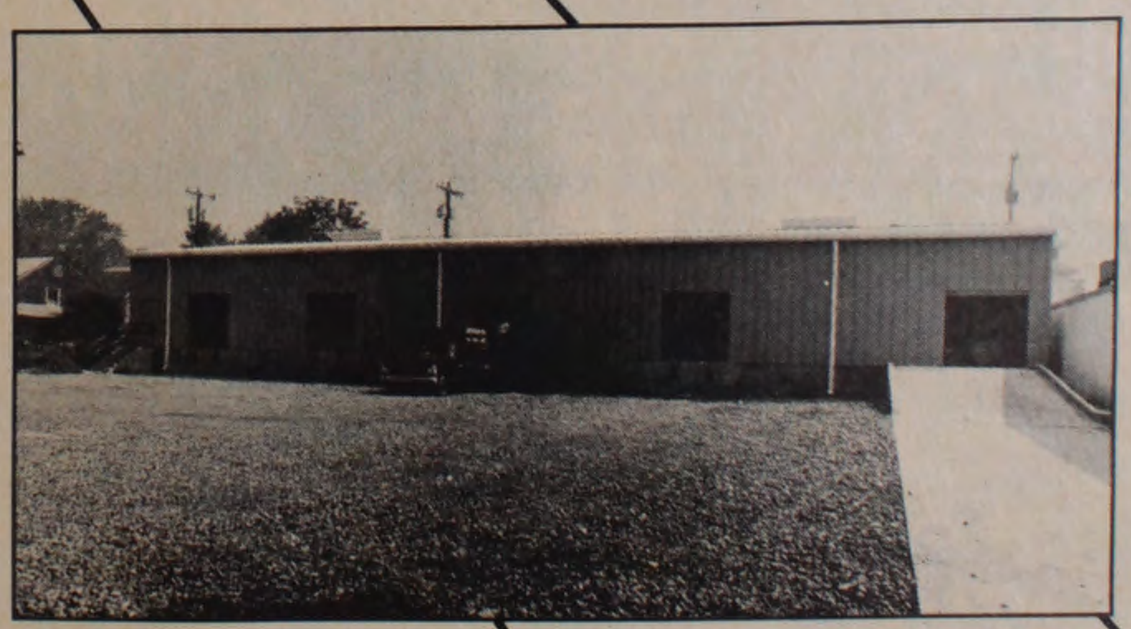
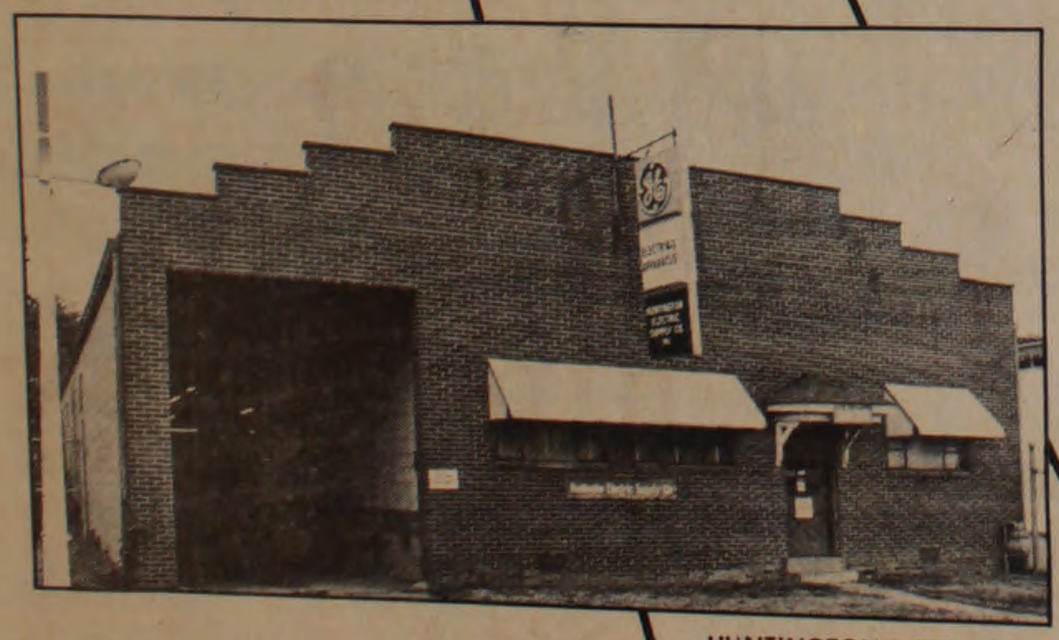


THE LITE HOUSE



NEW WAREHOUSE



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Economy, Growth . . .

Big Sandy Strong Base In Coal Mining, Developing Industries

By PAUL W. SIERER
Executive Editor

Since Dr. Thomas Walker discovered coal on Sandy in 1750, this region of the United States has had a strong economic base in coal-mining, and, later, to the present, in iron or steel-making, oil refining, and smaller industries that have developed as a result.

From the days when pioneers worked the earth to maintain their survival to the present when this region of Kentucky rates among the highest in per capita income, the hardy stock descending from the founders have proved to be a unique labor force.

There was one period—during the heyday of the iron furnaces—when men worked for script and the companies provided general stores to supply the needs of life. But today, the people of this region are able to find work that provides them with many luxuries.

Five years after Dr. Walker, the first white man to enter Kentucky and make the first recorded exploration, Ohio River maps showed coal in the vicinity of Rush.

What got the region started industrially was the discovery in 1800 of iron ore by Richard Deering on his farm in Greenup County. He also found limestone, sandstone and good timber when he was clearing his land after arriving from Pennsylvania.

Tests made in 1815 showed that the ore was of high quality. So Deering built a small cupola and open hearth, producing kitchen necessities such as pots and pans. His business grew. So, in 1818, he joined David and Thomas Trimble to build the Argillite Furnace, with a 25-foot high stack, six miles southwest of Greenupsburg (now Greenup) on the Little Sandy River.

This extended the Hanging Rock Iron Region, begun in 1811, across the Ohio River to Kentucky. The result was that many people came down the Ohio to locate their families here as the region grew.

Salt mining provided more jobs after salt was discovered in 1800 on the Little Sandy.

At the turn of the 18th century, iron smelting, scattered through Eastern Kentucky and Southern Ohio, began to center around Ashland. A cartel between 19th century leaders of industry began railways from the ore and coal regions and ended those rail lines in Ashland.

Logging died out, but refining and rails became more important. Soon, the entire Tri-State had become an industrial complex with Boyd County holding its share of big factories.

Even in recent years, the complex has continued to grow, hiring more and more people and extending residential areas into what was once rural. Firms have purchased sites along the Big Sandy River and erected production facilities, such as Pittsburgh Chemical Co. and Huntington Alloys, joining the refining giant, Ashland Oil Inc.

But to turn back the hands of the clock and pick up the threads of how people have been able to locate in this region and make a good living, it is found that gold was discovered in California Jan. 14, 1848, and men hurried there seeking riches the easy way.

Those who remained in this region were working with pick, shovel and ax where timber for charcoal, and coal, iron ore and limestone were plentiful. The men who owned the furnaces were called "Iron Masters."

They soon needed a railroad to replace the ox carts, a slow way of hauling pig iron to the river for shipment. Iron was the base the nation needed to build new industry and railroads.

Workers in the furnaces had little contact with outside communities. They exchanged their "script" for provisions and clothing at the furnace stores. Boats landed daily and purchased supplies from Ashland businessmen.

Foundries were built to service railroads and to provide other needs for the communities. Saw mills had to be erected to prepare timber for use in building railroads and homes. Food was necessary and dry apple houses preceded the founding of grocery stores.

Where men labored, there had to be retail stores. That logically led to the opening of grocery stores, and merchants began handling wearing apparel, dry goods, hardware, and, along with them, came boot and shoe makers and tailors.

Lawyers followed and doctors were soon arriving. Blacksmiths sold buggies and harness; there were tool sharpening businesses and outlets for tin ware and stoves. Saloons, barber shops, and hotels developed.

Other businesses followed, bringing more people with them. There was a plow factory, small brick yards were formed, industry began making finished products of the pig iron so rolling mills were built. Flour mills, machine shops and nail mills were established.

The salt works on the Little Sandy did a thriving business around 1850 with sometimes as many as 100 wagons being in line for salt.

Demand for timber export came in an unusual way. When coal men began to ship out their mineral, around 1840, they dug it near river's edge and loaded it into boats built of heavy, choice lumber. Not only did coal bring a price, but the container was in demand. Buyers began to demand not merely sawed lumber, but the huge poplar logs, and mountain men learned to cut them in winter and wait for spring's floods to carry them in rafts to Catlettsburg or Greenup. The first logs brought a dollar each.

After the Civil War, logging picked up again, at even a brisker pace than in its earlier days. Yellow Poplar Lumber Co. of Ashland (1843-1903) led the way, floating 500 rafts to Catlettsburg in June, 1900. Log traffic was so heavy that steamers could not travel the river. With the rafts came a curious kind of sailor and a pistol-toting mountain group which made Catlettsburg's riverfront an area to be walked in fear.

In 1841, Deering and Samuel May laid plans for a mining and timbering community, with a water mill for grinding corn, at the mouth of Abbott. For 10 years production was meager as developers sought money at Cincinnati and Louisville.

Peach Orchard Coal Co., which bought 2,000 acres from Archibald Borders in 1847, formed the basis of the prototype coal company town. William B. Mellen built neat white frame cottages, a mansion for himself and stocked a park with native deer to provide venison for his table. The town- Mellenburg- included mill, mine, lumber mill, and barge building wharf.

Much of the early mining had been done by simply scalping away the earth and removing shallow coal, but Mellen's plan called for going underground:

"I have 40 dwelling houses, a steam sawmill, steam grist mill, carding machine, storehouse, shops, stables, etc. I have driven a tunnel through the hills a mile in length. I have over half a mile of coal entries for rooms to work 100 diggers. My roads are all substantially built with heavy oak superstructure, and rails ironed with heavy flatbar railroad iron. Everything is in complete order for loading 6,000 to 8,000 bushels of coal a day," he wrote.

In 1851, the Legislature passed an act incorporating the Lexington and Big Sandy Railroad from Mt. Sterling to Catlettsburg. Iron was being smelted in 26 furnances in Greenup and Carter counties. Valuable deposits of clay had been found in the hills.

A major and long-range reason Ashland developed into the larger of Boyd County's cities came when Daniel K. Weis, a lawyer, began to seek rail service in 1852 for Poage's Settlement. He formed Kentucky Iron, Coal and Manufacturing Co. and a year later, with a main plan to get tracks into the community and with financial persuasion from that firm, Lexington and Big Sandy Railroad began to lay line. By 1857, with 10 miles of track on this end, the railroad went broke. It did, however, form the basis for later rail systems.

Fifteen hundred acres of land were sold at $50 an acre to Weis's company, which had capitalization at $400,000. William T. Nichols was president and his associates were R. M. Biggs, Addison McCullough, D.D. Geiger, W. M. Patton, K.C. Valdemar, George Wurts, Thomas W. Means, John Means, Hugh Means, John Campbell, Thomas N. Biggs, Levi Hampton, W. M. Patton, Josiah Page and Jacob Poage. All were connected with the manufacture of pig iron in Ohio and Kentucky.

Owners of the land for the railroad right-of-way through Ashland to Catlettsburg were Mrs. Ann Allen Poage, widow of Col. George Poage; Mrs. Nancy Allen Frame Poage, widow of Thomas Hoge Poage; Nicholas Savage, Richard Jones, Robert C. Poage, Harvey Poage, Cyrus Poage and Mathew Bellomy.

The Chatteroi Railway truned its first dirt in Ashland April 1, 1880, and reached Louisa April 10, 1881. The rail line was extended to Peach Orchard, 45 miles from Ashland, in 1882; to Richardson May 1, 1883. The Ohio, Kentucky and Virginia Railway Co. incorporated April 19, 1886, and extended the line to White House four years later.

Ohio and Big Sandy Railroad Co. was incorporated Aug. 20, 1889, and acquired the Chatteroi Railway Co. The chief owner was Collis P. Huntington, builder of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway system. Stock was transferred May 3, 1892, and the first passenger train reached Prestonsburg Nov. 15, 1904.

The line was extended to Pikeville April 28, 1905, and to Elkhorn City in 1907, with the first passenger train entering Pikeville Sunday, June 5, 1905.

Meanwhile, the Ashland Land Co. was formed with Valdemar as secretary and there was a great auction of lots in Ashland June 14, 1854.

A brick plant followed, formed by H. B. Nicholson, A.J. Crawford and Jacob Price and this helped the growth of the town from 500 to 1,500 people. More business houses began going up.

The first industry here was a saw mill built on Hoods Creek in 1812 by Robert Poage Jr.

Henry B. Pollard opened a tan yard and grist mill in 1848 and a building brick yard, south of what is now Winchester Avenue and west of Sixth Street, opened in 1854 as did an iron foundry founded by Thomas Jones.

Stoll & Ross opened a firebrick yard in 1856, the same year that the first newspaper began. It was the American Union, founded by Judge H.B. Broadess with an anti-slavery philosophy.

Banking came to the city in 1856 with founding of the Ashland National Bank. Weis was the attorney securing the charter.

A cooperage house was opened at what is now 13th Street and Carter Avenue in 1858 by James Haskell & Co. That same year, William and John Cairns formed the Kentucky Coal Oil Co. to distill coal to lamp oil. It continued in operation until 1861 when a cheaper way of distilling was discovered.

D.D. Geiger and Mordecai Williams established a lumber yard in 1861 and David A. Fisher, the first home building

(Continued on Following Page)

Timber An Important Early Industry In Ashland Area

Iron Ore Discovered On Greenup Farm In 1800

(Continued from Last Page)

contractor, opened a saw and planing mill in 1867.

In 1869, Ashland Furnace was built, designed to use coal as fuel. Norton and Princess followed four years later and other older furnaces tried to convert from charcoal but without success.

It was the beginning of a boom in which coal mining and shipment would replace the widespread iron furnaces and which would result in concentration of the metal industry in Ashland and Ironton. With the change, rail shipment and mining communities became important, creating such institutions as the Ashland Coal & Iron Railway and the mining towns of Geigerville, Rush and Willard.

Progress picked up in the 1870s.

E. M. Norton and his brothers, Fred and George, established a blast furnace and nail mill at 22nd Street and the Ohio River in 1872.

Extension of the railway up Sandy and through Carter brought new life to the timber and coal industries, making it easier to get the product out of the hills and off to market. The mining town of Willard was the purpose, in 1873, of an extension of the EK Railway.

In 1882, the Ohio and Big Sandy Railroad reached to Peach Orchard, where a revival of mining blossomed under guidance of Col. J. H. Northup. Italians and Hungarians, not long off the boats, made up much of the new mining communities. The Knights of Labor, following a 20-year trend of employe dissatisfaction, attempted to organize in the area in 1893 but were never really successful among the miners.

A registry of 1877 showed the following persons engaged in business, industry or the professions in Ashland:

D K. Weis and J. M. Tiernan, attor--neys; W. C. Ireland, judge; Hugh Means, First National Bank; John Means, Ashland National Bank; F. W. Tiernan, physician and surgeon; Poage and Chambers, Adolph Miller, Robert Bagby and J. W. Shaw, dry goods, groceries, etc.; Isaac N. Pollock and Charles F. Bartell, jewelers; William Sheritt, furniture, carpets and house goods; Miller and Nagel, hardware; R. C. Poage and Son, millers; David Cohen, cigar manufacturer; W. W. Culberston, iron manufacturer; Hampton and Fischer, butchers; W. L. Geiger, J. P. Jones, J. P. Kinkead, John H. Geiger and D. D. Geiger, real estate, cattle dealers and farmers; James A. Haskell, general trader.

The town had the Norton Iron Works, Ashland Steel Co., Ashland Firebrick Co., Rod Mill, and Poage Milling Co. The AC& I Railroad was a link to Central Kentucky; the Chatteroi to the Big Sandy coal fields.

Organized just a few years later, in 1883, were the N. Herrman Furniture Co., Ashland Lumber Co. and Ashland Foundry & Machine Works. Ashland Fire Brick was started in 1886 with Ashland Dry Dock Co. and Henderson Hub & Spoke Co. joining the small industry group in 1887. Ashland Tanning Co. was formed in 1894, the Ashland Planing Mill Co. and Ashland Artificial Ice Co. in 1889, the same year King's Daughters' Hospital was incorporated.

Population in 1870 was listed at 1,459 and this increased to 3,280 by 1880 and 4,195 in 1890. As the region reached the turn of the century, in 1900, Ashland had grown to 6,800.

More banking institutions became a necessity and Second National was incorporated in 1888. Home Federal Savings & Loan was formed in 1889 and others were to follow in the early 1900s.

Natural gas service began in the 1890s when gas was found in the Martin County gas field. In 1899, the Tri-State Gas Co., later known as U.S. Natural Gas Co., was organized. It became part of United Fuel Gas Co. in 1909 and, in 1922, was incorporated as the Warfield Gas Co. Warfield operated until 1946 when it once again became part of United Fuel, an affiliate of Columbia Gas System. It is known today as Columbia Gas of Kentucky Inc.

The Ashland Electric Light and Power Co., with fewer than 50 customers, was incorporated in 1886. It became the Boyd County Electric Co. in 1911 after it was purchased by the American Railways Co. In 1913, it acquired the Carpenter Electric Light and Power Co. of Catlettsburg and, in 1916, built a line to serve Russell.

The Greenup plant was purchased in 1924 and a transmission line reached Raceland and Worthington in 1925. Between 1912 and 1926, the company extended service to larger industrial plants. The Boyd County Electric Co. became part of the American Gas & Electric Co. system in 1926 and the name was changed to Kentucky and West Virginia Power Co. It remained that way until June 1, 1954, when the name was changed to Kentucky Power Co.

A business still active today, Ben Williamson & Co. (now Ben Williamson Supply), was organized in 1886 in Catlettsburg and moved its operation to Ashland in 1913.

Just before the turn of the century, the Norton Iron Works, Belfonte Iron Works Co. and Kelly Nail & Iron Works Co., the latter two located in Ironton, joined to build a Bessemer steel plant in Ashland. I. A. Kelly became president and it was incorporated up to one million dollars capital stock. The first steel was produced Dec. 27, 1891. The company added a rod mill in 1901.

In 1901, six McCullough brothers established a sheet steel mill. They were Tom J. Jr., Will H., Joseph T., Alfred J., Arthur G., and George McCullough.

Ashland Iron and Mining Co. was formed in 1902 to take over mining and manufacturing operations of the AC&I Railroad. Congress, trust-busting, had declared it illegal for a common carrier to have any other business.

AC&I also had spent $45,000 in 1887 to build a blast furnace. In 1916, AI&M began construction of a six-furnace plant with four soaking pits and a 32-inch blooming mill. It was the forerunner of today's Ashland Works of Armco Steel Corp.

In 1921, American Rolling Mill of Middletown, O., bought AI&M, including Ashland Sheet Steel, which had been purchased in 1914 by AI&M. Three years later, Armco gambled on an experiment and an industry was well on its way with John Tytus' continuing rolling mill. Tytus followed his father's paper mill design.

Ashland's population jumped from 15,000 to almost double.

While all the developments in steel were moving along, there had been early work in oil. Earliest settlers had found burning springs, where deposits of oil surface of streams or escaping natural constant beacon. Right after the Civil War in 1866, promoters from Ohio began to explore and exploit prospects of oil but development didn't really begin until the 1890s.

Wildcatter was the term for oil explorers in the 1890s and though well-drilling became popular as a recreation for visitors, the boom was not yet ready to fall on the land. It would take another war and proliferation of the automobile.

World War I and the automobile had shown an unquenching thirst for the products of crude oil and J. Fred Miles knew the raw element was floating in the rocks of Eastern Kentucky's hills.

He formed Swiss Oil Co. in 1918 and soon teams of 20 oxen pulled heavy drilling machinery into Lawrence, Johnson and Elliott Counties. At the same time, a tall Illinoisan — Paul G. Blazer — was in rough-and-tumble Beattyville, organizing another company to bring out the black gold.

Intricacies and struggles in the oil business caused the men to cross paths many times. In 1924, one of those deals brought, almost as an afterthought, creation of a small subsidiary named Ashland Refining Co. with Blazer as general manager. A small refinery at Catlettsburg was purchased for $212,000 from its former owner, Great Eastern Refinery Co.

Blazer resigned in 1924 as a vice president of Great Southern Refining Co., Lexington. The new refinery operation had 25 employes at the refinery and five in offices. The refinery is now identified as the No. 1 refinery of Ashland Oil Inc.

Blazer guided the young company with the hand of genius. Swiss and Ashland consolidated Oct. 31, 1936, forming a new corporation, Ashland Oil & Refining Co. Mergers followed. Major ones included that in 1948 with Allied Oil Co. of Cleveland, and its affiliates, adding Aetna Refinery and acquisition of that firm's refinery in Louisville.

The company name later was changed to Ashland Oil Inc. and a chemicals division and other divisions were added. A new executive building was erected a few years ago in Russell and the company's office areas have been expanded in the corporate limits of Ashland.

There are some 30,000 employes around the United States today and Ashland Oil is ranked 45th among U.S. corporations.

During this period, by 1928, the oil wells at Martha had been depleted to a point where air pressure was introduced to increase extraction. Still, production fell steadily after 1926.

Waterflooding, a new method of extraction, was used in the oil fields to create a third boom within 40 years, or about 1958. In this process, salt water was injected under pressure to force oil out of the capillary-sized pores in sandstone.

Ashland's population in 1920 had risen to 14,729 but the jump was to 29,074 in 1930. Although there has been some population increase in more modern decades, growth in the region has been outside corporate limits and one of the fastest growing areas today is Greenup County.

Another major industry, Semet-Solvay, was located in Ashland in 1912, when construction began on 54 horizontal flue ovens. A second battery was constructed in March, 1916. Solvay grew and, in 1937, the two original batteries were increased to 60 ovens each. A third battery of 76 vertical flue ovens was installed in 1953 by Wilputte Coke Oven Division, an associate of Solvay. Allied Chemical was formed in 1920 and took over Semet-Solvay.

Dedication of the Greenup Dam took place July 22, 1962, and opened up the river to heavier travel, including making more of the Big Sandy navigable.

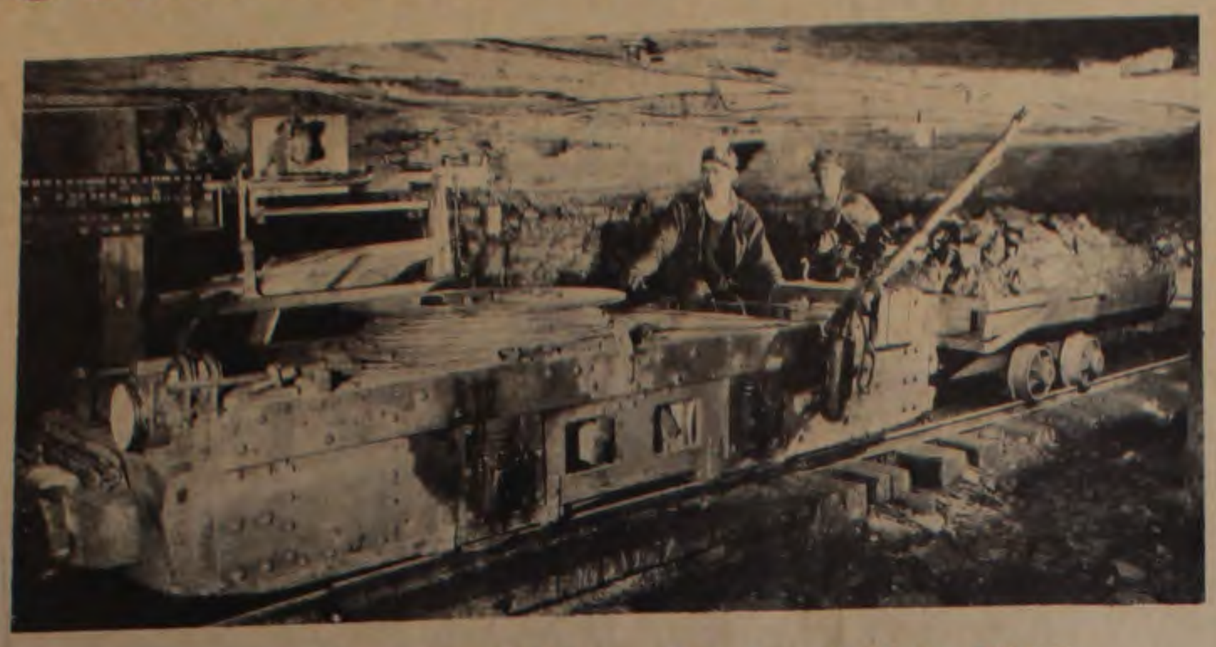
Sincere proposals had been made to canalize the Big Sandy River as early as 1859 but the Civil War interfered. Such a project was supported regionally even after rails reached to Pikeville, and three locks were installed on Big Sandy and one on each of her tributary forks, between 1897 and 1910.

Through the years, the issue rose and fell and rose again — unfavorable in 1933, favorable in 1945, down again in 1950. The matter appeared dead, but again was being discussed with the coal boom of 1974.

Whereas the mid-1800s to about the 1960s were the heyday of railroads for transportation and freight, heavy trucks are now carrying major loads over the modern highway system in the region. With an energy crunch hitting the nation in the 1970s, coal again became a major source of energy and coalfields are flourishing as never before. Many river docks have been built so that trucks can dump the precious loads for transfer to river barges carrying coal to the major markets.

Air travel and the private car have taken over passenger needs.

The river once again is playing a major role in the region's economy just as it did in the 1800s. People of the region today are employed in many fields but the basic ones that have evolved through the decades continue to hold prominence — coal, steel and oil. The three have kept the economic base at a high level and are expected to continue to do so into the decades ahead.



Moore Branch Coal Mine, Mechanized In 1935

Ashland Daily Independent, Sunday, July 4, 1976

Map From A Report On The Geology O
And Part Of Lawrence As Prepa

KENTUCKY GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.
N. S. SHALER, Director.
1876

Map of the Counties of

GREENUP, CARTER, BOYD

and a part of

LAWRENCE.

Topography by Assistants C.Schenk and W.C.Mitchell.

SCALE

Geology Of Greenup, Carter And Boyd Counties As Prepared By A. R. Crandall In 1876

Ashland's blacks have found a present refuge in times of trouble in their churches. The oldest is St. James African Methodist Episcopal Church.

Blacks Were Early Kentucky Arrivals

By SAM F. KIBBEY

"Black America has said in a thousand ways that it believes in America. It has said it in slavery, it has said it in war; it has said it in peace. It seems to me that now the time has come for America to say — black America, we believe in you." (Statement by Whitney Young Jr.)

Much of what blacks have said in America from the days of the founding of this country to the most recent rock concert has been said in song. The music of the American blacks has an epic quality about it. The unique black music sweeps you along with the song through the lamented hardships, the stoic struggles and the serenity of a faith that passeth understanding but is somehow captured in the rhythms and the lyrics of souls singing majestically aloud.

Soul music? No, music from the soul; music like the haunting spirituals and the fast beat harmony heard at the Paramount Arts Center here in Ashland on a memorable Sunday night which makes April 25, 1976, a banner date in the history of Ashland's black community.

The crowd at the Paramount sensed that the presentation of the Black Heritage in song by the Black Chorus of Ashland was something that was being done by proud people for an audience equally proud that such a presentation was being made. Ashland's black people, despite past denials, now occupied center stage to proclaim their heritage. It was significant that about 25 per cent of the large audience were whites, by their presence trying to say, "black Ashlanders, we believe in you."

How our faith in the spirit of black Ashland was rewarded by that evening of fine entertainment! From the time talented Thelma Johnson assumed direction of the chorus until the Rev. Elzy Thomas' hand-clapping, show-stopping rendition "Fare-the-Well" an aura of unity and strength permeated the interior of the Paramount Theater.

That night, one sensed, was the opus of a new beginning. One is reminded of the provocative lines of James Joyce in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Man:" "Welcome O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race."

But there are other stories, other beginnings, other realities of experience. The story I tell here, hastily thrown together but hopefully imbued with some spirit of brotherly love beyond workaday self interest, is of those other beginnings, those other realities that I deem important, a part of local history all too often ignored.

The blacks were not late arrivals to Kentucky. Black and white men worked together to make the wilderness that once was Kentucky a home. Some of the early black settlers came as free men and women; others came as slaves. Bond or free, the important point is that they were here when history was made; when the log cabins were built; when the Indians attacked; when the fratricidal Civil War divided a state already divided regionally on the slavery issue (an issue, in retrospect, that one must regard as an indictment against an unbelievably oppressive system).

As an example of the presence of the black person in early Kentucky, the population of Ft. Harrod in 1777 was 198. Of this number, 19 people were black-almost 10 per cent.

We do know that black people came early to Poage's Settlement, now Ashland. Poage's Settlement was then in Greenup County. We do know that in 1854 when Poage's Settlement became the City of Ashland that there was a black population. In reading J. M. Huff's "The Ashland Tragedy," it is found that the fireman on the Chattaroi Railroad, whose train was commandeered by the 16 men who lynched George Ellis, was a black man. This was in 1882. Other reports in Huff's book note the presence of blacks, often in positions of responsibility, as part of the Ashland scene, circa 1882.

Surprisingly enough, the first sizable influx of black citizens came in the late 19th Century from the State of Virginia. Most black men came as track laborers on railroad gangs. They laid the steel that would carry an expanding American economy westward; that would bring materials from the Eastern Seaborad to a Kentucky growing strong in the post-Civil War years.

Among the first black families to come from Virginia to Kentucky was the Stokes family. The Stokes family and local railroading are synonymous. Sandy Stokes was a hostler in the C&O Roundhouse then located at 23rd and Front Streets in Ashland. A hostler moves engines around in the railroad yard. It was a responsible position requiring solid railroad experience. Sandy Stokes had that solid experience.

Other families migrating to Kentucky from Virginia as Ashland was growing in the industrial atmosphere of late 1800s were the following: Banks, Mitchell, Barnes, Franklin, the Lewis Johnson family and the Pat Jackson family. From Virginia also came "Hoss" Johnson and Henry Thomas, each of who worked as hostlers succeeding Sandy Stokes in that highly skilled position.

Collis Huntington, the railroad industrialist, moved rail transportation westward to the Bluegrass and southerly to Pike County in the era after the Civil War. As a result, there was established a route which allowed Kentucky blacks to leave the farms and sleepy county-seats. Some moved to Cincinnati and Cleveland. Many found a mecca in Ashland where black skills were in demand. From Prestonsburg came the Fitzpatrick family, from the Bluegrass area came the Ramseys, Franklins and Bradleys. From the Fort Gay-Louisa area came the Gobels and a Kibby family that first located in Catlettsburg.

In the late 19th and early 20th Century, there was a steady influx of blacks from Lawrence, Greenup and Carter County. Among those coming from Carter County were the Hords, Calloways, Coleys and Searights. From rural Wolfe County, there came the Keeton and the Higgins families and numerous others, most of whom had lived in and around tiny Hazel Green.

Near the turn of the 19th Century the Black Graded School had been on the northwest corner of 13th Street and Winchester Avenue where Gibson Brothers furniture store now stands. Across from it, where now stands the Paramount Theater, was the Methodist Church, South, definitely an all-white church. In 1902, Booker T. Washington School was built on Eighth and Central. It was then a school of eight grades. The first principal was Wesley Rogers. In 1922, a black dynamo hit the Ashland scene in the person of C.B. Nuckolls who was to stay at Booker T. Washington until 1961 when the school closed. Nuckolls, a graduate of Kentucky State College, with graduate work at Ohio State University and Fisk University, first extended the school to 10 grades, and finally—in 1929 the school graduated its first high school class. When C.B. Nuckolls died in 1965 at the age of 74, his death was mourned by both white and black citizens because probably no man in the history of Ashland, black or white, has ever commanded respect from all segments of the population as did the energetic little professor.

The next and possibly last general migration of blacks to the Ashland area occurred when Armco moved to Ashland in 1921. This writer has tried to discern where the largest number of these new citizens came from but sage Lawrence Banks' appraisal that they came "from

(Continued on Following Page)

Sam F. Kibbey, author of this article on black life in Northeastern Kentucky, is a lawyer from a family of lawyers. Native of Grayson, he graduated from the University of Kentucky School of Law in 1949, following Army service during World War II. He has been in private practice and served as Carter County attorney and assistant United States attorney before taking his present position as counsel in Ashland Oil Inc.'s land department. He is a regent of Morehead State University and member of the Ashland Public Library Board. His creative bent reveals itself in the artistic hobbies he pursues, including drama with the Performing Arts Guild and annual Christmas publications he creates.

Black musicians at Clyffside Park in Ashland . . . "Much of what blacks have said in America from the days of the founding of this country to the most recent rock concert has been said in song."

Stokes Family Among First Blacks From Virginia

(Continued from Last Page)

all over" probably best describes this incursion. The Armco years lent a cosmopolitan flavor to Ashland's black community and perhaps linked it closer to Middletown and Cincinnati; it assuredly brought to Ashland the black residents of Kentucky cities which were rurally oriented.

The Sam Thomas family is a leading Ashland family. The Thomas family is familiar to sports fans particularly. "Mr. Zoom," Gary Thomas of this year's Tomcats, is a grandson of Sam Thomas. The Sam Thomas family came to Ashland from Central Kentucky.

Ashland's blacks have found a present refuge in times of trouble in their churches. The oldest black church in Ashland is the St. James African Methodist Episcopal Church, organized in 1858. It was first built on lots at 11th and Central, which were sold to the C&O in 1905. The frame church was moved to the corner of 12th and Carter where the frame building, brick-veneered, still serves as a Sunday-School and a classicly designed brick building houses the church.

The New Hope Baptist Church was organized about 1882. It presently has the largest membership of any black church in Ashland. Until 1912 it was located at Seventh Street and Central Avenue. The church was then moved to 11th Street and Central, where it remained until 1923, the church property was bought by C&O in connection with the erection of its passenger station. The church now stands at 27th Street and Carter Avenue.

The C.M.E. Church is located between 30th and 31st Streets on Greenup Avenue. The pastor is the Rev. J. M. H. Johnson. His son, Joe, is also a minister.

The Christ Temple Church is located between 28th and 29th Streets. This church is presently pastored by Elzy Thomas, who is very active in Ashland community affairs and who has six daughters who attend Ashland public schools.

The strong church influence on Ashland's black community is evident when one enters a black church member's home. So much so that one says to one's self, "Faith lives within these walls."

It is a difficult task to single out black citizens of Ashland who have been outstanding in their contribution to this community. Some who rush to my mind are C.B. Nuckolls, Robert W. Ross, Sharon Childs, George Davis and Alice Thomas in the field of education. Thelma Johnson and Elzy Thomas are entitled to special kudos for their splendid musical abilities. Marshall Banks was the first black to compete in Ohio Valley Conference sports as a great track star at Morehead State University. Banks is married to the former Sandra Ann Miller. He holds a master's degree in physical education from University of Illinois and is presently connected with the physical therapy- department of the University of Denver of Colorado, from which institution he holds a doctor's degree. Banks was undefeated in dual meets while running the 220 dash on the Morehead State University track team. Dr. Adron Doran often lists Banks' accomplishments and his pioneering the entry-of black athletes in O.V. C. competition as one of the landmarks of Doran's tenure as president of Morehead.

Terry Bell, an all-state tackle on the Blazer High School championship team of 1976, is headed for Marshall University on an athletic scholarship. The aforesaid "Mr. Zoom," Gary Thomas, has one more year to dazzle fans and confuse opponents as he returns to the high school gridiron wars next fall. Among past black sports stars from Ashland is Joe Thomas who was named to the Black All-American football team while performing for Kentucky State College.

In the field of medicine, Dr. James Henry Thomas teaches surgery at the University of Kansas. The former Vivica Fitzpatrick is a practicing pediatrician in Washington, D. C.

Many of the black families have been in business locally. The Harry Keeton family and the Richard Franklin family were both in the shoe business for several years. Sam Moore had a grocery store on Central Avenue and old timers remember the meat market operated by Travis Hurt on Greenup Avenue.

The industrial oriented economy in Ashland has long been a magnet drawing the blacks to Ashland and giving them opportunities rarely found in more rural areas. The Norton Iron Works and the early brickyards numbered blacks among their employes, mostly those coming from Greenup, Carter and Lawrence Counties, or those who came here with the Poages and other early settlers. In the 1920s when Ashland had an industrial boom many blacks found employment with Armco, C&O and Ashland Oil & Refining Co., the industrial tripod that remains today to be at the heart of the local economy. Illustration of the importance of blacks in local industry is the fact that Jerry Whitlow was the first black named as president of the union at Armco. Charles Whitehead is the director of Minority Affairs for Ashland Oil Inc. and a well respected civic leader in Ashland. Charles Saunders Jr., a native of Columbus who is married to the former Hermione Thomas of Ashland, was the first black attorney on the legal staff of Ashland Oil. Area blacks who have demonstrated strong professional ability include Dr. Rodney Gross of Grayson, a practicing veterinarian.

The early political composition of the Ashland black community ran heavily to the party of Abraham Lincoln. The passage of time introduced economic factors into the political considerations of the blacks. A very forceful black leader in the ranks of the Democrat party was Everett Starks, who was also active in the Masonic Order and the St. James A.M.E. Church. An equally-forceful leader, on the Republican side was "Fat Sam" Kelsor. "Fat Sam" was a legendary figure while he lived in Ashland. He was a familiar figure on Greenup Avenue. He possessed a keen judgment of the human personality and approached politics progmatically as he did all of life. One of the finest women in Ashland gave her talents of leadership to the Republican party. Stella Barnes is well remembered by area political leaders for her charm and indefatigable efforts during campaigns.

Many other blacks have been what Ashland (and, for that matter America) needs most: just plain good citizens. Not unique in this respect but representative is 80-year-old Lawrence Banks. Banks began working for the C&O in 1913, at the age of 17, working for that company for more than 50 years. He lives quietly now at 716 Central Ave. In his living room, is a striking photograph commissioned by the C&O. One is struck at once by the integrity of the face, the large hands that depict skill and hard work. Banks is proud of the "Gold Pass" C&O awarded him. When he shows you the clippings concerning his son, Marshall, his eyes glint with the dignity this man has earned by his-own efforts and which he sustains by his church activity as deacon at the New Hope Baptist Church.

Lawrence Banks speaks of C.B. Nuckolls and Banks' mind runs back 60 years to when he was a young man. He remembers the Joe Bell family , the Ed Green family, the George Dawson family, the George Evans family. He hands me a list that space does not permit listing all the names. Because he lived for years next door to the Booker T. Washington School, he probably knows as much of that school's history as anyone in Ashland. A detailed history of the blacks in Ashland is conspicuous by its absence. Lawrence Banks, a fine citizen with a keen mind, could be a source of much information when that much needed material is assembled by some of Ashland's young blacks who now enjoy the fruits of their parent's labor.

A classic of literature is Ralph Ellis' "The Invisible Man." About this work Ellis wrote "For better or worse, whatever there is of value in Negro life is an American heritage and as such it must be preserved. Besides, I am unwilling to see those values which I would celebrate in fiction as existing sheerly through terror; they are a result of a tragicomic confrontation with life."

Ashland's blacks have been, are now and will continue to be visible and viable. Ashland's blacks are men and women, and a bumper crop of bright and talented young folks who are more sincere than strident in their desire to help Ashland grow in opportunity and understanding.

I believe I speak for an almost unanimous opinion held by Ashland citizens when I say, "Black Ashlanders, we believe in you."

Northeastern Kentucky Folk Musicians Creative

By BARBARA EDWARDS

"I just have crossed the salty briny sea-
And it's all for the sake of thee."

Thus begins the story of "The House Carpenter," an old British ballad of ill-fated love, and a favorite of the late "Wash" Nelson of Greenup, who knew many such "song ballads" as they had come down to him from forebears who had actually braved the "salty briny sea" to find a new life in a new land.

If the early settlers could carry little in the way of material goods on their trek through the Cumberland Gap, they certainly carried in memory a wealth of Old World attitudes, customs, stories and songs. We know something of Daniel Boone's travels in the region, for he purportedly left his mark on many a tree and cave wall in Kentucky. If we can get a pretty good idea where 'ol Dan'l "killed a b'ar" after 200 years, we likewise can guess about some of the songs which may have been sung or played around those early campfires and in the first rude cabins. The mark may still be read after 200 years.

Judging from the very old ballads and tunes which may still be heard today, these early troubadours-in-buckskin sang not only rowdy songs to robust tunes played on fiddles carefully maintained through the "crossing," but must also have sung of lords and ladies riding milk-white steeds and dapple-greys into tragic adventure. Certainly they sang the sorrowful tale of "Barbara Allen," a ballad which has been popular since at least the 1660s in England.

Throughout the 19th century the folk population of Eastern Kentucky retained in memory a large number of songs and tunes from the British Isles. In the bicentennial year one may still find individuals who sing of Scotch robbers and ladies of London. One of the favorite square dance instrumentals of the area is "Soldiers Joy," an English dance tune several hundred years old.

Folk musicians of Northeastern Kentucky have been extremely talented and creative. They have respected the ancient music and kept it alive, but have also welcomed newer music and learned it well. The true folk musician learns by ear and plays or sings only by ear. It is therefore truly remarkable how many songs and tunes have entered tradition after only one or two hearings by an alert local musician. When it was a question of an old-time minstrel show just passing through, or a fiddler from outside the area turning up for a fiddle contest, or a distant relative visiting for a short time and singing a 20 stanza ballad, our musicians were equal to the task.

Not only were our musicians quick to learn from others, but they also created new songs and tunes relative to Northeastern Kentucky. Their ancestors may have purchased old broadside ballads on a street corner of London (Shakespeare mentions this colorful custom.) But on street corners or courthouse lawns in Ashland, Catlettsburg, Grayson, Olive Hill, or Greenup, one could purchase for 25 cents a ballad like the "Rowan County Troubles" from its composer, blind fiddler and singer J. W. Day.

Day composed many ballads about local events, but the "Rowan County Troubles" is his most widely known. Even though the ballad concerns a local event–the famous Martin-Tolliver feud in Morehead–it achieved enough popularity that folklorists have found it being sung all over the southern United States and as far west as Texas.

J. W. Day may be remembered by the stage name, "Jilson Setters" given to him by Jean Thomas, "The Traipsin' Woman." Much to the credit of this remarkable woman, she was moved to a profound respect for our native folk music at a time when others ignored or looked down on it. Jean Thomas was able to preserve a tradition still in the making and to get it to the public both locally and nationally.

The height of traditional ballad-making in the area was probably reached in the first two decades of this century. Subjects for ballads were sensational local events, especially murders. Dates, places, names, all the relevant facts, were included to such an extent that such productions are frequently called "news ballads."

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A Bicentennial Essay

Barbara Kunkle Edwards is a folk music collector and musician. As a musician, she has sung ballads and played old Kentucky tunes on dulcimer, banjo and guitar at festivals and in concerts in the South and Midwest, as well as on radio and television. An Ashland resident, she is one of the founders of the Mountain Heritage Folk Festival. Mrs. Edwards holds a bachelor's degree in English from the University of Kentucky and has done graduate work at Marshall University. She is a member of the Kentucky Folklore Society, American Folklore Society and the Big Sandy Valley Historical Society.

THE TRAIPSIN' WOMAN—One of the persons taking a leading role in the preservation of folk music common to the hills of Eastern Kentucky is Miss Jean Thomas of Ashland. Known nationally as "The Traipsin' Woman," Miss Thomas founded the American Folk Song Festival which she presented for nearly a half-century at her Wee House in the Woods off Cogan Street and at Carter Caves State Resort Park.

Scenes Of The Times

These photos reflect two prominent spots in the early history of Ashland. The top picture shows activity at a moonshine still located between Horseshoe Bend while the bottom photo has customers passing the time of day in the Wittig Shoe Shop, which was located in the present site of Flood's Furniture on Greenup Avenue.

Traveled The Towns Up And Down Ohio River

Ed Haley Legend To Eastern Kentucky Fiddlers

(Continued from Last Page)

lads." In fact, they differ from newspaper stories only in being rhymed and in having a stanza or two of moral or religious comment added.

Ballads composed in Northeastern Kentucky include: "Lula Viers," about a girl murdered at Elkhorn City (her body was thrown in the Ohio River and later found at Hanging Rock, near Ironton); "Lottie Yates," concerning a murder near Grayson; "Stella Kinney," about a murder near Olive Hill; and "The Ashland Tragedy," about the murder of the Gibbons children in Ashland.

This has also been an area rich in the art of old-time fiddling. Some tunes which celebrate local places, and are still being played today, include: "Boatin' Up Sandy" and "Maysville," as played by J.P. Fraley, of Rush, and learned from his father, Richard Fraley; "No Corn on Tygart," played by Cecil Crank of Olive Hill; "Portsmouth Airs," played by Joe Stamper of Lewis County, but also known by most of the fiddlers in the Portsmouth area; and "Catlettsburg," a tune which was associated with Blind Ed Haley of Ashland, and is hidden in the memory of Ashland fiddler "Curly" Parker waiting for recall.

To Ashlanders who remember the post-Depression years in the area, Blind Ed Haley would have been a familiar figure. He was a street musician who traveled the towns up and down the Ohio River wherever folks would gather to listen. His wife, who was also blind, accompanied her husband on a mandolin.

To fiddlers all over the region, even up into West Virginia, the late Ed Haley is a legend. He is generally thought of as the finest fiddler that Eastern Kentucky ever produced.

The legend may well be believed if one takes in evidence the large number of homemade recordings which Haley made in 1946, and which are in the possession of his son, Lawrence Haley, of Ashland. Recently the Library of Congress flew Lawrence Haley to Washington to record this remarkable collection for the Archive of American Folk Music. A selection of Haley's tunes has also been released on a commercial recording available to all.

Northeastern Kentucky is still producing fine fiddlers banjo-pickers, and singers, some in the old tradition, some in the newer tradition of Nashville country and progressive bluegrass music. Eastern Kentucky fiddling is respected all over the nation through recording made by J. P. Fraley, of Rush, and the late Buddy Thomas, of Lewis County. If there is truth to the Biblical saying, "a little child will lead them," one may look to the talents of 20-year-old Timmy Sergeant of Ashland, who began fiddling at Buddy Thomas' knee and will hopefully keep alive the fine old tunes which fortunately did not die with Buddy two years ago.

Bluegrass banjo-picker Jack Hicks, of Ashland, has made a big name for himself in Nashville playing with the likes of Bill Monroe and Jim and Jesse. And who can forget that this area produced Loretta Lynn, Tom T. Hall and Bobby Bare, superstars whose early talents were fed on native folk music?

Though commercial country music has expanded far beyond its original folk roots, the older folk music is still in evidence in some of the instrumental music, and country songs tend to emphasize telling a story as the old ballads did. A standard number called "The Knoxville Girl" has been heard on national television performed by such groups as the Wilburn Brothers. Few realize that the murder described in this ballad actually took place in England in the year 1684! Through the years it has been rewritten a number of times to suit the area and locale, but the essential story has remained the same.

Still, we can be grateful that all the talented musicians in the area do not go to Nashville and the big time. Most of our treasure of local songs and tunes, as well as the old-fashioned British ballads, would die in a commercial light. And this music is of great value aesthetically and historically, whether the whole world ever hears it or not.

'Brigadoon' No Longer With Us

Four-Lane Roads, Television End The Old Scene

By CHARLES PENTECOST

FRANKFORT, Ky. (UPI) — The days of an Appalachian Scotch-Irish "Brigadoon," the magic reappearing Scottish village of musical fame which clung to the old ways, have been ended — by superhighways, migration and television.

"There are no more 'Brigadoons' in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky," Nash Cox, of Frankfort, director of the Kentucky Arts Commission, said. "I'm sure a lot of Eastern people still have the stereotype of the Kentucky mountaineer, isolated and provincial. But it's just not true anymore."

That stereotype may have been fairly accurate before 1948, but since World War II, the Kentucky mountains have become more like the rest of the nation.

"There may be some isolated hollows where some of the old ways of doing things prevail, but by and large outmigration, four-lane highways and television have ended all that," she said.

There are mountain craft centers scattered throughout Appalachia where weaving, wood-working, chair-seat weaving, dulcimer-making, quilting and other primitive arts are carried on as they were by the first Scotch-Irish settlers from Virginia and the Carolinas.

But your average mountaineer now works in a coal mine, or a small factory, while retaining the small family homestead for living and gardening. There also is a "reverse migration" trend since the recent recession back to the hills from factory towns in Ohio, Michigan and Illinois.

The mountaineers' 150 years of isolation since the Scotch-Irish first poured through Cumberland Gap has left its cultural mark.

Mrs. Shirley Williams, a native of Frem, Ky., of Scottish descent, now book page editor of the Courier-Journal, Louisville, said, "The Scotch-Irish heritage can be most easily seen in their entertainment and in the language. They still have barn dancing and pie suppers, and schools in the area have revived the old dances.

"They also have retained the practicality, frugality and sentimentality of their forebears.

"Many pronunciations, and even some words now archaic in other areas of the country are in common use."

Examples, such as saying 'hit' for 'it' are believed to date back to Elizabethan times when it was pronounced — and written 'hyt.'

Many of the ballads and songs they sing also reflect their Scotch-Irish background, such as Lord Randall, Barbara Allen and the Riddle Songs. "I can remember my mother singing the riddle song, 'I Brought My Love a Cherry,' when I was a small child," Mrs. Williams added.

Many experts feel the mountain feuds also were a Scotch-Irish import to the Appalachians. "There was 'bad blood' between my family and another family as late as my generation," Mrs. Williams said. "It was over something which happened far back, but the feeling was still there."

Appalachian mountaineers still, because of their long isolation from the time of the American Revolution until the first decades of this century, probably represent the purest Anglo-Saxon strain anywhere in the nation.

Telephone books throughout the mountain area show row after row of surnames such as Collins, Bowling, Combs, Hall, Hensley, Maggard, Tinsley, Howard and others of Scotch-Irish derivation.

"We never designated them that way," Mrs. Williams added. "They were just people to us."

The future demands
that something
be done about
reclamation,
conservation and
beautification.

We're doing something.

Mansbach Metal Co.
Ashland, Ky.